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SPECIMENS OF LETTER-WRITING

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PREFACE

The letters in this volume have been chosen primarily with a view to serving the needs of college students in English composition. They are intended to provide for such students illustrations of the art of letter-writing in their own tongue, from the earliest published examples of that art to those of the present time. The opportunity afforded by the letter for the teaching of all forms of discourse, and the necessity of offering instruction in letter forms and practice in letter-writing, are each year more clearly recognized, but the practical impossibility of obtaining, for large classes, examples of good letters, when separate collections of various authors must be used, has made the teaching of this subject very difficult.

The letters in this book have been selected primarily for the sake of their human interest, though the intrinsic value of substance and special distinction of style have, of course, often been determining factors in the final choice; and we have so chosen because we believe what Cicero often affirms and what he consistently exemplifies, that the chief purpose of the letter—"for the sake of which, indeed, the thing was invented"—is to inform our absent friends of those matters intimately relating to ourselves which it is our pleasure to communicate and their interest

to know.¹ Since selections have been made with this point in view, doubtless readers will miss letters that have long been favorites, and wonder why they are not included. The omissions are due partly to the small size of the book and the very large number of really good letters available in the mass of correspondence now in print, and partly to the fact that some publishers have been unwilling to grant permission to reprint letters for which they hold the copyright. Because the letters have been chosen chiefly as human documents, we hope they will prove interesting reading to a far larger audience than that of college classes.

The difficulty of a logical grouping has been great, and we have not wholly overcome it. The most common arrangement is either that of a grouping according to subject-matter, or that of placing the individual letters in strictly chronological order: the first is well-nigh impossible because of the essential character of the letter itself, which passes easily from subject to subject and may include many different themes; the second scatters the letters of any one writer and makes a book organized on such a plan practically hard to use. We have, therefore, by way of compromise, brought together the work of each author, and, taking as a basis the date of the first letter in each group, have arranged the groups in chronological order. This arrangement, rather than one according to subject-matter, does, moreover, serve to emphasize the continuity of the literary type.

The spelling has been modernized, since the puzzling out of the old and inconsistent orthography must often

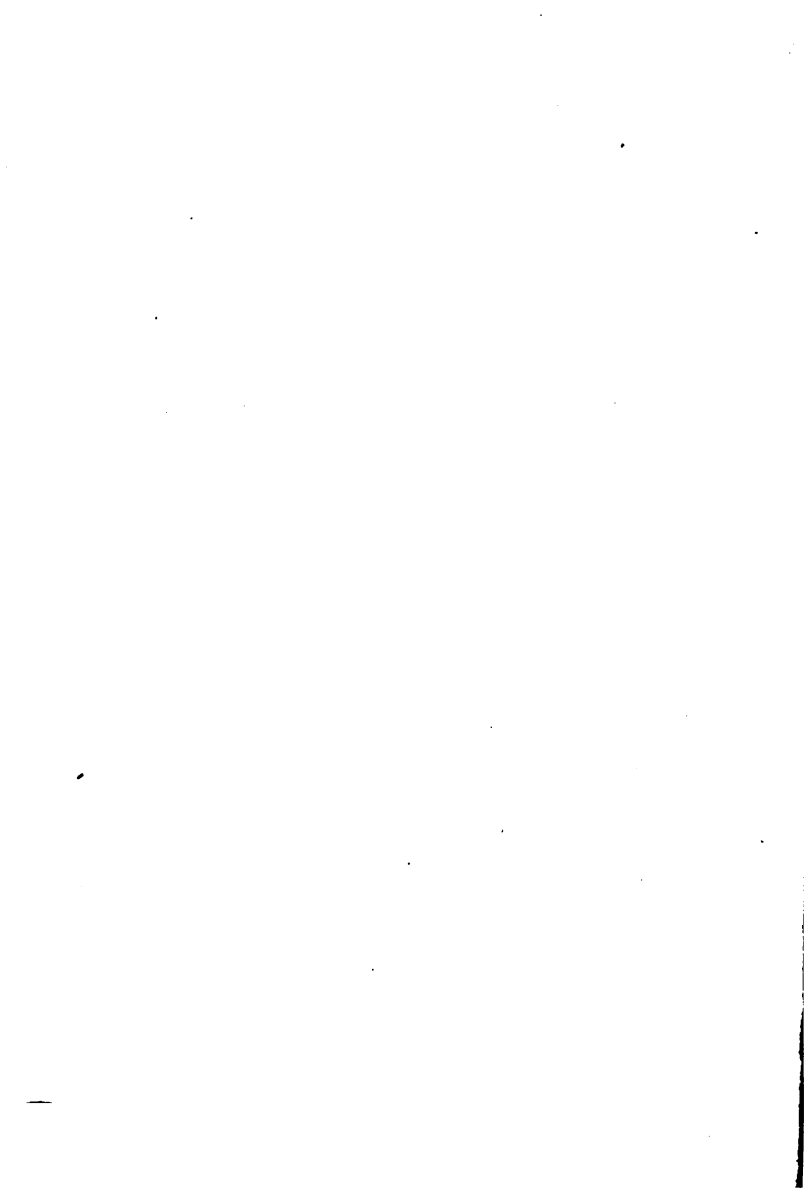
¹ *To Curio*, CLXXIV. See note p. xvi.

be done at the expense of failing to grasp the thought of the writer. But the punctuation has been retained, because, while it does not interfere with the ease of reading, it sometimes reveals a meaning which might be quite changed by substituting the modern usage in regard to commas and semicolons.

The Introduction will, we trust, assist the student in realizing through a survey of its history the dignity and antiquity of the form, and the possibilities which it offers for self-expression. An investigation of the subject has revealed a curious dearth of authoritative treatises on letter-writing as a distinct literary form. The nearest approach to an adequate treatment is the unfinished thesis of Maude Bingham Hansche on the *Formative Period of English Familiar Letter-Writers and Their Contribution to the English Essay*. To this we are especially indebted for matter connected with the history of the formularies and the differentiation of the letter from other literary forms.

We are very grateful to all those publishers whose generosity has made possible the inclusion of many modern letters, and an acknowledgment of this debt has been made at the pages where such letters occur.

Wellesley, January 16, 1911.



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INTRODUCTION

If it were possible to write the history of the letter, if the material for such a history could be obtained, we should have a chapter of more intimate human experience than we now possess. Unfortunately this is not possible, because letters have been far too often regarded as the expression of transitory emotion, or the record of passing events, and hence as not worth the care of preservation. However, from the comparatively small amount of material that remains, we may perhaps obtain some idea of what has been the form of the letter and what its influence.

The use of the letter is probably almost as old as the art of picture-writing, of runes, or of hieroglyphics. After a plan by which the expression of thought might be made plain to the eye had been evolved, it must soon have occurred to someone that the thought of comfort, warning, or threat might be sent to friend or foe. It used to be commonly said that Atossa should be given the honor of writing the first letter, but letters were doubtless a well-known device many centuries before she became the wife of Darius or the mother of Xerxes.

However difficult it may be to trace the beginning

of letter-writing, so far as the reading of most of us is concerned, the earliest letters are those found in the Old Testament. The first,¹ of three lines in length, sends one man to his death and leaves another free to woo the woman he loves. The second² is a circular letter to the "elders and to the nobles," almost equally brief, and designed for a similar purpose of bringing death to one man and satisfaction to another. Again there is a note³ in which one king introduces his friend to another, and makes therewith a strange, unheard-of request. Others⁴ are letters of railing against the Lord God of Israel. The longest are those exchanged by Artaxerxes and Darius of Persia with the Jews, relating to the rebuilding of the Temple. The writers are kings, from David of Israel to Darius of Persia, and the theme is generally of public import. Only one, however, among all those referred to in the Old Testament can be called in our sense a friendly letter, and this unfortunately is but mentioned and not quoted. This⁵ is the letter in which the King of Babylon sends to inquire after the health of Hezekiah, "for he heard that Hezekiah had been sick."

The Greeks with all their literary productivity have left us no collection of letters, and indeed no letters at all that are without question genuine. We should expect this people who so clearly portrayed the ideal friendship in Damon and Pythias, in Socrates and his disciples,

¹ II Sam. xi, 14, 15.

² I Kings, xxi, 8-10.

³ II Kings, v, 6.

⁴ II Chron. xxxii, 17.

⁵ II Kings, xx, 12.

to give us also the expression of that emotion in the intimate form of the letter. The reasons why they failed to do so are not far to seek. The Greeks passed their lives in small cities which were at no great distance apart; they travelled little and seldom had the need of long separations. Again they knew almost nothing of close family ties, of the love of kindred, or of personal responsibility and affection for those united by the blood relationship. They were, moreover, engrossed in the affairs of state, and each man had his absorbing part to play in building up the social structure; a retired, secluded life, or one lived for home and family was almost unknown. There are, indeed, collections of Greek letters, but these are from the schools of rhetoric which taught letter-writing as an art, and set the task of composing letters purporting to be written by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, or some other famous Greek of classic times. However, at least one critic holds,¹ it is true, that this conscious literary form of imitating letters could not have arisen unless there had been real letters to imitate, to serve as models. And possibly here, too, in spite of the slight impetus afforded by the circumstances of their lives, the Greeks were supreme artists. If so, they failed to preserve the evidences of that art, and the inimitable picture of life which these letters must have contained, is lost to us.

Rome, in contrast with Greece, extended her boundaries over many lands, and the days of separation reached to months and sometimes years. The Romans, also,

¹ Franz Susemihl: *Geschichte der Griechischen Litteratur in der Alexandrinerzeit*, Leipzig, 1892, Vol. II, p. 580.

were occupied in building a state, but it was a broader, grander state than had entered the dreams of the Greek mind. The idea of the family and of family ties was, moreover, much clearer, much more a part of life to be reckoned with. As far as they expressed themselves in literature, they were under the influence of the Greek genius, and here, perhaps Cicero may have had the example of some Greek who knew the art of writing a letter in familiar speech.

Cicero is for us, however, the first who understands how fully to reveal himself in a letter, his love and hate, his joy and sorrow, his strength and weakness; we understand his nature almost as clearly as if we heard him speak face to face with his friend. We seldom feel that he writes with his eye on the public, and certainly in the letters to Atticus he has not a thought that his words may ever be read by another. His letters are so delightful and self-revealing because he follows his own advice; "If you have no news, write just what comes uppermost."¹

There are about nine hundred of these letters written to Atticus,—his other self—to wife and children, to his brother, to statesmen and men with whom he had business relations; written in all moods and under a great variety of circumstances. The first letters are full of plans for the new Tusculum villa, for which he says to Atticus, then in Athens, "So pray send both them and the statues and . . . above all, anything you think appropriate to a gymnasium and terrace."² But the library is his

¹ Evelyn S. Shuckburgh (translator): *The Letters of Cicero*, London, 1899. *To Atticus*, xvi.

² *Ibid.* v.

chief concern. "Mind also not to let any one else have your books. . . . I am possessed with the utmost longing for them."¹ Then we get a picture as clear as the plans for the new house, of aspirations for the consulship, of arrangements for the campaign, and of the terrible anxieties involved therein; we feel the fascination and excitement of public life, and, at another hour, the revulsion from its toils with the longing for the student's quiet and seclusion. We have bits of scandal about Clodius, who, dressed as a woman, smuggled himself into Caesar's house, while Caesar's wife was celebrating the religious rites. The desire to win and hold the friendship of Pompey, and the success and failure of this attempt, run through many letters. "But as for my own speech, good heavens! how I did 'put it on' for the benefit of my new auditor Pompey! If I ever did bring every art into play, I did then."² We follow with the keenest interest the record of the great national struggle, the rising power of Caesar, the formation of the Triumvirate, and at last the fall of Caesar. Perhaps we do not sympathize with Cicero's unbounded joy at the assassination; and perhaps we feel only contempt for his long months of hesitation as to whether to cast his lot with Pompey whom he loved and believed to be in the right, or with Caesar who had power but who was acting in defiance of the laws of the state. Yet as we read through all these national upheavals, whether we love Cicero or hate him, we are always conscious of the human man who

¹ Ibid. vii.

² Ibid. xix.

writes, "I like a dinner party."¹ "I am very ravenous for news."² "The City, the City—my dear Rufus—stick to that and live in its full light! Residence elsewhere—as I made up my mind in early life—is mere eclipse."³ "Believe me, there is nothing at this moment of which I stand so much in need as a man with whom to share all that causes me anxiety; a man to love me."⁴ There are other good letter-writers among the Romans, but none who can compare with Cicero in variety, spontaneity, and charm.

Cicero wrote amidst the stress of battle when the Republic was fighting for life, when the years were big with momentous events, and when a man must live hard and fast if he really lived at all; but Pliny, who had seen the barbarity and crime of Domitian's reign, wrote his letters amid the serene calm of the days of Trajan. They are the quiet musings of a man of leisure, and are filled with the agreeable chat and neighborly affairs of a provincial town. The things he wrote about are, in general, by no means exciting, and he was a man inferior to Cicero in intellectual power, yet what he loses in subject matter is in part gained in style, for he believed that literature lives primarily because of its style, and hence he polished his letters until they are masterpieces of the Latin language. It is true he wrote for an audience, as he himself published his own letters, but this self-consciousness is so skilfully veiled as rarely to offend the reader. The charm of Pliny is in the simple,

¹ *To Papirius Pætus*, cccclxxvii.

² *To Atticus*, cxxix.

³ *To Cælius Rufus*, cclxii.

⁴ *To Atticus*, xxiii.

straight-forward, and concrete way he has of giving the story, the philosophy, the picture he wishes to present; witness his most famous letters,¹ which we could wish were more detailed than they are, giving an account of the great eruption of Vesuvius; and the long, interesting description² of his villa at Laurentium with its gardens of figs and mulberries, its numerous baths, colonnades, and terraces. A bit of a snob perhaps he was in his love of refinement and in his hatred of the coarse newly rich; perhaps too fastidious in evading life and hiding himself where "I hear nothing and say nothing for which I have reason to be sorry; no one talks scandal to me, and I find fault with no one, except myself when I am displeased with what I write. My books and my thoughts are my only companions."³ One could hardly call Cicero exactly a pleasant companion—he is too intense, too variable in mood; but Pliny is always agreeable, always companionable.

Horace, whose life overlaps that of Cicero, is usually counted among the letter-writers. His letters are delightful in themselves, however, not for their quality as friendly letters, but for their content as brief, graceful dissertations on various moral and philosophical themes. They are calm, clear, intellectual; wanting the emotional extremes so common in Cicero, and hence destitute of the intense human interest. The only one that approaches our idea of a letter, is that written to his bailiff, who wants to live in town instead of the hated country,

¹ Pliny the Younger, *Epistles*, vi, 16 and 20.

² *Ibid.* ii, 17.

³ *Ibid.* i, 9.

while Horace longs for "a sleep on the grass beside the stream."¹

Seneca, too, regards the letter as a composition with a moral lesson to teach. He wrote some one hundred and twenty-five letters to Lucilius, but these, although in prose, are quite as consciously refined and prepared for publication as are those of Horace, and even more didactic in purpose. For example, he writes to prove to Lucilius that the scorn of death is the remedy for all the ills of life; that the study of wisdom should be preferred before every other occupation; that good books inspire men to virtue. These are elegant and edifying discourses but Cicero would hardly regard them as letters.

Of this same nature are the letters of the New Testament; they are directed toward the strengthening of faith in individuals or in churches. Yet there are not wanting the touches of the friendly letter, as for instance when Paul writes "To Timothy, my dearly beloved son,"² and asks him to 'salute Priscilla and Aquila,'³ and admonishes him to "come before winter"; or when he begs⁴ Philemon to receive kindly Onesimus, who before had evidently not been a profitable companion to Philemon. Paul promises to pay his friend a visit and urges him to "prepare me also a lodging."⁵ Then there is the delightful note of John to the "elect lady and her children,"⁶ whom he urges to continue walking

¹ Horace *Epistles*, i, 14.

² II Tim. i, 2.

³ Ibid. iv, 19, 21.

⁴ Philemon, 10-17.

⁵ Ibid., 22.

⁶ II John.

in love. The human, friendly tone of these exhortations is just enough in evidence to make us see and feel the man behind them; enough to know that, could the emphasis be changed, we should have letters as full of human feeling and sympathy as are those of John Richard Green.¹

During the early centuries of the Christian era, the educated mind of Europe was occupied with rhetorical, philosophical, or theological questions, and the letters that remain to us of this period are either exercises from the schools of Alexandria; or are from the Fathers of the Church to friends, converts, and officials. These leaders of the church, who knew so little the meaning of individual independence or the expression of personality, who sought only to subdue mind and will to a recognized standard, for whom life was a matter of such terrible earnest that each sentence must be freighted with moral significance, have left a large mass of correspondence. The letters, usually very long and elaborate, explain passages of scripture, exhort widows not to marry, present hope in the presence of death, and kindred topics. The most readable, perhaps, are those of Jerome, Augustine, and Basil. Jerome is always the teacher; he even answers the gift of a "basket of fine cherries"² by a long moral disquisition, with which Eustochium, his equally serious donor, was probably delighted. Augustine has more imagination and more tender human love, and these light up the somber pages

¹ See p. 214.

² *A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church*, London: Parker & Co., 1893, vol. VI. Letter, xxxi.

of reflection and counsel. Basil is the most human of the three; he can, on occasion, write a short letter, and he knows something of the commonplaces of life. For example, he writes good, practical advice to a friend whose house has been robbed, and to Leontius he says, "A Sophist like you, so well furnished with words, should be bound in pledge to me for 'four-times-as-much.' But do not suppose for a moment I am writing this to you out of ill-humour. I am only too happy to get even a scolding from you."¹

During the centuries that elapsed before the Renaissance brought the conception of individual freedom, people either did not write at all, or wrote in so formal a style that their letters are as dry as legal documents. The Renaissance sent a thrill of new life through the nations of Europe, opening men's eyes and hearts, giving them some hint of the magic world without and the unexplored realm within. They grew eager to learn of others, and to impart what they were discovering of themselves. But they were not yet ready to speak their own emotions in their own simple language; reverence for the Greek and Roman writers, through whom this awakening had come, forbade that. So when the Italians took up the pen to write letters they chose Cicero as a model, or rather what they conceived Cicero to be, and instead of setting down with spontaneity that which concerned them individually, they paused to think how Cicero would have expressed that idea, and they often searched so long for a Ciceronian phrase, that all the vigor and personality is gone from the thought; the

¹ Ibid, vol. VIII. Letter, xxi.

composition thus degenerates into a mere study of word, sentence, and paragraph. Bembo begins, "Dearest Son," but the familiar word of inquiry or gossip does not follow; instead, many general observations in what Bembo considered the true style of Cicero. The letters of Petrarch are the most natural, sincere, and unaffected of those produced in Italy at this time.

A similar observation may be made of Spain, only the Spanish writers elected to follow the more sententious Seneca as their model, and are consequently less interesting than the Italians. The popular books were the *Golden Epistles* of Guevara, formal disquisitions in the guise of letters, and the *Epistles* of Avila, sermons made more acceptable by the letter form. There was, however, one man in Spain who felt the fascination of setting himself on paper; Antonio Perez, criminal, outlaw, wanderer over the earth, writes a good, interesting letter.

The secular curricula of mediæval universities covered the "Seven Arts." These were arranged in groups called the *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium*. The first, which constituted a foundation for the scholarship of the time, included *Grammar*, *Rhetoric*, and *Dialectic*. The second, the more advanced program, comprised *Music*, *Geometry*, *Arithmetic*, and *Astronomy*. This enumeration of subjects prescribed for study serves to show the emphasis placed by the mediæval mind upon the Science of Language in all its aspects. Grammar included not only such technical rules as were deemed essential for expression, but also a study of classical analogies and such matters as would now be embraced by a comparative study of languages. Rhetoric dealt

with the laws of literary composition.¹ Cicero furnished both theory and practical models for this branch of study, and students were taught to compose prose and what passed for verse in accordance with Ciceronian precept. Both Grammar and Rhetoric were subordinated to the study of Dialectic, the Science of Logic, a subject most absorbing to the student of the Middle Ages, and the point of departure for explorations in other fields of knowledge. An ample division of the theory of Rhetoric was devoted to the study of letter-writing, the superlative accomplishment of the scholar.

Since the "Seven Arts" all had their roots in Dialectic, letter-writing, as one of the hand-maidens of Logic, became very formal. Text-books for the study of epistolography, founded upon classic models, were numerous in the Middle Ages. The number of these formularies and the numerous translations and redactions which extended their influence far beyond the circle of the university and down into the 16th and 17th centuries, bear witness to the importance attached to the "art of inditing." A synopsis of the contents of one or two text-books serves better than an elaborate treatise to show how highly evolved and rigidly formal the science had become among the learned.

The work of Erasmus,² 1466-1536, may be studied as typical of similar treatises current in the later Renaissance, many of which no doubt borrowed largely from a text so widely distributed. This eager Dutch scholar

¹ H. Rashdall: *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, Oxford, 1895. Vol. I. chap. 2.

² Desiderius Erasmus: *De Ratione Conscribendi Epistolas Liber*, in *Opera Omnia* 1703.

possessed every facility for the compilation of such a work. An indefatigable student, he visited in turn nearly all the important schools and universities in Europe—Paris, Oxford, Orleans, Cambridge, Turin, Bologna, Venice, Padua, Siena, Rome, Strasburg, Basel, Freiburg. Taking up his residence for a period in each of these centers of learning, he made the acquaintance of most of the distinguished scholars of his time. He knew all the learned product of the Aldine Press in Venice and, as literary editor for the Froben Press in Basel, he saw brought forth, during the thirteen years of his labors there, many editions of the classic authors and of the Church Fathers. His acquaintance with scholars and with patrons of learning throughout western Europe gave a wide currency to his own works, and among these to his letters and his treatise on the subject of letter-writing. His Epistles, addressed to scholars, prelates, ecclesiastics, nobles, are a store-house of information regarding the thought, the learning, and the temper of the later Renaissance. They are, considering their date and their authorship by a scholar capable of expounding the art of epistolography, surprisingly frank and unaffected in style. Impelled by the desire to express genuine thought and feeling, he burst the restraints of the formulary, even of his own, and abandoned the elegant classic phrasing of Cicero for the corrupt but living Latin of his own day, the language which he, a stranger to French, German and English, used as his daily speech.

Yet for all his informality and naturalness in practice, his treatise on the art of letter-writing is as rigid

as his age required. His formulary, based upon earlier Latin models, preserves and extends the classifications of the Latin writers into letters *persuasive*, *encomiastic*, *judicial*, *demonstrative*, and *familiar*. The first group is subdivided into letters of *conciliation*, *reconciliation*, *exhortation*, *dehortation*, *persuasion*, *dissuasion*, *petition*, *obligation*, *communication*, *warring*, and *love*. The second group includes descriptions of *persons*, *regions*, *estates*, *strongholds*, *fountains*, *gardens*, *mountains*, *supernatural objects or occurrence*, *tempests*, *journeys*, *entertainments*, *buildings*, *ceremonies*. The judicial group comprises letters of *accusation*, *complaint*, *defense*, *expostulation*, *excuse*, *reproach*, *threat*, *invective*, *apology*. Epistles demonstrative include letters of *congratulation*, *praise*, *restraint*, *favor*, *proclamation*, and *dedication*. The last division, the familiar letter, includes those conveying *gossip*, *news*, *congratulation*, *lament*, *request*, *praise*, *courtesies*, and *merriment*. Each of the kinds enumerated receives treatment in a separate short essay; to each of these, Latin models are appended for study and imitation, together with comments on the merits of classic Latin writers. A great number of separate brief chapters are added dealing with matters of theory and practice: *De gravitate epistolæ*, *de perspicuitate epistolæ*, *de habitu epistolæ*, *de elegantia*, etc.

England, as well as continental Europe, fell under the influence of the formulary which was at its height in the 16th century. Miss Hansche's examination of the Stationer's Register¹ during this period shows not

¹ M. B. Hansche: *The Formative Period of English Familiar Letter-writers and Their Contribution to the English Essay*, Philadelphia, 1902. pp. 22 ff.

only that a large number of formularies and treatises on letter-writing, some of which passed through numerous editions, were entered, but also that many collections of foreign letters were published at this time. The two works which were most frequently re-published were William Fulwood's *Enimiee of Idelnesse*, a translation of an Italian formulary, the first work of its kind to appear on the Register, and Angel Day's *English Secretarie*, eight editions of which were exhausted within half a century.

Day¹ follows the division of Erasmus so closely that the first part of his text seems little more than a copy. He discourses upon the style to be used in epistles of every character, whether it be sublime, humble, or midway between; and of the rhetorical parts into which Erasmus divides the letter,—the *exordium*, *narratio*, *proposito*, *confirmatio*, *conjunctio*, *peroratio*. The work concludes with a chapter of formulæ to be used in the superscription and the subscription. Models are richly provided. Here, as in similar works, much subtle logic is expended in establishing correct usage which shall indicate precisely the relative rank of the writer and the person addressed, and shall represent every conceivable degree of adulation or condescension.

Jean Puget de la Serre, in *The Secretary in Fashion*, London, 1673, furnishes an example of a large class of works afloat in the 17th and 18th centuries. It bears obvious traces of its indebtedness to the mediæval text, but it is interesting as dealing rather less with forms and more with style, than its models. In this point

¹ Angel Day: *The English Secretarie*, London, 1586, ninth edition.

it suggests a step in the development of epistolary art. The work is in two parts; the first classifying various kinds of letters, the second giving the forms suitable for the various kinds. His classification is, if not complete, at any rate comprehensive: letters of *business*, *advice*, *counsel*, *remonstrance*, *command*, *entreaty*, *recommendation*, *proffers of assistance*, *complaint*, *reproof*, *excuse*, *visit*, *consolation*, *congratulation*, *thanks*, *merri-ment*, and *mixt*. The last class, admitting the impossibility of limiting human ingenuity by iron rules, suggests the gradual breaking down of formal distinctions. Part two, concerned with form, might be outlined under four heads.

I. FORM GENERAL.

Superscription:

Internal.

External.

Subscription.

Internal.

External.

II. FORM PARTICULAR.

Exordium.

Discourse.

Conclusion.

III. STYLE.

Brevity.

Seemliness.

Plainness.

Fairness

IV. SEALING.

In the treatment of both parts all technical terms are duly explained, and models of every variety of epistle are copiously provided. Especial emphasis is here, as elsewhere, centered upon the fine distinctions in superscription to be observed when addressing persons of quality and rank.

The Boston Public Library preserves a small volume by Thomas Hill, "Boston in N. England, Printed at the Brick-Shop, 1703," called *The Young Secretary's Guide or a Speedy help to learning*, "made suitable to the People of New England." The title page advertises a discourse, "containing the most curious Art of inditing Familiar letters, in an excellent stile, relating to Business in merchandise, Trade, Correspondency, Familiarity, Friendship, and on all occasions; also Instructions for Directing, Superscribing and Subscribing of Letters with due respect to the Titles of persons of Quality and others: Rules for pointing and capitalling in writing, &c. Likewise a short Vocabulary, explaining hard English words." This work, than which, according to the author's preface, "a more useful Book of its kind never saluted the Light," shows how serious a matter letter-writing was still conceived to be, and how unsafe it was deemed to leave the composition of a letter to vulgar inspiration. The table of contents announces model letters covering every imaginable occasion likely to produce correspondence, even to a letter from a "Daughter to her Mother in order to a Husband," and one from a "Mother to her Son, exhorting him to Temperance and a sober way of living."

Although Latin text-books and collections of foreign

models were translated and widely circulated in England, ordinary correspondence here never had quite the rigid formality which it preserved abroad. State letters and epistles exchanged between persons of distinction in a very formal style, are to be found in abundance, and some familiar letters, such as that of Prince Edward to his sister Elizabeth, which was evidently composed by a secretary, may be pointed out as preserving the usage of the formularies, but familiar correspondence in England is, in general, from our first records of it, rather varied in character and to some extent dictated by personal taste or the want of it. Almost no letters antedating the Norman Conquest survive, and the interval between the Conquest and the 15th century is so scantily represented that the correspondence of this period cannot be characterized as a whole.

The real beginning of modern letter-writing was in the 15th century in the little village of Paston, Norfolkshire, where there lived a family of small gentry whose first distinction was William Paston, Judge of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VI, and whose ultimate ambition was attained when Robert Paston was created Earl of Yarmouth in the reign of Charles II. The neighbors of William and his son John considered them upstarts, and did the utmost to dispute their rights. The letters between Agnes and her husband William, and Margaret and her husband John, mirror clearly the lawlessness of the times, the hard struggle against intrigue at court, and the danger of life and property from murder and brigandage. While John was in London about the affairs of the court, Agnes was his

agent and carried on the business with tenants and lawyers, reporting to her husband a faithful account of all these transactions. She knew neither Cicero nor Seneca, nor had she any idea of her obligation to the art of style; she wrote what the day brought, simply and clearly, that the distant husband might understand. The business details, usually uninteresting except to the historian or archæologist, are yet so frequently interspersed with bits of gossip, with words of affection, with suggestions of the family customs or of personal choice,—as for instance, when she chooses a red dress instead of a black one—with the request for advice regarding the selection of a daughter-in-law, with inquiries for health; that one reads with a clear sense of touching sincere, true life; with a growing curiosity and desire to know more of these people; with a certainty that here is the real friendly letter—very different from that of Cicero, but prompted by the same motive and of its kind equally spontaneous.

An enormous mass of correspondence survives from the 16th century. A collection of letters comprising a great variety in theme and in style has recently been made for the reign of Elizabeth¹—letters from diplomats, statesmen, scholars, princes, prelates, ladies and gentlemen, and their humbler “beadsmen”—which without any attempt at being comprehensive, suggests the amount of material remaining from this time. State or legal papers—deeds, indentures, and similar contracts cast into epistolary form—constitute a large proportion of

¹ Frank A. Mumby (editor): *The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth*, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1909.

the correspondence preserved from this period. Among the most permanently interesting collections of this reign is the famous correspondence of the Sidneys,¹ whose family connections were important, whose public services were distinguished and honorable, and whose tastes represented the highest culture of their age. The epistles and papers of Henry VIII comprise hundreds of thousands of letters. The Cecil correspondence,² an important source for the study of history, is only a part of a vast total of some 300,000 documents, which fill more than two hundred large volumes. Comparatively few of these letters, however, are familiar and personal.

The great number of letters remaining from the 16th century is due chiefly to the importance of the period in human progress generally, but also to the fact that the function of the letter was then less restricted than at present. It formerly served for many purposes for which it is no longer useful. Before such matters were given over to newspapers and periodicals, letters were conveyors of news and information of a general kind, of editorial comment on public affairs. Legal documents were drawn up in epistolary form, imitating Latin models. Sustained or extended views on subjects literary, critical, political, were aired in letters which might be published and circulated. Then the fashion gradually developed of disguising the fact or opinion thus expressed under a slight veil of fiction, and the letter

¹ *Letters and Memorials of State*, London, 1746.

² Selections from this correspondence are published under titles too numerous to cite.

presenting the supposititious case became popular. It is now believed that the Howell letters, formerly supposed to be genuine, personal correspondence, were of this class, to which belong also the Letters *Domestick and Forrein* of Loveday and the *CCXI Sociable Letters* of the Duchess of Newcastle; the latter are palpably artificial. Thus it will be seen that the letter of the 16th and early 17th centuries not only served for purposes now fulfilled by other literary forms, but that it held in solution many elements which contributed to the development of subsequent forms, such as the newspaper, the informal essay, and the novel.

The development of the newspaper belongs to the 17th century, but its origin is somewhat earlier and it is closely connected with the history of letter-writing. A commentator on the 16th and 17th centuries¹ outlines the development of the news-letters and pamphlets which were the direct ancestors of the modern newspaper. He remembers very few in the times of Henry VIII and these few rather pamphlets of invective than genuine letters. In Queen Mary's reign news-letters, in the form of ballads, were cried in the streets of London. In the time of Elizabeth the foreign news-letters became not uncommon. These were largely translations from foreign languages, printed over-seas and circulated some time after the matters noted had become settled history. These, too, might be described as pamphlets rather than letters. The news-letter proper came into vogue in the reign of James I, when, as the commentator says,

¹ John Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, London, 1812, Vol. 4, pp. 33 ff.

"News began to be the fashion." These circulars which published an irregular and often unreliable account of affairs foreign and domestic, were originally prepared by the secretaries of men of affairs, in order to keep their patrons informed of public events likely to affect their course of action. The demand for such news was so great that it could not be withheld for private uses, and the secretary became a sort of foreign correspondent, not only for his patron but for the public at large. This kind of letter created a demand for news, and increased the reading public by stimulating curiosity and at the same time furnishing its satisfaction. Nichols supplies a list of nearly three hundred and fifty of these sheets, "Publick News and Weekly Papers," regular, intermittent, or sporadic in appearance, which distributed information and entertained the reading public during the first half of the 17th century. An even longer list for the latter half of the century bears witness to the popularity of these ancestors of the modern newspaper.

Not only the newspaper but the informal essay draws some elements from the letter of the 17th century. The lines between the news-letter proper and that containing the informal essay are not distinguished in Nichols' list, which includes periodicals like the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*; the purpose of these latter was not so much to convey news as to interest or amuse the leisured class with agreeable discourse on topics of a critical or social nature. Many of the contributions to the *Spectator* and other periodicals of the class it represents are in the form of letters. In the hands of Steele and Addison especially,

the informal essay, gradually laying aside the purely conventional disguise of epistolary form, gained permanent distinction as a literary type. To this kind of essay the 18th century letter, conveying sustained comment, reflection, or criticism,—like that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Pope, or Gray¹—continued to contribute very largely. The step between such a letter as that of Pope to Miss Blount and an essay in the *Spectator* is easily taken. A change from the personal to the impersonal attitude toward the material treated and the exclusion of digressions from the main theme would transform Pope's letter into a graceful essay.

The fictitious letter, represented by such as Loveday's *Letters Domestick and Forreïn*, held latent elements for the development of one of the most important of modern literary types, the novel. Samuel Richardson, 1689-1761, by a kind of happy accident, first realized these possibilities. While engaged upon a piece of hack-work (the compilation of a letter-writer adapted to the uses of servants), he conceived the idea of using a series of letters to convey a connected story. Three of the earliest great English novels, *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, all in the form of correspondence among the characters involved, resulted from the inspiration. Even in more modern fiction, where it is the purpose of the novelist to reveal a character subjectively and with great intimacy, the letter is frequently employed. Illustrations may be seen in the letters exchanged between Dorothea Brooke and Mr.

¹ See pp. 32, 35, 48.

Casaubon in *Middlemarch* and by the correspondence of Wilkins Micawber in *David Copperfield*.

It is not safe to mark with too great precision the stages in the development of any literary form, for forms accommodate themselves to the demands of readers as well as writers, and many subtle influences unite in moulding their character, but it may safely be said that the letter between the 15th and 18th centuries contributed important elements to the development of the newspaper, the magazine, the informal essay, and the novel.

The old-fashioned text-books are primarily concerned with form and not with substance. As regards material, the writer of letters has always been free in his choice. La Serre, in *The Secretary in Fashion*, declares that, "The matter of letters is anything that may be discoursed of, without any exceptions"; and Dr. Johnson, in his preface to the *Art of Letter-Writing*, says, "As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled Rules, or described by any single characteristic. Letters have no peculiarity but their form; and nothing is to be refused Admission, which would be proper in any other Method of treating the same Subject." Early English correspondence, from the Paston and the Harley letters down, bears out these statements.

Nevertheless, the aggregation by the newspaper, the periodical, and the novel of some of the functions of the earlier letter has to a certain extent limited the substance of the modern letter. In the 18th century and even more strictly in the 19th, letters are confined to three general uses: for business, for formal social purposes, and for

friendly intercourse. We no longer use them generally as purveyors of news or of information of a public character, and less frequently than formerly as vehicles for sustained criticism, reflection, or comment, though it would not be hard to find modern illustrations of the latter type in the correspondence, for instance, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, or James Russell Lowell. While the modern letter has not necessarily lost the old-time dignity of theme and style, as may be seen in Ticknor's account of the Webster eulogy,¹ it is likely to be rather more homely and personal than formerly. The modern writer gains through the inclusion of a thousand simple and commonplace details of everyday experience and through the very intimate reflection of his mood. The style of the modern letter accommodates itself to the substance, so, as the matter may be infinitely detailed and familiar, the tone may be grave or gay, serious, dignified, restrained, unreserved, humorous, or absurd, according to the passing whim of the writer. One sometimes finds homely detail in early familiar letters, as in those for instance, from Margaret Paston or from Brilliana Harley, but a comparison of either of these letters with those of Stevenson and Green² will show how much more the mood of the author and his own personality enter into his correspondence than once they did. Friendly letters to-day are, in general, much less serious and much more spontaneous effusions than formerly they were.

Fashion in letters, as everywhere else, is concerned

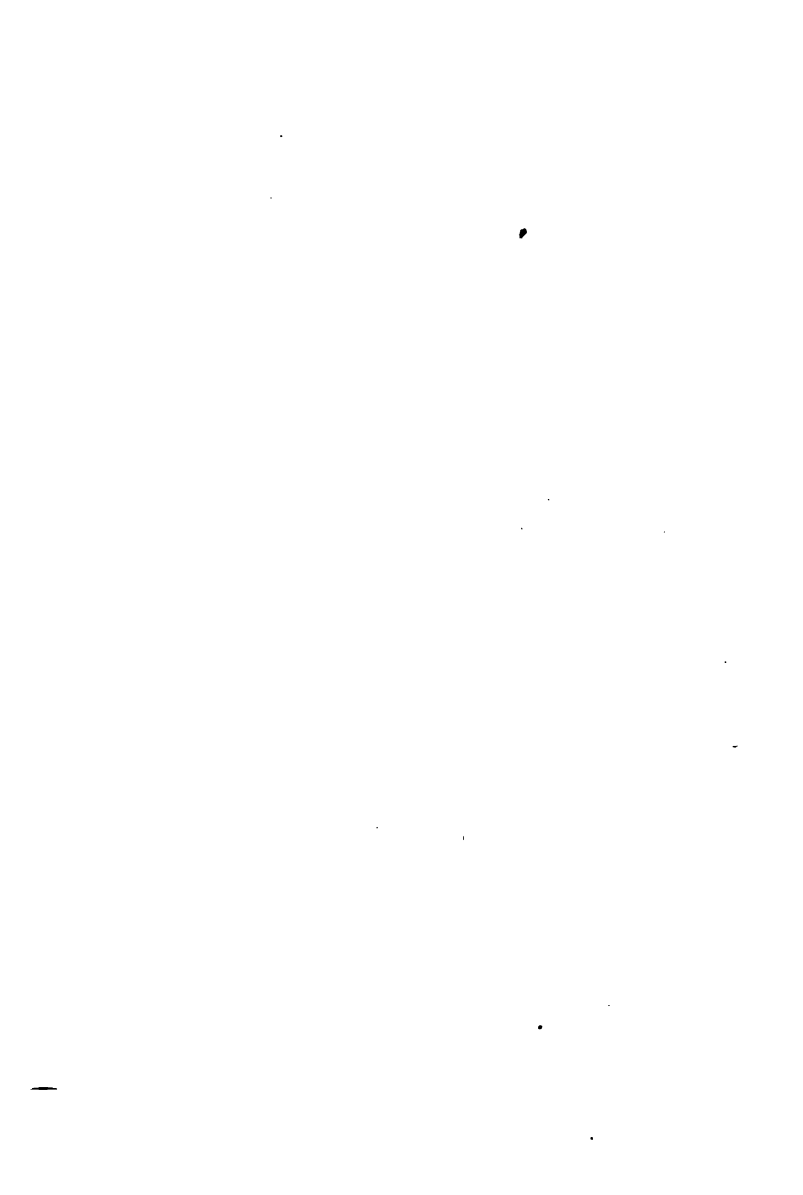
¹ See p. 107.

² See pp. 1, 18, 214, 230.

with the form of things rather than with their substance. Form, as form, has always been rigidly prescribed for every kind of epistle except the familiar, friendly letter; but the character of the particular form in vogue varies, like the cut of a coat, with the season. Though it is at present less elaborate in the case of business letters and notes of ceremony, it is nearly as strictly defined as in the 16th century. In the present time, and especially in America, the old-fashioned superscription for "every Rank and Condition of Person" is largely disregarded; yet certain respect for dignity of office and position is maintained. The mode of address suitable for a letter to a business firm is unsuitable for friendly letters; the familiarity of superscription, fitting in a letter to an intimate, is not permissible in letters to persons of distinction; certain notes of ceremony require to be written in the third person: and acquaintance with these refinements of form is as essential to the lady or the gentleman of the 20th century as was the lore of the formularies to Sir Philip Sidney. The days of Brilliana Harley, who took up her pen with fear and hesitation and who opened her discourse with an invocation of divine powers, are long gone by. Now-a-days letters are far more casual affairs.

Whereas in the 16th century letter-writing was the accomplishment *sine qua non* of the scholar and the gentleman and the serious task of him whom necessity drove to composition, and in the 18th century a field for the display of the wit and erudition of the learned class, to-day it offers free opportunity to the humblest person who experiences the "irritation of an idea."

The popularization of the letter has done as much as anything to break down its restrictions as a literary type. The greater the number of people contributing to any form of discourse, the more liberal become the laws governing its composition. The greater simplicity in form and familiarity in style and the more personal character of the material, make it the most intimate revelation of personality in modern literature. It reveals not alone the author's views and interests but the very qualities of his mind and character and the stamp of his culture.



WALTER PASTON TO MARGARET
PASTON

19 May, 1478.

To his worshipful mother, Margaret Paston, dwelling in Mawtby, be this letter delivered in haste.

RIGHT REVERENT AND WORSHIPFUL MOTHER,

I recommend me on to your good mothership, beseeching you to give me your daily benediction, desiring heartily to hear of your prosperity, which God preserve to his pleasure, and to your heart's desire, etc. I marvel sore that you sent me no word of the letter which I sent to you by Master William Brown at Easter. I sent you word that time that I should send you my expenses particularly; but as at this time the bearer hereof had a letter suddenly that he should come home, and therefore I could have no leisure to send them you on that wise; and therefore I shall write to you in this letter the whole sum of my expenses since I was with you till Easter last past, and also the receipts, reckoning the XXs. that I had of you at Oxford with the Bishop's finding¹.

The whole sum of receipts is V℥. XVIIIs. VIId., and the whole sum of the expenses is VI℥. Vs. Vd., ob. qua., and that cometh over the receipts in my expenses I

¹ Probably a sum of money the Bishop paid for the support of a scholar at Oxford. See Murray's *New English Dictionary*.

have borrowed of Master Edmund, and it draweth to VIIIs. And yet I reckon no expenses since Easter. But as for them, they be not great; and therefore I beseech you to send me money by Sir Richard Cotman, bringer of this letter, or else by the next messenger that you can have to me.

I beseech you that he that I sent by this letter to you may have good cheer, if he bring it himself, as he telleth me that he will, for he is a good lover of mine. Master Edmund Alyard recommends him especially to you, and to all my brethren and sisters, and to all your household; and I beseech you that I may be recommended to all them also, and especially to my brother John the younger. No more to you at this time, but Almighty Jesus have you in his keeping. Amen.

Written at Oxford, on Saint Dunstan's Day and the XIX day of May,

By your son and scholar,

WALTER PASTON.

LADY BRYAN TO LORD CROMWELL

HUNSDON, 1536.

MY LORD, when your lordship was last here, it pleased you to say that I should not mistrust the king's grace nor your lordship, which word was more comfort to me than I can write, as God knoweth. And now it emboldens me to show you my poor mind. My lord, when my Lady Mary's grace was born, it pleased the king's grace to appoint me lady-mistress and made me a baron-

ess. And so I have been governess to the children his Grace have had since.

Now it is so, my Lady Elizabeth¹ is put from that degree she was afore, and what degree she is of now, I know not but by hearsay. Therefore I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of—that is her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good lord to my lady, and to all hers: And that she may have some raiment; for she hath neither gown, nor kirtle², nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen nor smocks, nor kerchiefs, nor rails³, nor body stitchets⁴, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggins⁵. All these her Grace must take I have driven off as long as I can, that by my troth I can drive it off no longer: beseeching you, my lord, that ye will see that her Grace may have that which is needful for her, as my trust is that ye will do. Beseeching ye, mine own good lord, that I may know from you, by writing, how I shall order myself; and what is the King's grace's pleasure and yours; that I shall do in everything? And whatsomever it shall please the King's grace or your lordship to command me at all times, I shall fulfil it to the best of my power.

My lord, Mr. Shelton⁶ saith he is master of this house.

¹ Elizabeth was three years old when this letter was written. Her dates are 1533-1603.

² Slip.

³ Night-dresses.

⁴ Corsets.

⁵ Night caps.

⁶ A kinsman of Anne Boleyn.

What fashion that may be I cannot tell, for I have not seen it afore. My lord, ye be so honourable yourself, and every man reporteth that your lordship loveth honour, that I trust you will see the house honourably ordered, as it ever hath been aforetime. And if it please you that I may know what your order is, and if it be not performed I shall certify your lordship of it. For I fear me it will be hardly enough performed. But if the head¹ knew what honour meaneth, it will be the better ordered—if not, it will be hard to bring to pass.

My lord, Mr. Shelton would have my Lady Elizabeth to dine and sup every day at the board of estate. Alas! my lord, it is not meet for a child of her age to keep such rule yet. I promise you, my lord, I dare not take it upon me to keep her Grace in health an' she keep that rule. For there she shall see divers meats, and fruits, and wine, which it would be hard for me to restrain her Grace from. Ye know, my lord, there is no place of correction there; and she is yet too young to correct greatly. I know well an' she be there, I shall neither bring her up to the King's grace's honour, nor hers, nor to her health, nor to my poor honesty. Wherefore, I show your lordship this my desire, beseeching you, my lord, that my lady may have a mess of meat at her own lodging, with a good dish or two that is meet for her Grace to eat of; and the reversion of the mess shall satisfy all her women, a gentleman usher, and a groom; which be eleven persons on her side. Sure I am it will be as great profit to the King's grace this way as the other way. For if all this should be set abroad, they must have

¹ Evidently Shelton is meant.

three or four messes of meat,—whereas this one mess shall suffice them all with bread and drink, according as my Lady Mary's grace had afore, and to be ordered in all things as her Grace was afore.

God knoweth my lady (Elizabeth) hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her Grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God an' her teeth were well graft, to have her Grace after another fashion than she is yet: so as I trust the King's grace shall have a great comfort in her Grace. For she is as toward a child and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew any in my life. Jesu preserve her Grace!

As for a day or two, at a high time¹, or whensoever it shall please the King's grace to have her set abroad², I trust so to endeavour me, that she shall so do as shall be to the King's honour and hers; and then after to take her ease again. . . . From Hunsdon, with the evil hand³ of her who is your daily bead-woman⁴, Margt. Bryan.

¹ A festival.

² Shown in public.

³ Poor hand-writing.

⁴ A woman who prays for the spiritual welfare of another. Cf. *beadsman*.

PRINCE EDWARD TO HIS SISTER
ELIZABETH*December 5, 1546.*

Change of place, in fact, did not vex me so much, dearest sister, as your going from me. Now, however, nothing can happen more agreeable to me than a letter from you; and especially as you were the first to send a letter to me, and have challenged me to write. Wherefore I thank you both for your good-will and despatch. I will then strive, to my utmost power, if not to surpass, at least to equal you in good-will and zeal. But this is some comfort to my grief, that I hope to visit you shortly (if no accident intervene with either me or you), as my chamberlain has reported to me. Farewell, dearest sister!

EDWARD THE PRINCE.

ROGER ASCHAM TO JOHN STURMIUS

1550.

. . . . Never was the nobility of England more lettered than at present. Our illustrious King Edward in talent, industry, perseverance, and erudition, surpasses both his own years and the belief of men. . . . I doubt not that France will also yield the just praise of learning

to the Duke of Suffolk and the rest of that band of noble youths educated with the King in Greek and Latin literature, who depart for that country on this very day.

Numberless honourable ladies of the present time surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning. But among them all, my illustrious mistress the Lady Elizabeth shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues and her learning, than by the glory of her royal birth. In the variety of her commendable qualities, I am less perplexed to find matter for the highest panegyric than to circumscribe that panegyric within just bounds. Yet I shall mention nothing respecting her but what has come under my own observation.

. . . . The Lady Elizabeth has accomplished her sixteenth year; and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No apprehension can be quicker than her's, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin, with fluency, propriety, and judgment; she also spoke Greek with me, frequently, willingly, and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her hand-writing, whether in the Greek or Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration, she greatly prefers a simple elegance to show and splendour, so despising "the outward adorning of plait-

ing the hair and of wearing of gold," that in the whole manner of her life she rather resembles Hippolyta than Phædra.

She read with me almost the whole of Cicero, and a great part of Livy: from these two authors, indeed, her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates¹ and the tragedies of Sophocles², which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian³, the "Commonplaces" of Melancthon⁴, and similar works which convey pure doctrine in elegant language. In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill-adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs; on the other hand, she approved a style chaste in its propriety, and beautiful by perspicuity, and she greatly admired metaphors, when not too violent, and antitheses when just, and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these partic-

¹ The famous teacher of rhetoric at Athens, 436-338 B.C.

² The greatest of the three great tragic poets of Greece, 495?-406 B.C.

³ An ecclesiastic and martyr of the early African Church, 200?-258.

⁴ The celebrated German reformer, 1497-1560, contemporary with Luther.

ulars, her ears became so practised and so nice, that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English, prose or verse, which, according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust, or receive with the highest delight. . . . Had I more leisure, I would speak to you at greater length of the King, of the Lady Elizabeth, and of the daughters of the Duke of Somerset, whose minds have also been formed by the best literary instruction. But there are two English ladies whom I cannot omit to mention; nor would I have you, my Sturmius, omit them, if you meditate any celebration of your English friends, than which nothing could be more agreeable to me. One is Jane Grey, the other is Mildred Cecil, who understands and speaks Greek like English, so that it may be doubted whether she is most happy in the possession of this surpassing degree of knowledge, or in having had for her preceptor and father Sir Anthony Cooke, whose singular erudition caused him to be joined with John Cheke¹ in the office of tutor to the King, or finally, in having become the wife of William Cecil, lately appointed secretary of state; a young man indeed, but mature in wisdom, and so deeply skilled both in letters and in affairs, and endowed with such moderation in the exercise of public offices, that to him would be awarded by the consenting voice of Englishmen the four-fold praise attributed to Pericles by his rival Thucydides—"To know all that is fitting, to be able to apply what he knows, to be a lover of his country, and superior to money."

¹ The first professor of Greek at Cambridge and tutor to Edward VI.

JOHN HOOPER TO HEINRICH BULL-
INGERDATED FROM PRISON, *Sept. 3, 1553.*

GREETING. You have been accustomed, my very dear gossip¹, heavily to complain of me, and very properly, for having so seldom written to you. But I have now written you many letters during the past year, without having received a single one in reply. I know that you are not unacquainted with the state of our kingdom. Our king has been removed from us by reason of our sins, to the very great peril of our church. His sister Mary has succeeded, whom I pray God always to aid by his Holy Spirit, that she may reign and govern in all respects to the glory of his name. The altars are again set up throughout the kingdom; private masses are frequently celebrated in many quarters; the true worship of God, true invocation, the right use of the sacraments, are all done away with; divine things are trodden under foot, and human things have the preeminence. May God be present with his church, for the sake of his only Son Jesus Christ! All godly preachers are placed in the greatest danger: those who have not yet known by experience the filthiness of a prison, are hourly looking for it. Meanwhile they are all of them forbidden to preach by public authority. The enemies of the gospel are appointed in their places, and proclaim to the people from the pulpit human doctrines instead of divine truths.

¹ Familiar acquaintance, friend.

We now place our confidence in God alone, and earnestly entreat him to comfort and strengthen us to endure any sufferings whatever for the glory of his name. In haste, from prison, at London. Sept. 3, 1553. . . .

Yours wholly,

JOHN HOOPER,
Bishop of Worcester and Gloucester.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON
PHILIP SIDNEY

[1566]

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoked me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary¹, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do.

¹ A devotional manual containing instruction for the conduct of life.

In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and

bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry; - detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's¹ side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted

¹ His mother was Mary, the eldest daughter of John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, and the sister of Queen Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester.

labes generis, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish anything the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

JOHN DONNE TO THE WORTHIEST
LADY MRS. BRIDGET WHITE

MADAME, I could make some guess whether souls that go to heaven retain any memory of us that stay behind, if I knew whether you ever thought of us, since you enjoyed your heaven, which is yourself, at home.

Your going away hath made London a dead carcass. A Term and a Court do a little spice and embalm it and keep it from putrefaction, but the soul went away in you; and I think the only reason why the plague¹ is somewhat slackened is because the place is dead already, and nobody left in it worth the killing.

Wheresoever you are there is London enough; and it is a diminishing of you to say so, since you are more than the rest of the world. When you have a desire to work a miracle you will return hither, and both raise the place from the dead and the dead also who are in it; of which I were one, but that a hope that I have a

¹ The great plague years in England were 1603, 1625, 1665, but in London the disease was what we should call epidemic every year between these dates.

place in your favor keeps me alive; which you shall abundantly confirm to me, if by one letter you vouchsafe to tell me that you have received my six, for now my letters are grown to that bulk, that I may divide them alike Amadis de Gaul's¹ books, and tell you that this is the first letter of the second part of the first book.

Your humblest and affectionate servant,

J. D.

Strand, St. Peter's Day at nine, 29th June (1609?).

JAMES HOWELL TO SIR J. S— AT
LEEDS CASTLE

SIR, it was a quaint difference the ancients² did put 'twixt a letter and an oration; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated, and closely couched; a hungerlin³ becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown; indeed we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar letter which expresses one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the

¹ The hero of the famous medieval romance of Spain.

² Cicero compares the style of a letter with that of a speech, in a letter to Papirius Pætus, *Epistolæ ad Familiares* IX 21; and Quintilian uses the figure of dress in discussing the language proper for an orator. Bk. VIII, ch. iii.

³ A sort of short furred robe, so named from having been derived from Hungary. Nares *Glossary*.

party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue, and the pen, are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now, letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either *narratory*, *objurgatory*, *consolatory*, *monitory*, or *congratulatory*¹. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy; there are some, who in lieu of letters, write homilies; they preach, when they should epistolize: there are others that turn them to tedious tractates: this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware², with trite and trivial phrases only, listed with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbors eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies

¹ This was a common classification; practically the same is found in *The English Secretary* by Angel Day, 1635. See *Introduction*, page xxv.

² The wares sold at the Bartholomew Fair which was held annually during August from 1133-1855, in West Smithfield, a quarter of London.

of loose flesh without sinews; they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words, and finical affected compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy stuff, with such cob-web compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him, that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One can hardly find an apophthegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase, in a hundred of them: and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth; insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo. *That she's a mere sound and nothing else.*

I return you your *Balzac* by this bearer: and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat; and those to *Richelieu*, so puffed with profane hyperboles and *larded* up and down with such gross flatteries, . . . I forbore him further.

So I am Your most affection servitor.

J. H.

WESTMIN., 25 July 1625.

BRILLIANA HARLEY TO EDWARD
HARLEY

FOR MY DEAR SON MR. EDWARD HARLEY,
IN MAGDALEN HALL, OXFORD.

MY DEAR NED—It is my comfort that I enjoy so constant assurance of your health; in which mercy I hope the Lord will be still gracious to me, and I trust the Lord will crown that mercy in filling you with grace.

I thank you for your letter by Looker, though it may be your sister will not thank you for her token, because the expectation was disappointed, at which I could not but laugh.

Your father, I thank God, is well, and likely, as they say, to be knight of this shire; I do not yet hear that the writ is come into this county, though it be in divers others: I thank God these two days I have risen between 11 and 12 o'clock, and sat up till 6; and I hope I shall do so this day, I mean, sit up so long, for I rose to-day about 11.

I have sent you by this carry another turkey pie, with 2 turkeys in it; I hope the cook has baked it well. I did think the glass of water would not be well stopped up. I take it as a special providence of God, that I have so froward a maid about me as Mary is, since I love peace and quietness so well; she has been extremely froward since I have been ill; I did not think any would have been so choleric.

I pray God, if ever you have a wife, she may be of a meek and quiet spirit. My dear Ned, the Lord bless you, and so I rest,

Your most affectionate mother,

BRILLIANA HARLEY.

Mar: 6, 1639, from my chair by the fire.

Remember my love to your worthy tutor.

I have now received the book you sent me, and thank you for it.

DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM
TEMPLE

(1653?)

SIR,—

The day I should have received your letter I was invited to dine at a rich widow's (whom I think I once told you of¹, and offered my service in case you thought fit to make addresses there); and she was so kind, and in so good humour, that if I had had any commission I should have thought it a very fit time to speak. We had a huge dinner, though the company was only of her own kindred that are in the house with her and what I brought; but she is broke loose from an old miserable husband that lived so long, she thinks if she does not make haste she shall not have time to spend what he left. She is old and was never handsome, and yet is courted a thousand times more than the greatest beauty in the world would be that had not a fortune. We could not eat

¹ See Letter 16, in *Letters of Dorothy Osborne*.

in quiet for the letters and presents that came in from people that would not have looked upon her when they had met her if she had been left poor. I could not but laugh to myself at the meanness of their humour, and was merry enough all day, for the company was very good; and besides, I expected to find when I came home a letter from you that would be more a feast and company to me than all that was there. But never anybody was so defeated as I was to find none. I could not imagine the reason, only I assured myself it was no fault of yours, but perhaps a just punishment upon me for having been too much pleased in a company where you were not.

After supper my brother and I fell into dispute about riches, and the great advantages of it; he instanced in the widow that it made one respected in the world. I said 'twas true, but that was a respect I should not at all value when I owed it only to my fortune. And we debated it so long till we had both talked ourselves weary enough to go to bed. Yet I did not sleep so well but that I chid my maid for waking me in the morning, till she stopped my mouth with saying she had letters for me. I had not patience to stay till I could rise, but made her tie up all the curtains to let in light; and among some others I found my dear letter that was first to be read, and which made all the rest not worth the reading. I could not but wonder to find in it that my cousin Franklin should want a true friend when 'tis thought she has the best husband in the world; he was so passionate for her before he had her, and so pleased with her since, that, in earnest, I did not think it possible she could

have anything left to wish for that she had not already in such a husband with such a fortune. But she can best tell whether she is happy or not; only if she be not, I do not see how anybody else can hope it. I know her the least of all the sisters, and perhaps 'tis to my advantage that she knows me no more, since she speaks so obligingly of me. But do you think it was altogether without design she spoke it to you? When I remember she is Tom Cheeke's sister¹, I am apt to think she might have heard his news, and meant to try whether there was anything of truth in't. My cousin Molle, I think, means to end the summer there. They say, indeed, 'tis a very fine seat, but if I did not mistake Sir Thomas Cheeke, he told me there was never a good room in the house. I was wondering how you came by an acquaintance there, because I had never heard you speak that you knew them. I never saw him in my life, but he is famous for a kind husband. Only 'twas found fault with that he could not forbear kissing his wife before company, a foolish trick that young married men are apt to; he has left it long since, I suppose. But, seriously, 'tis as ill a sight as one would wish to see, and appears very rude, methinks, to the company.

What a strange fellow this goldsmith is, he has a head fit for nothing but horns. I chid him once for a seal he set me just of this fashion and the same colours. If he were to make twenty they should be all so, his invention can stretch no further than blue and red. It

¹ See Letter 24 (*ibid.*), in which Dorothy expresses her desire to keep their friendship from the gossiping world. Tom Cheeke, who was spreading the news, was her distant cousin.

makes me think of the fellow that could paint nothing but a flower-de-luce, who, when he met with one that was so firmly resolved to have a lion for his sign that there was no persuading him out on't, "Well," says the painter, "let it be a lion then, but it shall be as like a flower-de-luce as e'er you saw." So, because you would have it a dolphin, he consented to it, but it is like an ill-favoured knot of ribbon. I did not say anything of my father's being ill of late; I think I told you before, he kept his chamber ever since his last sickness, and so he does still. Yet I cannot say that he is at all sick, but has so general a weakness upon him that I am much afraid their opinion of him has too much of truth in it, and do extremely apprehend how the winter may work upon him. Will you pardon this strange scribbled letter, and the disorderliness on't? I know you would, though I should not tell you that I am not so much at leisure as I used to be. You can forgive your friends anything, and when I am not the faithfulest of those, never forgive me. You may direct your letters how you please, here will be nobody to receive it but YOUR.

MR. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER
TO HIS WIFE

May, 1655.

DEAREST BEST OF CREATURES! I had taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recall my fondness to life, and enable me to resign it. As I

am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you, so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow tomorrow, when your husband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and within a few hours I am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object the shame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavor so to die as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other things. Afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence of this. I desire your prayers in the article of death; for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE TO HIS SON
DR. EDWARD BROWNE

- *August 22 (1689)*

DEAR SON,

I was very glad to receive your last letter. God hath heard our prayers, and I hope will bless you still. If the profits of the next year come not up to this, I would

not have you discouraged; for the profits of no practice are equal or regular: and you have had some extraordinary patients this year, which, perhaps, some years will not afford. Now is your time to be frugal and lay by. I thought myself rich enough till my children grew up. Be careful of yourself, and temperate, that you may be able to go through your practice; for to attain to the getting of a thousand pounds a year requires no small labor of body and mind, and is a life not much less painful and laborious than that which the meaner sort of people go through. When you put out your money, be well assured of the assurance; and be wise therein from what your father hath suffered. It is laudable to dwell handsomely; but be not too forward to build, or set forth another man's house, or so to fill it that it may increase the fuel, if God should please to send fire. The merciful God direct you in all. Excess in apparel and chargeable dresses are got into the country, especially among women; men go decently and plain enough. The last assizes there was a concourse of women at that they call my lord's garden in Cunsford, and so richly dressed that some strangers said there was scarce the like to be seen at Hide Park, which makes Charity cold. We now hear that parliament shall sit the 21 of October, which will make London very full in Michaelmas term. We hear of two ostriches which are brought from Tangier. I saw one in the latter end of King James his days, at Greenwich, when I was a Schoolboy. King Charles the first had a cassawary, or emu, whose fine green channelled egg I have, and you have seen it. I doubt these will not be shown at Bartholomew fair, where everyone

may see them for his money. . . . God bless my daughter Browne and you all.

Your loving Father,

THOMAS BROWNE.

I have not had Mrs. Felthem at any entertainment at my house, because she soon expects her husband. I hear but of a few East India ships' arrival this year, nor whether they have brought as many diamonds, etc. as formerly.

These for Sir Edward Browne, in Salisbury Court, next the Golden Balls.

JOSEPH ADDISON TO (MR. WORTLEY
MONTAGU ?)

(ROME, *August 7, 1701*)

DEAR SIR—

I hope this will find you safe at Geneva; and that the adventure of the rivulet, which you have so well celebrated in your last, has been the worst you have met with in your journey thither. I cannot but envy your being among the Alps, where you may see frost and snow in the dog-days: we are here quite burnt up, and are at least ten degrees nearer the sun than when you left us. I am very well satisfied it was in August that Virgil wrote his,

“O, qui me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi”¹, &c.

¹ Misquoted from Vergil's *Georgics*, Bk. II, l. 488, “O, qui me gelidis con vallibus Hæmi.”

Our days at present, like those in the first chapter of Genesis, consist only of the evening and the morning; for the Roman noons are as silent as the midnights in other countries. But among all these inconveniencies, the greatest I suffer is from your departure, which is more afflicting to me than the canicule¹. I am forced, for want of better company, to converse with pictures, statues, and medals; for you must know, I deal very much in ancient coin, and can count out a sum in sesterces with as much ease as in pounds sterling. I am a great critic in rust, and can tell you the age of it at first sight. I am only in some danger of losing my acquaintance with our English money; for at present I am much more used to the Roman.

If you glean up any of our country news, be so kind as to forward it this way. Pray give Mr. Dashwood's, and my very humble service to Sir Thomas, and accept of the same yourself, from,

Dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON TO THE EARL OF WARWICK

(SANDY-END, *May 27, 1708*)

MY DEAREST LORD—

I cannot forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighborhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have

¹Dog-days; a word rarely used formerly and now obsolete.

found out in a neighboring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening and consists of a black-bird, a thrush, a robin-red-breast, and a bull-finch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honor me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes than ever you met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil:—

“So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey’d th’ unfeather’d innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.”¹

Your Lordship’s most obedient,

J. ADDISON.

RICHARD STEELE TO MRS. SCURLOCK

Sept. 2, 1707, between One and Two.

DEAR CREATURE, Ever since seven this morning I have been in company, but have stolen a moment to pour out the fulness of my thoughts, and complain to

¹ From Dryden’s translation of Vergil’s *Georgics*, 511–515.

you of the interruption that impertinent amusement called business has given me amidst my contemplation on the best of women, and the most agreeable object that ever charmed the heart of man. I am, dearest, loveliest creature, eternally thine,

R. STEELE.

RICHARD STEELE TO MRS. STEELE

Jan. 3, 1708, DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE-BAR.

DEAR PRUE

I have partly succeeded in my business to-day and enclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue I can't come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband,

R: STEELE.

Send me word you have received this.

RICHARD STEELE TO MRS. STEELE

Sept. 19th, 1708, five in the Evening.

DEAR PRUE

I send you seven-pennyworth of walnuts at five a penny which is the greatest proof at present of my being with my whole heart

Yours,

RICH^d STEELE.

RICHARD STEELE TO SALLY STEELE

DEAR PRUE

Molly's distemper proves the small-pox, which she has very favorably, and a good kind. Mrs. Evans is very good and nurse Jervase very diligent; Sarah has every good quality and the whole family are in health beside the dear infant.

I am very close at my papers not having been two hours out of the house since I parted with you. Pray take care of yourself. I love you to distraction for I cannot be angry at anything you do, let it be never so odd and unexpected to the tenderest of husbands,

RICHARD STEELE.

Saturday, *Nov. 17, 1716.*

We had not when you left us an inch of candle a pound of coal or a bit of meat, in the house. But we do not want now.

R. S.

RICHARD STEELE TO LADY STEELE

HAMPTON-COURT, *March, 16, 1717.*

DEAR PRUE

If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night I beg your pardon that I cannot

answer till the next post. The House of Commons¹ will be very busy the next week and I had many things public and private for which I wanted four and twenty hours' retirement and therefore came to visit your son. I came out of town yesterday being Friday and shall return tomorrow. Your son at the present writing is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room, and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar. He can read his Primer, and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks upon the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. He begins to be very ragged and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new clothes and frocks or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service. I am, dear Prue,

Ever yours

RICHARD STEELE.

DEAN SWIFT TO STELLA

LONDON, *Nov.* 15, 1712.

Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that Duke Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James's

¹ Steele was at this time member of Parliament for Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.

Square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and, while the duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the cake-house by the ring in Hyde Park, (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney, and one Hamilton, were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke Hamilton; and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell, said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighborhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

LONDON, *Feb.* 10, 1712-1713.

I thought to have dined with lord-treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's; so I dined at Lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with Lady Masham at crown piquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord-treasurer came in to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my man calls there daily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see Lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven servants, and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet.

NIGHT, MD.

ALEXANDER POPE TO MISS MARTHA
BLOUNT

STANTON HARCOURT? 1716.

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favorite woods in the forests, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening

to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above. The gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford all the bells tolled in different notes, the clocks of every College answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky, parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species, who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, the ambitious are in your world¹.

Indeed, I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself, in my mind, what College I was founder of, or what Library I had built. Methinks I do very ill, to return to the world again, to leave

¹ Pope was not a university man.

the only place where I make a figure, and, from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of the library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square. I will not deny but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory, I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

Here, at my Lord Harcourt's, I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman (though a woman be very near as good as an angel): I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T——, as a credit to the Maker of angels. She is a relation of his Lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a wife, being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to fortune than I. I told him it was what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind, and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself.

I must not conclude without telling you that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible joy to me, if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give myself pleasure. I wish as well for you as for myself. I am in love with you both as much as I am with myself: for I find myself most so with either when I least suspect it.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO THE
COUNTESS OF — [MAR.]ADRIANOPLE, *April* 18, O. S. [1717].

I wrote to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear writing, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands this two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady, and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never given before to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognita*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretest. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were

ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her that appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me that she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous in this point, that he would not accept Mr. W——'s [Wortley's] present, till he had been assured over and over again that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I do not think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks, which the first week pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of it and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner.

But I attribute this to custom. I am very much inclined to believe an Indian, that had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered; and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the *kiyàya's* lady, saying, he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in this *harém*, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extreme glad that I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door

by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks, shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *kiyàya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima* (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and [I] must own that I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to

me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new charm.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form, a perfect face, and to that, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by

the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it [a] virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though, she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments, between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing

could be more artful, or more proper to raise certain ideas. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of something not to be spoken of. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrow-bones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoupes* of silver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this time in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzel sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine

silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpretest. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of, &c.

MRS. PENDARVES TO MRS. ANN GRAN-
VILLE

DUBLIN, 30 *March*, 1732.

This has been a week of great mirth and jollity; on Monday Phill and I went to the ridotto with Mrs. Wesley, where we met with no disturbance; it began with a concert of music, the Duke, Duchess, and Lady Caroline were there; they went away when the music was over, and after some hideous minuets, we went to country dances. Mr. Wesley was my partner, there were twenty couple, four dances were as much as my spirits would bear. We got home by a little after twelve.

On Tuesday we had a party more to my *gout*. Mr. Wesley in the days of yore, (before he had his great fortune) had a little house about three miles out of town called Butlers Town,— the situation of it very fine, something like Roskrow, but nearer the sea. It is now in possession of a near relation of his, Mr. Kit Ussher,

a very sensible, plain, good humoured man: his wife is a poor little meek woman that never makes or mars sport. To this place the old jaunting set went about two o'clock, where we had cold fowl, lamb, pigeon pye, Dutch beef, tongue, cockells, sallad, much variety of liquors, and the finest syllabub that ever was tasted. When we had devoured as much as possible, we all adjourned to Mr. Wesley's, where I was placed at the harpsichord, and after jangling a little, Mr. Wesley took the fiddle and played to his daughters' dancing. Those children grow prettier and more agreeable every day than the other, and remember you very well. We mustered up five couple and danced two hours; the master of house fiddled and danced the whole time; then we went to supper, and had a profusion of "*peck and booz*"¹ and extravagance of mirth. We parted at half an hour after one.

MRS. PENDARVES TO MRS. ANN
GRANVILLE, AT GLOUCESTER

BULSTRODE, *Dec. 29, 1738.*

Two of your letters are spread before me; but how well I shall discharge the debt I cannot guess, for my Lord Oxford has lent me some curious drawings of Stonehenge² to copy, that if I don't finish by Monday

¹ English slang for "meat and drink."

² The curious and interesting prehistoric monument near Salisbury, England, believed by antiquarians to have been a temple or altar for early Druidical religious observances.

next, I shall never more get possession of. They have employed me two mornings, and will two mornings more, so that my writing-hour is drove down to the evening. Well, I must drink Coffee at five, and play with the little jewels—it is ceremony of the house: then says the Duchess, "Don't go, Penny, till I have net one row in my cherry net," which proves a hundred meshes, then comes some prater, asks her Grace a question; the arm suspended in the air forgets its occupation; she answers, and asks some other question in return—ten to one but a laugh is hatched, and once in a quarter of an hour the netting-work is remembered! With patience I await her solemn motions, and by half-an-hour after six we are in the dressing-room, armed with pen and ink, and the fair field prepared to receive the attack. Then comes Lady Elizabeth, Lady Harriot, and the noble Marquis; after half an hour's jumping, they are dismissed, and we soberly say, "Now we will write our letters." In comes the Duke, "*the tea stays for the ladies:*" well, we must go, for there's no living at Bulstrode without four meals a-day; then when the beaux esprits are met, the fumes of inspiring tea begin to operate, 'till eight of the clock strikes; then we start up, run away, and here I am, brimful of a thousand things to say to you, but have no time to write them, and that you know is a sad case. You and I perfectly agree in what you say of Sir John Stanley and my brother.

We leave Bulstrode next Saturday se'night; I shall sigh when I turn my back upon it, for I have passed my time as happily as it is possible for me in your absence. 'Tis not to be told how many pretty engaging ways our

dear friend has to gain the love and admiration of those she honours with her friendship, and this you well know, but I love to repeat it.

MRS. DELANY TO MRS. DEWES

SPRING GARDEN, 24th Jan., 1756.

Many thanks to my dearest sister for her letter of the 21st. I will endeavor to answer all your questions. Mrs. Spencer's *négligée* sleeves are *treble*; the ruffles are much the same as at Bath, long at the elbow and pretty narrow at top; I think they *pin* their gowns *rather closer before*; hoops are as flat as if made of pasteboard, and as stiff, the shape sloping from the hip and spreading at the bottom, enormous but *not* so ugly as the *square* hoops. There *are hopes* they will be reduced to a very small size, and two very fine fashionable ladies appeared at Court with *very small ones*. Heads are variously adorned, pompons with some accompaniment of feathers, ribbons or flowers; lappets in all sorts of *curli murlis*¹; little plain cypress gauze, *trolly* or fine muslin; long hoods are worn close under the chin tied behind, the earrings go round the neck, and tye with bows and ends behind. Nightgowns², worn without hoops; I have seen no trolpées³ since I came from the Bath. If you mean to communicate this intelligence to your neighbors, I desire you will *translate* it, as the language is known to but few!

¹ Curlicues.

² Dressing-gowns.

³ Loose dresses.

MRS. DELANY TO MRS. DEWES

TUESDAY. SPRING GARDEN, 17th Jan. 1758.

Our dear brother is much better, and I hope in a few days will be quite well.

The Duchess of Portland's receipt for a hooping or any nervous cough, is "*rubbing the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, and pit of the stomach with oil of amber and hartshorn, an equal quantity, night and morning, and the backbone with rum.*"

The Duchess of Portland has had a certain account of Lord Titchfield's safe landing, which has made them all glad, and yesterday they went to Court in good spirits. About mourning: Bombazeens quite plain, broad-hemmed muslin, or *white crape*, that looks like old flannell, seven shillings a yard, and won't wash; Turkey gauze is also worn, which is thick and white, but is extravagant, as it does not wash, dirties in two days and costs 5s. a yard; the mourning will be worn *six months*, three in crape and bombazeen.

MRS. DELANY TO MRS. DEWES

DELVILLE, 5 Jan., 1759.

Tomorrow is post-day, but as I expect a rout of Hamiltons to breakfast, and choose king and queen (*an annual custom here ever since my possession*), I am sure I shall

have little time for writing. Sally and Miss Hamilton are our readers. Dr. Lawson's Treatise on Oratory is our present morning book; it is very clear and entertaining. Dr. Lawson is one of the Senior Fellows of the College, a very ingenious man and eminent preacher, but I fear he is no more; the last account was that the physicians had given him over. Have you read the new play, Cleone? It is very touching, and has many prettinesses in it, but a critic's eye perhaps may see great faults: tell me how you like it? if Dodsley is really the author, he is a very extraordinary man. We separate after dinner till tea calls us together at half an hour after six, and then Homer's Iliad takes place; Miss Hamilton reads the notes and translates all the Greek words and passages as she goes along, with so much ease that the first day she read (till I looked over her and saw the Greek characters) I thought they *had been* all translated! The Dean now makes her read the Greek first, and so we have the pleasure of hearing that fine-sounding language, not without some mortification at not understanding it; she is very bashful and modest with her learning, but in some points I believe it has been a disadvantage to her, and taken her off from an attention to little polishings of behaviour that are very becoming to all ages and should not be overlooked. Our present works as follows: I am working the cover of a stool, Mrs. Hamilton is working a rose in the back of the chenille chair, she has already done a marygold and convulvus. I send in the box *a cup that was dear Mrs. Bushe's*, which I am sure you will value, *a few ordinary shells* that I picked up at the Giants' Causeway and

Magilligan strand, and the *prints of the Giants' Causeway* for Lady Anne Coventry, which I beg her acceptance of.

THOMAS GRAY TO RICHARD WEST

GENOA, *Nov. 21, 1739.*

Horridos tractus, Boreaeque; linquens
Regna Taurini fera, m lliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuaeque; amantes
Littora soles.

At least if they do not, they have a very ill taste: for I never beheld anything more amiable: Only figure to yourself a vast semicircular basin, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces, and churches peeking over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres. This is the first coup d'œil, and is almost all I am yet able to give you an account of, for we arrived late last night. To-day was, luckily, a great festival, and in the morning we resorted to the church of the Madonna delle Vigne, to put up our little orisons; (I believe I forgot to tell you, that we have been some time converts to the holy Catholic church) we found our Lady richly dressed out, with a crown of diamonds on her own head,

another upon the child's, and a constellation of wax lights burning before them: Shortly after came the Doge, in his robes of crimson damask, and a cap of the same, followed by the Senate in black. Upon his approach began a fine concert of music, and among the rest two eunuchs' voices, that were a perfect feast to ears that had heard nothing but French operas for a year. We listened to this, and breathed nothing but incense for two hours. The Doge is a very tall, lean, stately, old figure, called Constantino Balbi; and the Senate seem to have been made upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an absurd white friar preach, with equal devotion. After this we went to the Annonciata, a church built by the family Lomellini, and belonging to it; which is, indeed, a most stately structure, the inside wholly marble of various kinds, except where gold and painting take its place. From hence to the Palazzo Doria. I should make you sick of marble, if I told you how it was lavished here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terraces, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means answerable to the outward magnificence; the furniture seems to be as old as the founder of the family. Their great embossed silver tables tell you, in bas-relief, his victories at sea; how he entertained the Emperor Charles, and how he refused the sovereignty of the Commonwealth when it was offered him; the rest is old-fashioned velvet chairs, and gothic tapestry. The rest of the day has been spent, much to our hearts' content, in cursing French music and architecture, and in singing the praises of Italy. We find this place so very fine,

that we are in fear of finding nothing finer. We are fallen in love with the Mediterranean Sea, and hold your lakes and your rivers in vast contempt. This is

¹“The happy country where huge lemons grow,”¹

as Waller says; and I am sorry to think of leaving it in a week for Parma, although it be

The happy country where huge cheeses grow.

THOMAS GRAY TO THE REV.
WILLIAM MASON

March 28, 1767.

MY DEAR MASON:

I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do were I present more than this), to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu!

¹ Misquoted from Waller's poem, *The Battle of the Summer Islands*, line 6, where the line reads, "That happy island where huge lemons grow."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON TO LORD
CHESTERFIELD*Feb. 7, 1755.*

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of The World that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was over-powered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work

through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most humble,
most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON TO MR. BOSWELL

LONDON, *Dec. 8, 1763.*

DEAR SIR,

You are not to think yourself forgotten, or criminally neglected, that you have had yet no letter from me. I love to see my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them; but it is not without a considerable effort of resolution that I prevail upon myself to write. I would not, however, gratify my own indolence by the omission of any important duty, or any office of real kindness.

To tell you that I am or am not well, that I have or have not been in the country, that I drank your health in the room in which we last sat together, and that your acquaintance continue to speak of you with their former kindness, topics with which those letters are commonly filled which are written only for the sake of writing, I seldom shall think worth communicating; but if I can have it in my power to calm any harassing disquiet, to excite any virtuous desire, to rectify any important opinion, or fortify any generous resolution, you need not doubt but I shall at least wish to prefer the pleasure of gratifying a friend much less esteemed than yourself, before the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. Whether I shall easily arrive at an exact punctuality of correspondence, I cannot tell. I shall, at present, expect that you will receive this in return for two which I have had from you. The first, indeed, gave me an

account so hopeless of the state of your mind, that it hardly admitted or deserved an answer; by the second I was much better pleased; and the pleasure will still be increased by such a narrative of the progress of your studies, as may evince the continuance of an equal and rational application of your mind to some useful inquiry

Let me have a long letter from you as soon as you can. I hope you continue your journal, and enrich it with many observations upon the country in which you reside. It will be a favour if you can get me any books in the Frisick language, and can inquire how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

JAMES BOSWELL TO SAMUEL JOHNSON

SUNDAY, *September 30, 1764.*

MY EVER DEAR AND MUCH-RESPECTED SIR,—

You know my solemn enthusiasm of mind. You love me for it, and I respect myself for it, because in so far I resemble Mr. Johnson. You will be agreeably surprised, when you learn the reason of my writing this letter. I am at Wittenberg in Saxony. I am in the old church where the Reformation was first preached, and where some of the Reformers lie interred. I cannot resist the serious pleasure of writing to Mr. Johnson

from the tomb of Melancthon. My paper rests upon the grave-stone of that great and good man, who was undoubtedly the worthiest of all the reformers. He wished to reform the abuses which had been introduced into the Church; but had no private resentment to gratify. So mild was he, that when his aged mother consulted him with anxiety on the perplexing disputes of the times, he advised her to "keep to the old religion". At this tomb, then, my ever dear and respected friend! I vow to thee an eternal attachment. It shall be my study to do what I can to render your life happy: and if you die before me, I shall endeavour to do honour to your memory; and, elevated by the remembrance of you, persist in noble piety. May God, the father of all beings, ever bless you! and may you continue to love your most affectionate friend, and devoted servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEY

(1773)

MY DEAR FANNY,

In consequence of our agreement, I shall now begin with an instance of the most pure and genuine sincerity, when I declare to you that I was delighted with your letter throughout,—a proof of which (that perhaps you would have excused) is this immediate answer with a demand for *more*—The horseleech hath two daughters, saith the wise man, saying, "Give! Give!"—I find myself nearly related to them on this occasion. I profess

there is not a single word or expression or thought in your whole letter, that I do not relish,—not that in your Correspondence I shall set up for a Critic or School-master or observer of composition—the deuce take them all! I hate them. If once you set about framing studied letters, that are to be correct, nicely grammatical, and run in smooth periods, I shall mind them no otherwise than as newspapers of intelligence. I make this preface, because you have needlessly enjoined me to deal sincerely, and to tell you of your faults; and so let this declaration serve to tell you once for all, that there is no fault in an epistolary correspondence like stiffness and study. Dash away whatever comes uppermost; the sudden sallies of imagination, clapped down on paper, just as they arise, are worth folios, and have all the warmth and merit of that sort of nonsense that is eloquent in love. Never think of being correct when you write to me. So I conclude this topic, and proceed to be sorry and glad that you and your Mammy have been ill and are better. Your Dr. Fothergill I am well acquainted with by character, and pronounce you a very able portrait painter. I find he has taken to you, and I observe we old fellows are inclinable to be very fond of you. You'll say, "What care I for old fellows? give me a young one!" Well; we don't hinder you of young ones; and we judge more coolly and disinterestedly than they do; so don't turn up your nose even at our approbation.

Now, Fanny, I do by no means allow of your reconsideration and revocation of your Tingmouth Journal; on the contrary, I demand it, and claim your promise,

and confirm my own, viz.; to return it safe to Charly Burney's, well and carefully sealed up, and the contents lodged in my own snowy bosom. Your pleas, frivolous ones they are; and I reject them all. . . .

MISS BURNEY TO MR. CRISP

(1776)

MY DEAR DADDY,—

I long to hear if you have got, and how you like the books. I would have sent Montaigne, but was afraid the parcel would have been too heavy to be safe only packed in paper, so they must wait till the next opportunity.

Our visit to Mrs. Ord proved very agreeable. The party was small, but *select*; consisting of Dr. Russel, who I have mentioned at one of our Concerts; Mr. Pepys, a man who, to the most fashionable air, dress, and address, adds great shrewdness, and drollery; Mr. Burrows, a clergyman who is *a wit*, in a peculiar style, choosing to aim all his fire at *the Ton*, in which he sometimes succeeds very well; Mr. Wright, a stupid man, but one who was so obliging as to be generally silent; his wife, who did not make him blush by her superiority; Miss Wright, who is rather pretty, and very sensible and agreeable; Mr. Ord, the *eldest hope* of the family, who is an exceedingly handsome youth, and seems good natured and all that; Dr. Mrs. and F. and S. Burney.

O but, I should have first mentioned Mrs. Smith, who you may perhaps formerly have known, as she was

an intimate friend of Mrs. Greville's. She is very little, ugly, and terribly deformed; but she is quick, clever, and entertaining.

Mrs. Ord herself is almost the best mistress of a family I ever saw; she is so easy, so cheerfully polite, that it is not possible for a guest in her house to feel the least restraint. She banishes all ceremony and formality, and made us all draw our chairs about the table, which she kept in the middle of the room, and called the best friend to sociable conversation.

We stayed till near eleven o'clock, and had neither cards, music or dancing. It was a true *conversatione*. Everybody went away well satisfied, and returning thanks to Mrs. Ord for having been admitted to the party. My attention was given too generally and indiscriminately to all sides, to enable me to write you any of the conversation, which I would otherwise do.

Mr. Bruce had a bad cold, and was not there. When we took leave, my father told Mrs. Ord that it gave him great pleasure to say, that he knew *two or three houses* even in these times, where company could be entertained and got together merely by conversation, unassisted by cards, etc.

"Such parties as Mrs. Ord collects," said Mrs. Smith, "cannot *fail* in regard to entertainment." "And yet," answered Mr. Pepys, "I have known meetings where equal pleasure has been proposed and expected, and where the *ingredients* have been equally good, and yet the *pudding* has proved very bad."

"True," returned my father, "for if the *ingredients* are not *well mixed*, their *separate* goodness does not

signify; for if one is a little too sour, and another a little too sweet, or too bitter, they counteract each other: But Mrs. Ord is an excellent cook, and takes care not to put clashing materials into one mess."

. . . .

Mr. Burney, Hetty and I took a walk in the Park on Sunday morning, where among others, we saw the young and handsome Duchess of Devonshire, walking in such an undressed and slatternly manner, as, in former times, Mrs. Rishton might have done in Chesington Garden. Two of her curls came quite unpinned, and fell lank on one of her shoulders; one shoe was down at heel, the trimming of her jacket and coat was in some places unsewn; her cap was awry; and her cloak which was rusty and powdered, was flung half on and half off. Had she not had a servant in a superb livery behind her, she would certainly have been affronted. Every creature turned back to stare at her. Indeed I think her very handsome, and she has a look of innocence and artlessness that made me quite sorry she should be so foolishly negligent of her person. She had hold of the Duke's arm, who is the very reverse of herself, for he is ugly, tidy, and grave. He looks like a very mean shopkeeper's journeyman.

My dearest Sir,

Your ever affect^e.

F. B.

GENERAL WASHINGTON TO COLONEL
LEWIS NICOLANEWBURG, 22 *May*, 1782.

SIR,

With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs, that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and, as far as my powers and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to

banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WILLIAM COWPER TO THE REV.
JOHN NEWTON

(OLNEY), *March 29, 1784.*

It being his Majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the Parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchardside, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlor, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the

window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at the window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute the yard, the kitchen, and the parlor, were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any, I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it would seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he

has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his button hole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons¹, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the county, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honor of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not I suppose have been bound to produce them.

Mr. Scott, who you say was so much admired in your pulpit, would be equally admired in his own, at least by all capable judges, were he not so apt to be angry with his congregation. This hurts him, and had he the understanding and the eloquence of Paul himself, would still hurt him. He seldom, hardly ever, indeed, preaches a gentle, well-tempered sermon, but I hear it

¹ The contest between Pitt, the younger (representing the Commons), and George III, regarding Parliamentary Reforms.

highly commended: but warmth of temper, indulged to a degree that may be called scolding, defeats the end of preaching. It is a misapplication of his powers, which it also cripples, and teases away his hearers. But he is a good man, and may perhaps outgrow it.

Many thanks for the worsted, which is excellent. We are as well as a spring hardly less severe than the severest winter will give us leave to be. With our united love, we conclude ourselves yours and Mrs. Newton's affectionate and faithful,

W. C.

WILLIAM COWPER TO WILLIAM
HAYLEY

WESTON, *Feb. 24, 1793.*

. . . . Oh! you rogue! what would you give to have such a dream about Milton as I had about a week since? I dreamed that being in a house in the city, and with much company, looking towards the lower end of the room from the upper end of it, I descried a figure, which I immediately knew to be Milton's. He was very gravely, but very neatly attired in the fashion of his day, and had a countenance which filled me with those feelings that an affectionate child has for a beloved father, such, for instance, as Tom has for you. My first thought was wonder, where he could have been concealed so many years; my second, a transport of joy to find him still alive; my third, another transport of joy to find myself

in his company; and my fourth, a resolution to accost him. I did so, and he received me with a complacence, in which I saw equal sweetness and dignity. I spoke of his *Paradise Lost*, as every man must who is worthy to speak of it at all, and told him a long story of the manner in which it affected me, when I first discovered it, being at that time a schoolboy. He answered me by a smile and a gentle inclination of his head. He then grasped my hand affectionately, and with a smile that charmed me said, "Well; you for your part will do well also;" at last, recollecting his great age (for I understood him to be two hundred years old), I feared that I might fatigue him by much talking; I took my leave, and he took his, with an air of the most perfect breeding. His person, his features, his manner, were all so perfectly characteristic, that I am persuaded an apparition of him could not represent him more completely. This may be said to have been one of the dreams of Pindus¹, may it not? With Mary's kind love, I must now conclude myself,

My dear brother, ever yours,

LIPPUS.

ROBERT BURNS TO MRS. DUNLOP

ELLISLAND, New-year-day Morning, 1789.

This, dear Madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the Apostle James's descrip-

¹ A lofty mountain in Thessaly, the seat of the Muses.

tion!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, Madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings: everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste, should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

This day; the first Sunday of May; a breezy blue-skyed noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with^r me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the *Spectator*, "The Vision of Mirza", a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: "On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always *keep holy*, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer."

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary im-

pression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers, in an autumnal morning without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

R. B.

ROBERT BURNS TO MR. CUNNINGHAM

ELLISLAND, 4th May, 1789.

MY DEAR SIR,—

Your *duty-free* favor of the 25th April I received two days ago; I will not say I perused it with pleasure; that is the cold compliment of ceremony; I perused it, Sir, with delicious satisfaction;—in short, it is such a letter, that not you, nor your friend, but the legislature, by express proviso in their postage laws, should frank.

A letter inform'd with the soul of friendship is such an honour to human nature, that they should order it free ingress and egress to and from their bags and mails, as an encouragement and mark of distinction to super-eminent virtue.

I have just put the last hand to a little poem¹, which I think will be something to your taste. One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighboring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season when all of them have young ones. Indeed there is something in that business of destroying, for our sport, individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue.

Let me know how you like my poem. I am doubtful whether it would not be an improvement to keep out the last stanza but one altogether.

Cruikshank² is a glorious production of the author of man. You, he, and the noble Colonel of the Crochallan Fencibles are to me

Dear as the ruddy drops which warm my heart.
I have got a good mind to make verses on you all,
to the tune of "*Three guid fellows ayont the glen.*"

R. B.

¹ *The Wounded Hare.*

² The famous English caricaturist, 1792-1878, who illustrated parts of the works of both Scott and Dickens.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH TO JANE
POLLARD

FORNCETT, (1793).

The evening is a lovely one, and I have strolled into a neighboring meadow, where I am enjoying the melody of birds, and the busy sounds of a fine summer's evening, while my eye is gratified by a smiling prospect of cultivated fields richly wooded, our own church, and the parsonage house; but oh! how imperfect is my pleasure. I am alone. . . . I hear you pointed out a spot where, if we could erect a little cottage and call it our own, we could be the happiest of human beings. I see my brother (William) fired with the idea of leading his sister to such a retreat as I fancy, ever ready at our call, hastening to assist us in painting. Our parlour is in a moment furnished; our garden is adorned by magic; the roses and the honeysuckle spring at our command; the wood behind the house at once lifts its head, furnishing us with a winter shelter and a summer noonday shade. . . .

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH TO LADY
BEAUMONTGRASMERE, Tuesday, *June 3*, (1806?).

MY DEAR LADY BEAUMONT,

I arrived at happy Grasmere Sunday before last, i.e. ten days ago, so that you see I have taken time to

breathe before I informed you how I sped; but I know I have an unlimited indulgence from you and Sir George in these respects. I found every body well, little Dorothy¹ the most altered,—I ought to say improved,—for she is grown the most delightful chatterer ever seen; all acquired in two months; nor is it the least of her recommendations that she is more delighted with me than with a new toy, and is never easy, if in my sight, when out of my arms.

Since I reached home I have passed the chief part of my time out of doors, much of it in the wood by the lakeside, a spot which you would love. The Muses, without any wooing on my part, came to me there one morning and murmured a few verses, in which I did not forget Grosvenor Square, as you will know if I ever take up the strain again, for it is not finished. We have had a great deal of talk about your summer visit, and we cannot satisfy ourselves entirely about the inn; we have fears concerning the sitting-room which, having no prospect, you would find dull. There is a small cottage close to the lake with two pleasant sitting-rooms that look upon it, under and between two very respectable pollard oaks, and these two rooms are charming in summer; but then the house is ill-provided with bedrooms; but my sister shall describe it for you, and you shall judge.

I have received a very obliging letter from Mr. Price, who seems much pleased with what I said upon the Sublime. He speaks in warm terms of Sir George, and the many obligations he has to his friendship, and is

¹ Wordsworth's daughter.

kind enough to invite me to Foxley, holding out the inducement of the neighbouring scenery of the Wye.

I shall write to Sir George in a short time; meanwhile you will remember me most affectionately to him. And believe me, my dear Lady Beaumont, most sensible of your goodness, most happy in possessing your friendship, and now faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH TO DANIEL
STUART

RYDAL MOUNT, *March*, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

. . . . The sum of my opinion is that, if I had strong reasons for believing my son would apply to the law, I should send him to college at seventeen. If I thought he must be obliged to take up with the Church, I should not send him till nineteen, unless I knew that he was so far advanced in his studies as to encourage a strong persuasion in me that he would distinguish himself, even if sent at seventeen. As to his college, the advantages of a large college are, that he may *choose* his company, and is more likely to be roused by emulation; and the public lectures are more likely to be good, and everything carried forward with more spirit. The disadvantages are that, seeing so many clever men and able scholars, he may be disheartened, and throw up in disgust

or despair. Also, much more distinction is required to obtain a fellowship among so many competitors. But it very often happens that distinguished men educated in large colleges, when there are not fellowships for them there are elected into *small colleges*, which happen to be destitute of persons properly qualified. The chief advantages in a small college are the much greater likelihood of procuring rooms, and, in the end, college patronage; but there is danger of getting into lounging ways from being *forced* among idle people, and the public lectures are rarely carried on with such spirit. . . . But there cannot be a doubt but that the noblest field for an ambitious, industrious, properly qualified, and clever youth is Trinity College. . . .

Ever yours,

W. W.

JANE AUSTEN TO HER SISTER

STEVENTON; Thursday (*January 16, 1796*).

I have just received yours and Mary's letter, and I thank you both, though their contents might have been more agreeable. I do not at all expect to see you on Tuesday, since matters have fallen out so unpleasantly; and if you are not able to return until after that day, it will hardly be possible for us to send for you before Saturday, though for my own part I care so little about the ball that it would be no sacrifice to me to give it up for the sake of seeing you two days earlier. We are extremely

sorry for poor Eliza's illness. I trust, however, that she has continued to recover since you wrote, and that you will none of you be the worse for your attendance on her. What a good-for-nothing fellow Charles is to bespeak the stockings! I hope he will be too hot all the rest of his life for it!

I sent you a letter yesterday to Ibthorp, which I suppose you will not receive at Kintbury. It was not very long or very witty, and therefore if you never receive it, it does not much signify. I wrote principally to tell you that the Coopers were arrived and in good health. The little boy is very like Dr. Cooper, and the little girl is to resemble Jane, they say.

Our party to Ashe to-morrow night will consist of Edward Cooper, James (for a ball is nothing without him), Buller, who is now staying with us, and I. I look forward with great impatience to it, as I rather expect to receive an offer from my friend in the course of the evening. I shall refuse him, however, unless he promises to give away his white coat.

I am very much flattered by your commendation of my last letter, for I write only for fame, and without any view to pecuniary emolument.

Edward is gone to spend the day with his friend, John Lyford, and does not return until to-morrow. Anna is now here; she came up in her chaise to spend the day with her young cousins, but she does not much take to them or to anything about them, except Caroline's spinning-wheel. I am very glad to find from Mary that Mr. and Mrs. Fowle are pleased with you. I hope you will continue to give satisfaction.

How impertinent you are to write to me about Tom, as if I had not opportunities of hearing from him myself! The last letter that I received from him was dated on Friday, 8th, and he told me that if the wind should be favorable on Sunday, which it proved to be, they were to sail from Falmouth on that day. By this time, therefore, they are at Barbadoes, I suppose. The Rivers are still at Manydown, and are to be at Ashe to-morrow. I intended to call on the Miss Biggs yesterday had the weather been tolerable. Caroline, Anna, and I have just been devouring some cold souse, and it would be difficult to say which enjoyed it most.

Tell Mary that I make over Mr. Heartley and all his estate to her for her sole use and benefit in future, and not only him, but all my other admirers into the bargain wherever she can find them, even the kiss which C. Powlett wanted to give me, as I mean to confine myself in future to Mr. Tom Lefroy, for whom I don't care sixpence. Assure her also, as a last and indubitable proof of Warren's indifference to me, that he actually drew that gentleman's picture for me, and delivered it to me without a sigh.

Friday.—At length the day is come on which I am to flirt my last with Tom Lefroy, and when you receive this it will be over. My tears flow as I write at the melancholy idea. Wm. Chute called here yesterday. I wonder what he means by being so civil. There is a report that Tom is going to be married to a Lichfield lass. John Lyford and his sister bring Edward home to-day, dine with us, and we shall all go together to Ashe. I understand that we are to draw for partners. I shall

be extremely impatient to hear from you again, that I may know how Eliza is, and when you are to return.

With best love, etc., I am affectionately yours,

J. AUSTEN.

MISS AUSTEN,

The REV. MR. FOWLE'S, Kintbury, Newbury.

JANE AUSTEN TO J. S. CLARKE

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am honored by the Prince's thanks, and very much obliged to yourself for the kind manner in which you mention the work. I have also to acknowledge a former letter forwarded to me from Hans Place. I assure you I felt very grateful for the friendly tenor of it, and hope my silence will have been considered, as it was truly meant, to proceed only from an unwillingness to tax your time with idle thanks. Under every interesting circumstance which your own talents and literary labors have placed you in, or the favor of the Regent bestowed, you have my best wishes. Your recent appointments, I hope, are a step to something still better. In my opinion, the service of a court can hardly be too well paid, for immense must be the sacrifice of time and feeling required by it.

You are very kind in your hints as to the sort of composition which might recommend me at present, and I am fully sensible that an historical romance, founded on the House of Saxe Cobourg, might be much more to the purpose of profit or popularity than such pictures

of domestic life in country villages as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up, and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No, I must keep to my own style and go on in my own way; and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Your very much obliged and sincere friend,
J. AUSTEN.

CHAWTON, near ALTON, *April 1, 1816.*

JOHN ADAMS TO HIS WIFE

PHILADELPHIA, 4 *February, 1797.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I hope you will not communicate to anybody the hints I give you about our prospects; but they appear every day worse and worse. House rent at twenty-seven hundred dollars a year, fifteen hundred dollars for a carriage, one thousand for one pair of horses, all the glasses, ornaments, kitchen furniture, the best chairs, settees, plateaus, &c., all to purchase, all the china, delph or wedgewood, glass and crockery of every sort to purchase, and not a farthing probably will the

House of Representatives allow, though the Senate have voted a small addition. All the linen besides. I shall not pretend to keep more than one pair of horses for a carriage, and one for a saddle. Secretaries, servants, wood, charities which are demanded as rights, and the million dittoes present such a prospect as is enough to disgust anyone. Yet not one word must we say.

We cannot go back. We must stand our ground as long as we can. Dispose of our places with the help of our friend Dr. Tufts, as well as you can. We are impatient for news, but that is always so at this season.

I am tenderly your

J. A.

JOHN ADAMS TO HIS WIFE

PHILADELPHIA, 5 *March*, 1797.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, Your dearest friend never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was indeed, and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the General (Washington), whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say, "Ay! I am fairly out and you fairly in! See which of us will be happiest." When the ceremony was over, he came and made me a visit, and cordially congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful, and honorable.

It is now settled that I am to go into his house. It

is whispered that he intends to take French leave to-morrow. I shall write to you as fast as we proceed. My chariot is finished, and I made my first appearance in it yesterday. It is simple but elegant enough. My horses are young, but clever.

In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. The sight of the sun setting full orb'd, and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty. Chief Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Wilson, and Iredell, were present. Many ladies. I had not slept well the night before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however. How the business was received, I know not, only I have been told that Mason, the treaty publisher, said we should lose nothing by the change, for he never heard such a speech in public in his life.

All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America.

I am, my dearest friend, most affectionately and kindly yours,

JOHN ADAMS.

LORD JEFFREY TO MR. ROBERT
MOREHEAD

EDINBURGH, 6th *August*, 1798.

Well, I owe you a letter, I suppose, Bobby. And what then? That may be many an honest man's case

as well as mine; and there may be apologies, I suppose, and whys and wherefores, of which you know nothing, nor I neither. I will make you no apology. I have forgiven you ten letters in my time, and wrote on without calculating the amount of my debt, &c. Why do I write you this, Bobby? or why, in my present humour, do I write you at all? Principally, I believe, to tell you that I expect very soon to see you, and to tell you that there is no person whom I think of seeing with greater pleasure, or toward whom it would be more unjust to suspect me of forgetfulness or unkindness. I have said very soon, but I do not mean immediately—two lines will tell you the whole. Dr. Thomas Brown and I (your brother John will join us, I believe) propose to set out about the end of this month, and to travel in your track (only reversedly) through Cumberland and Wales, till we fall in with you at Oxford, or somewhere else, on our way to London. What, my dear Bobby, are we turning into? I grow, it appears to myself, dismally stupid and inactive. I lose all my originalities, and ecstasies, and romance, and am far advanced already upon that dirty highway called the way of the world. I have a kind of unmeaning gayety that is fatiguing and unsatisfactory, even to myself; and though, in the brilliancy of this sarcastic humour, I can ridicule my former dispositions with admirable success, yet I regret the loss of them much more feelingly, and really begin to suspect that the reason and gross common sense by which I now profess to estimate everything, is just as much a vanity and delusion as any of the fantasies it judges of. This at least I am

sure of, that these poetic visions bestowed a much purer and more tranquil happiness than can be found in any of the tumultuous and pedantic triumphs that seem now within my reach; and that I was more amiable, and quite as respectable, before this change took place in my character. I shall never arrive at any eminence either in this new character; and have glimpses and retrospective snatches of my former self, so frequent and so lively, that I shall never be wholly estranged from it, nor more than half the thing I seem to be driving at. Within these few days I have been more perfectly restored to my poesies and sentimentalities than I had been for many months before. I walk out every day alone, and as I wander by the sunny sea, or over the green and solitary rocks of Arthur's Seat¹, I feel as if I had escaped from the scenes of impertinence on which I had been compelled to act, and recollect, with some degree of my old enthusiasm, the wild walks and eager conversation we used to take together at Herbertshire about four years ago. I am still capable, I feel, of going back to these feelings, and would seek my happiness, I think, in their indulgence, if my circumstances would let me. As it is I believe I shall go on sophisticating and perverting myself till I become absolutely good for nothing, &c.

Truly and affectionately yours.

¹ A high hill on the eastern side of Edinburgh named for the "blameless king" of the Round Table. Cf. Tennyson's *The Coming of Arthur* in the IDYLS OF THE KING.

LORD JEFFREY TO MR. JOHN
JEFFREYST. ANDREWS, 1st. *August*, 1801.

MY DEAR JOHN,—

If you have got any of my last letters you will not be surprised to see me here. I am not going to be married yet, however, and shall write you another or two from Edinburgh, I am afraid, before I have that news to communicate. Before the month of November, however, I hope to have renounced all the iniquities and unhappinesses of a bachelor, and to be deeply skilled in all the comforts of matrimony before the end of the year. I enter upon the new life with a great deal of faith, love, and fortitude; and not without a reasonable proportion of apprehension and anxiety. I never feared anything for myself, and the excessive carelessness with which I used to look forward when my way was lonely has increased, I believe, this solicitude for my companion. I am not *very* much afraid of our quarrelling or wearying of each other, but I am not sure how we shall bear poverty; and I am sensible we shall be very poor. I do not make a 100£ a year, I have told you, by my profession. You would not marry in this situation? and neither would I if I saw any likelihood of its growing better before I was too old to marry at all; or did not feel the desolation of being in solitude as something worse than any of the inconveniences of poverty. Besides, we trust to Providence, and have

hopes of dying before we get into prison, &c. I wrote my uncle by the packet in June, and communicated to him in a dutiful manner, the change I propose to make in my condition. My father says he will probably do something for me on this occasion; but I do not allow myself to entertain any very sanguine expectation. He knows very little about me, and I can easily understand that it may be inconvenient to make any advance at present, which I have no right to receive. I shall certainly never submit to ask, and endeavor to persuade myself that I am above hoping or wishing very anxiously. Catharine¹ has her love to you. She says I flirt so extravagantly with her sisters, that she is determined to make me jealous of you, if you give her any encouragement. She is a very good girl, but nothing prodigious, and quite enough given to flirtation without any assistance from you.

Farewell, then, my good citizen. I hope we shall see you soon, and see you as we used to do, with all your strength and *beauty* about you. As you are now the only unmarried animal in the genealogy, we propose to treat you with great scorn and indignity as soon as you arrive among us; to put you into a narrow bed, and place you at the lower end of the table, never to wait dinner for you, and to feed you with cold meat and sour wine. Moreover, we mean to lay grievous taxes on you, and make you stand godfather to all our children. If you give any symptoms of reformation, we may probably relent. If you want a wife, (or know anybody who wants one,) you must come to this ancient city.

¹ Catharine Wilson, whom Jeffrey married in Nov., 1801.

There are more beauties than you ever saw anywhere else, among the same number of women; and not more than five or six men to prevent you from choosing among them.

I bathe, and walk, and sleep, and dream away my time, in the most voluptuous manner; but must rouse myself in a week or two, and go to provide a mansion for myself, before the wintry days come back on us again.

Remember me very affectionately to my uncle. Take care of yourself, and believe me always most affectionately yours.

LORD JEFFREY TO FRANCIS HORNER,
ESQ.

ST. ANDREWS, 8th *August*, 1803.

MY DEAR HORNER—

From this place of leisure, you will expect a long, collected letter; but my wits are so besotted with the epidemic eating and drinking of the place, and my hand so disused to writing, that I feel as if it were impossible for me to get over the leaf with you.

I came here a week ago with the resolution to study very hard; and yet in spite of many vigorous and reiterated endeavours, I have been able to do nothing but read the *Tale of the Tub*, and answer six cards of invitation. My conscientious qualms, too, are daily becoming less importunate, and unless you will flap me up to

something like exertion, I think it is very likely that in another week I shall have forgotten that I have reviews to write, and Frenchmen to slaughter¹. It is impossible, indeed, to be in a situation more favourable for that last act of oblivion. There is not an armed man in the whole county; and a single privateer might carry off all the fat cattle and fair women in the district. To me, who make it a point of conscience to believe in an invasion, this negligence is perfectly shocking. Our Review came out, though, after a very hard labour, on the regular day; and it is by this time, I have no doubt, in your hands. It is my business to receive opinions, you know, and not to offer any. I am much afraid, however, that your "Lord King" is the best article in the number; and you will think some of the most laborious very bad. I am impatient to hear what you think, and also what you hear. If we begin to sink in general estimation at this crisis, we shall speedily go to the bottom, &c. . . .

Let me know, my dear Horner, how you proceed; and how soon you will be able to patronize me. As soon as you are chancellor, I am resolved to cringe to you for a place. Tell me something about your society, and give me some more of those sage advices as to my conduct, from which I used to receive so much benefit and delight. It was announced last night in the club that Lord Webb was to pass next winter in Edinburgh; I hope you will confirm this, and send him down fully

¹ In May, 1803, the British Government declared war on France as a consequence of Napoleon's failure to observe the conditions of the treaty of Amiens, signed by the two nations in 1802.

convinced that, without being a member of the said club, it is impossible to have any tolerable existence in Edinburgh. Do not forget your promise of recruiting for us. We shall want journeymen for a third, and sometimes for a half of each number, and I suspect they may be got better in own than anywhere else. I wish we could get a rational classic, and get that part of the journal done in a superior style. I long for the sheet of politics you promised me, and am beginning to have some curiosity to know what is to become of the world.—Believe me, &.

CHARLES LAMB TO WILLIAM WORDS-
WORTH

January 30, 1801.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; . . . the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake,

if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a bookcase which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself; my old school—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I

consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind: and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of the connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear old Joanna.

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself; and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play.

C. L.

CHARLES LAMB TO BERNARD BARTON

January 9, 1823.

“Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!!”

Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you had but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers; they are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors (want) for bread, some repining, others envying the blessed security of a counting-house, all agreeing

they had rather have been tailors, weavers,—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book-drudgery, what he has found them. O, you know not (may you never know!) the miseries of subsisting by authorship. 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery, worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependent, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work. Those fellows hate *us*. The reason I take to be, that contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit (a jeweler or silversmith for instance) and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background, —in *our* work the world gives all the credit to us, whom *they* consider as *their* journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches! I contend that a bookseller has a *relative honesty* towards authors, not like his honesty to the rest of the world. . . .

Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public; you may hang, starve, drown yourself, for anything that worthy *personage* cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking-office. What! is there not from six to

eleven *P. M.* six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so!—enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts, that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment; look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk, that makes me live. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen; but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious. If you can send me Fox, I will not keep it *six weeks*, and will return it, with warm thanks to yourself and friend, without blot or dog's-ear. You will oblige me by this kindness.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB TO WILLIAM WORDS- WORTH

COLEBROOK COTTAGE, *April 6, 1825.*

DEAR WORDSWORTH—

I have been several times meditating a letter to you concerning the good thing which has befallen me, but the thought of poor Monkhouse came across me. He was one that I had exulted in the prospect of congratulating me. He and you were to have been the first parti-

cipators, for indeed it has been ten weeks since the first motion of it. Here I am then, after thirty three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with 441£ a year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who outlived his annuity and starved at ninety; 441£ *i. e.* 450£, with a deduction of 9£ for a provision secured to my sister, she being survivor, the pension guaranteed by Act Georgii Tertii, etc.

I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three, *i. e.* to have three times as much real time (time that is my own) in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holydays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys; their conscious fugitiveness; the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holyday, there are no holydays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master. Mary wakes every morning with an obscure feeling that some good has happened to us.

Leigh Hunt¹ and Montgomery², after their release-ments, describe the shock of their emancipation much as I feel mine. But it hurt their frames. I eat, drink,

¹ 1784-1859, English essayist, poet, miscellaneous writer.

² James Montgomery, 1771-1854, Scottish poet.

and sleep as sound as ever. I lay no anxious schemes for going hither and thither, but take things as they occur. Yesterday I excursed twenty miles; to-day I write a few letters. Pleasuring was for fugitive play-days; mine are fugitive only in the sense that life is fugitive. Freedom and life are co-existent!

C. LAMB.

WALTER SCOTT TO FRANCIS DOUCE,
F. S. A.

EDINBURGH, 9 Feb. 1808.

DEAR SIR,

I have deferred from day to day returning you my best thanks for the kind and most acceptable token of your remembrance¹, which I received about a fortnight since, and which, notwithstanding an unusual press of business, of various kinds, has been my companion for an hour or two every afternoon since. Every admirer of Shakespeare, and I hope that comprehends all that can read or hear reading, must be necessarily delighted with the profusion of curious and interesting illustrations which your remarks contain.

I meant to have offered the few remarks that occurred to me while I was going through your volumes, which would at least have shown the attention I had paid in the perusal; but I have never had a moment's time to accomplish my purpose. In particular, concerning the Fools of Shakespeare, a subject of so much curiosity,

¹ A book: *Illustrations of Shakespeare, and of Ancient Mariner.*

and which you have so much elucidated, it might be interesting to you to know, that fifty years ago there was hardly a great house in Scotland where there was not an *all-licensed* fool—half crazy and half knavish—many of whose *bon mots* are still recited and preserved. The late Duke of Argyle had a jester of this description, who stood at the sideboard among the servants, and was a great favorite, until he got into disgrace by rising up in the Kirk before sermon, and proclaiming the bans of marriage between himself and my friend, Lady Charlotte Campbell. So you see it is not so very long, at least in this country, since led captains, pimps, and players have superseded the *roguish* clowns of Shakespeare. But all this, with any other *scantlings* of information which have occurred to me, I must now reserve till I have the pleasure of returning my thanks in person, which will probably be in the course of a few weeks, as I have some prospect of being called to London this spring.

In this hope, I am, dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

ROBERT SOUTHEY TO JOHN RICK-
MAN, ESQ.

KESWICK, *August 17-20, 1809.*

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I can wish you nothing better than that your life may be as long, your age as hale, and your death as easy as

your father's. The death of a parent is a more awful sorrow than that of a child, but a less painful one: it is in the inevitable order and right course of nature that ripe fruit should fall; it seems like one of its mishaps when the green bud is cut off. In the outward and visible system of things nothing is wasted: it would therefore be belying the whole system to believe that intellect and love,—which are of all things the best,—could perish. I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have passed, seems to me not improbable. The supposition serves for dreams and systems,—the belief in a possession more precious than any other. I love life, and can thoroughly enjoy it; but if to exist were but a lifehold property, I am doubtful whether I should think the lease worth holding. It would be better never to have been than ever to cease to be.

Still I shall hope for your coming. You would at any rate have been inconveniently late for the Highlands, for which as near Midsummer as possible is the best season. September is the best for this country. . . .

I hope soon to hear that you are coming. Remember me to Mrs. Rickman. I admit that she is better employed than in visiting the Lakes. But it is the only employment that I should admit to be so.

God bless you.

R. S.

GEORGE CRABBE TO MARY LEAD-
BEATERTROWBRIDGE 7th *September*, 1817.

A description of your village society would be very gratifying to me—how the manners differ from those in larger societies, or in those under different circumstances. I have observed an extraordinary difference in village manners in England, especially between those places otherwise nearly alike, when there was and when there was not a leading man, or a squire's family, or a manufactory near, or a populous, vitiated town, &c. All these, and many other circumstances, have great influence. *Your* quiet village, with such influencing minds, I am disposed to think highly of. No one, perhaps, very rich—none miserably poor. No girls, from six years to sixteen, sent to a factory, where men, women, and children of all ages are continually with them breathing contagion. Not all, however: we are not so evil—there is a resisting power, and it is strong; but the thing itself, the congregation of so many minds, and the intercourse it occasions, will have its powerful and visible effect. But these you have not: yet, as you mention your schools of both kinds, you must be more populous and perhaps not so happy as I was giving myself to believe.

I will write my name and look for two lines; but complying with you, my dear lady, is a kind of vanity. I find however, no particular elevation of spirit, and will do

as you desire; indeed, your desire must be very unlike yours, if I were not glad to comply with it; for the world has not spoiled you, Mary, I do believe: now it has me. I have been absorbed in its mighty vortex, and gone into the midst of its greatness, and joined in its festivities and frivolities, and been intimate with its children. You may like me very well, my kind friend, while the purifying water, and your more effectual imagination, is between us; but come you to England, or let me be in Ireland, and place us where mind becomes acquainted with mind,—and then! ah, Mary Leadbeater! you would have done with your friendship with me! Child of simplicity and virtue, how can you let yourself be so deceived? Am I not a great fat Rector, living upon a mighty income, while my poor curate starves with six hungry children, upon the scraps that fall from the luxurious table? Do I not visit that horrible London, and enter into its abominable dissipations? Am I not this day going to dine on venison and drink claret? Have I not been at election dinners, and joined the Babel-confusion of a town-hall? Child of simplicity! am I fit to be a friend to you, and to the peaceful, mild, pure, gentle people about you? One thing only is true,—I wish I had the qualification; but I am of the world, Mary. Though I hope to procure a free cover for you, yet I dare not be sure, and so must husband my room. I am sorry for your account of the fever among your poor. Would I could suggest anything! I shall dine with one of our representatives to-day; but such subjects pass off: all say, “Poor people, I am sorry,” and there it ends. My new Tales are not yet entirely ready,

but do not want much that I can give them. I return all your good wishes, think of you, and with much regard, more than, indeed, belongs to *a man of the world!* Still, let me be permitted to address thee.—O! my dear Mrs. L., this is so humble that I am afraid it is vain. Well! write soon, then, and believe me to be most sincerely, and affectionately yours,

GEORGE CRABBE.

JOHN KEATS TO J. H. REYNOLDS

WINCHESTER, *August 25, 1819.*

MY DEAR REYNOLDS—

By this post I write to Rice, who will tell you why we have left Shanklin; and how we like this place. I have indeed scarcely anything else to say, leading so monotonous a life, except I was to give you a history of sensations, and day nightmares. You would not find me at all unhappy in it, as all my thoughts and feelings which are of the selfish nature, home speculations, every day continue to make me more iron—I am convinced more and more, every day, that fine writing is, next to fine doing, the top thing in the world; the *Paradise Lost* becomes a greater wonder. The more I know what my diligence may in time probably effect, the more does my heart distend with Pride and Obstinacy—I feel it in my power to become a popular writer—I feel it in my power to refuse the poisonous suffrage of a public. My own being which I know to be becomes of more consequence

to me than the crowds of Shadows in the shape of men and women that inhabit a kingdom. The soul is a world of itself, and has enough to do in its own home. Those whom I know already, and who have grown as it were a part of myself, I could not do without: but for the rest of mankind, they are as much a dream to me as Milton's Hierarchies¹. I think if I had a free and healthy and lasting organization of heart, and lungs as strong as an ox's, so as to be able to bear unhurt the shock of extreme thought and sensation without weariness, I could pass my life very nearly alone, though it should last eighty years. But I feel my body too weak to support me to the height, I am obliged continually to check myself, and be nothing.

It would be vain for me to endeavor after a more reasonable manner of writing to you. I have nothing to speak of but myself, and what can I say but what I feel? If you should have any reason to regret this state of excitement in me, I will turn the tide of your feelings in the right channel, by mentioning that it is the only state for the best sort of poetry—that is all I care for, all I live for. Forgive me for not filling up the whole sheet; letters become so irksome to me, that the next time I leave London I shall petition them all to be spared me. To give me credit for constancy, and at the same time waive letter-writing, will be the highest indulgence I can think of.

Ever your affectionate friend,
JOHN KEATS.

¹ *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I, 737; V, 591, 692.

SYDNEY SMITH TO LADY GEORGIANA
MORPETHFOSTON, *Dec. 1st, 1821.*

MY DEAR LADY GEORGIANA,—

How is Lord Carlisle? Pray do not take it for inattention that I do not call oftener, but it is rather too far to walk, and I hate riding. Next year I shall set up a gig, and then I shall call at Castle Howard twice a day all the year round, like an apothecary. I have just finished Miss Aitkin's "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," a pretty book, which I counsel you to let your daughters read, if they have not read it five years ago. I am in low spirits about the Malton road. I must go over to Malton so often, and it will be so troublesome. All my hay-stacks and corn-ricks are blown away by this wind, two of my maids are married, and the pole of my carriage is broken! These are the sort of things which render life so difficult.

Yours, dear Lady Georgiana,
SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH TO MISS GEORGIANA
HARCOURT18, STRATFORD PLACE, *June 6th, 1833.*

DEAR GEORGIANA,—

You use me very ill in not sending me the receipt for the lemon-peel water. I verily believe I should have

recovered two days ago if I had received it. My premature decease will be entirely attributable to you.

Yours truly,
SYDNEY SMITH.

MY EPITAPH

This horrible slaughter
Was entirely owing to the Archbishop's daughter,
Who would not give him the receipt for lemon water.

SYDNEY SMITH TO MISS—

LONDON, *July* 22d, 1835.

Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import.

And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors?

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first

paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry any body who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you, dear child.

SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH TO THOMAS MOORE

March 12, 1841.

DEAR MOORE,—

I have a breakfast of philosophers to-morrow at ten punctually; muffins and metaphysics, crumpets and contradiction. Will you come?

SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH TO CHARLES DICKENS

May 14th, 1842.

MY DEAR DICKENS,

I accept your obliging invitation conditionally. If I am invited by any man of greater genius than yourself, or one by whose works I have been more completely interested, I will repudiate you, and dine with the more splendid phenomenon of the two.

Ever yours sincerely,
SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH TO MISS GEORGIANA
HARCOURTCOMBE-FLOREY, *September*, 1843.

MY DEAR GEORGIANA,—

I am retiring from business as a diner-out, but I recommend to attention as a rising wit, Mr. Milnes¹, whose misfortune I believe it is not to be known to you. . . . Little Tommy Moore² sent me some verses after leaving Combe-Florey, which I send to you even though they are laudatory of me, trusting in your constant goodness and kindness to the subject of his panegyric. Moore has one or two notes, and looks when he is singing like a superannuated cherub.

You and I are both inn-keepers, and are occupied from one end of the week to the other in looking after company. I think we ought to have soldiers billeted

¹ Richard Monckton Milnes, 1809-1885, the first Lord Houghton, the poet and statesman.

² Thomas Moore, 1779-1852, the Irish poet. The following is the poem:

Rare Sydney! Thrice honour'd the stall where he sits,
And be his every honour he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy formed all of wits,
Whom, but Sydney, would England proclaim as its Primate!
And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave,
A Horace to feast with, a Pascal to read!
When he *laughs* all is safe; but when Sydney grows grave,
We shall then think the Church is in danger indeed.

upon us. My sign is the "Rector's Head," yours the "Mitre." My Devonshire curate and his wife are just come, and are drinking in the tap. Mrs. Sydney and I are tolerably well; I have quite got rid of my gouty knee, but the hot weather makes me very languid.

I suppose you will soon be at Bishopthorpe, surrounded by the sons of the prophets. What a charming existence to live in the midst of holy people, to know that nothing profane can approach you, to be certain that a dissenter can no more be found in the Palace than a snake can exist in Ireland, or ripe fruit in Scotland. To have your society strong and undiluted by the laity, to bid adieu to human learning, to feast on the Canons, and revel in the Thirty-Nine Articles. Happy Georgiana!

My curate's name is Tin Lin. I must go and do the honours. God bless you, dear Georgiana. Look at the map where those dwell who have a regard and affection for you, and make a strong mark in the neighborhood of Taunton.

SYDNEY SMITH.

THOMAS MACAULAY TO HIS FATHER

BRADFORD: *July 26, 1826.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—

On Saturday I went to Sydney Smith's¹. His parish lies three or four miles out of any frequented road. He is, however, most pleasantly situated. "Fifteen years

¹Biographical note, page 265.

ago," said he to me as I alighted at the gate of his shrubbery, "I was taken up in Piccadilly and set down here. There was no house, and no garden; nothing but a bare field." One service this eccentric divine has certainly rendered to the Church. He has built the very neatest, most commodious, and most appropriate rectory that I ever saw. All its decorations are in a peculiarly clerical style, grave, simple, and gothic. The bedchambers are excellent, and excellently fitted up; the sitting-rooms handsome; and the grounds sufficiently pretty. Tindal and Parke (not the judge of course), two of the best lawyers, best scholars, and best men in England, were there. We passed an extremely pleasant evening, had a very good dinner, and many amusing anecdotes.

After breakfast the next morning I walked to church with Sydney Smith. The edifice is not at all in keeping with the rectory. It is a miserable little hovel with a wooden belfry. It was, however, well filled, and with decent people, who seemed to take very much to their pastor. I understand that he is a very respectable apothecary; and most liberal of his skill, his medicine, his soup, and his wine, among the sick. He preached a very queer sermon—the former half too familiar and the latter half too florid, but not without some ingenuity of thought and expression.

Sydney Smith brought me to York on Monday morning, in time for the stage-coach which runs to Skipton. We parted with many assurances of good-will. I have really taken a great liking to him. He is full of wit, humor, and shrewdness. He is not one of those show-talkers who reserve all their good things for special

occasions. It seems to be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours every day. His notions of law, government, and trade are surprisingly clear and just. His misfortune is to have chosen a profession at once above him and below him. Zeal would have made him a prodigy; formality and bigotry would have made him a bishop; but he could neither rise to the duties of his order, nor stoop to its degradations.

He praised my articles in the *Edinburgh Review* with a warmth which I am willing to believe sincere, because he qualified his compliments with several very sensible cautions. My great danger, he said, was that of taking a tone of too much asperity and contempt in controversy. I believe that he is right, and I shall try to mend.

Ever affectionately yours,

T. B. M.

THOMAS MACAULAY TO FANNY AND
SELINA MACAULAY

OOTACAMUND: *August 10, 1834.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,—

I sent last month a full account of my journey hither, and of the place, to Margaret, as the most stationary of our family; desiring her to let you all see what I had written to her. I think that I shall continue to take the same course. It is better to write one full and connected narrative than a good many imperfect fragments.

Money matters seem likely to go on capitally. My expenses, I find, will be smaller than I anticipated. The Rate of Exchange, if you know what that means, is very favorable indeed; and, if I live, I shall get rich fast. I quite enjoy the thought of appearing in the light of an old hunk who knows on which side his bread is buttered, a warm man; a fellow who will cut up well. This is not a character which the Macaulays have been much in the habit of sustaining; but I can assure you that, after next Christmas, I expect to lay up on an average about seven thousand pounds a year, while I remain in India.

At Christmas I shall send home a thousand or twelve hundred pounds for my father and you all. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me to find that I shall be able to do this. It reconciles me to all the pains—acute enough, sometimes, God knows—of banishment. In a few years, if I live,—probably in less than five years from the time at which you will be reading this letter—we shall be again together in a comfortable, though a modest, home; certain of a good fire, a good joint of meat, and a good glass of wine; without owing obligations to anybody; and perfectly indifferent, at least as far as our pecuniary interest is concerned, to the changes of the political world. Rely on it, my dear girls, that there is no chance of my going back with my heart cooled towards you. I came hither principally to save my family, and I am not likely while here to forget them.

Ever yours,

T. B. M.

THOMAS MACAULAY TO MR. THOMAS
FLOWER ELLISCALCUTTA: *March 8, 1837.*

DEAR ELLIS,—

I am at present very much worked, and have been so for a long time past. Cameron, after being laid up for some months, sailed at Christmas for the Cape, where I hope his health will be repaired; for this country can very ill spare him. However, we have almost brought our great work to a conclusion. In about a month we shall lay before the Government a complete Penal Code for a hundred millions of people, with a commentary explaining, and defending, the provisions of the text. Whether it is well, or ill, done heaven knows. I only know that it seems to me to be very ill done when I look at it by itself; and well done when I compare it with Livingstone's Code, with the French Code, or with the English statutes which have been passed for the purpose of consolidating and amending the Criminal Law. In health I am as well as ever I was in my life. Time glides fast. One day is so like another that, but for a habit which I acquired soon after I reached India of pencilling in my books the date of my reading them, I should have hardly any way of estimating the lapse of time. If I want to know when an event took place, I call to mind which of Calderon's plays, or of Plutarch's Lives, I was reading on that day. I turn to the book; find the date; and am generally astonished to see that, what seems removed from me by only two or three months, really happened nearly a year ago.

I intend to learn German on my voyage home, and I have indented largely, (to use our Indian official term,) for the requisite books. People tell me that it is a hard language; but I cannot easily believe that there is a language which I cannot master in four months, by working ten hours a day. I promise myself very great delight and information from German literature; and, over and above, I feel a sort of presentiment, a kind of admonition of the Deity, which assures me that the final cause of my existence,—the end for which I was sent into this vale of tears,—was to make game of certain Germans. The first thing to be done in obedience to this heavenly call is to learn German; and then I may perhaps, as Milton says,

Frangere Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.¹

Ever yours affectionately,
T. B. MACAULAY.

GEORGE TICKNOR TO C. S. DAVIES,
PORTLAND*

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, *August 17, 1826.*

Your letter of Sunday evening, my dear Charles, arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning, just as we

¹ The line occurs as follows in Milton's Latin poem, *To Manso*: "Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges."

* This and the following letters are reprinted from *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor*, 1909, by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, holders of the copyright.

were bustling away to hear the great oration.¹ Would it had been yourself instead of your sign-manual; for it would have given you a higher and sublimer notion of oratory than you ever had before, if you had beheld and felt Mr. Webster's presence and power, as he stood there transfigured by the genius of eloquence, and fulfilling, in his own person, all he so marvellously described as peculiar to John Adams. It was altogether a different affair from that at Bunker Hill, much more solemn, imposing, and sublime. The hall was better arranged than I ever saw anything among us, being almost entirely and very gracefully covered with black; above four thousand people were quietly seated and perfectly silent; the light was very dim, partly from the mourning drapery, and partly from the obstruction of the windows with the bodies of the audience who thronged inside and outside; and Mr. Webster stood forward on an open stage, alone in the midst of the subdued multitude, and spoke without hesitation and with unmitigated power for an hour and fifty minutes, hardly once recurring to his notes, which lay on a table partly behind him, and then rather to make a pause than to refresh his recollections. Every word he spoke was distinctly heard in every part of that vast throng, so awestruck were they beneath his power.

The tone of the great body of the discourse was solemn and elevated, and though at intervals a murmur of applause and excitement ran through the crowd, it

¹ This oration was the eulogy of Presidents Adams and Jefferson, both of whom died July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

was immediately hushed by the very occasion itself, and by the grave expression of the speaker's countenance and manner, and all became as silent as death. But at the conclusion he forsook this tone, and addressed the people on the responsibility that rests with the present generation, as heirs to those who achieved our independence for us, and on the hopes and encouragements we have to perform boldly and faithfully the duties that have fallen upon us; so that when he ended, the minds of men were wrought up to an uncontrollable excitement, and there followed three tremendous cheers, inappropriate indeed to the occasion, but as inevitable as any other great movement of nature. . . .

He was at our house the evening before, entirely disencumbered and careless; and dined with us unceremoniously after it was over, as playful as a kitten. This is what I think may be called a great man.

GEORGE TICKNOR TO HON. EDWARD
EVERETT

BELLOWS FALLS, VERMONT, *July 14, 1851.*

MY DEAR EVERETT,—

I have seen with much gratification from time to time, within the last year, and particularly in your last letter on the subject, that you interest yourself in the establishment of a public library in Boston;—I mean a library open to all the citizens, and from which all, under proper restrictions, can take out books. Such,

at least, I understand to be your plan; and I have thought, more than once, that I would talk with you about it, but accident has prevented it. However, perhaps a letter is as good on all accounts, and better as a distinct memorandum of what I mean.

It has seemed to me, for many years, that such a free public library, if adapted to the wants of our people, would be the crowning glory of our public schools. But I think it important that it should be adapted to our peculiar character; that is, that it should come in at the end of our system of free instruction, and be fitted to continue and increase the effects of that system by the self-culture that results from reading.

The great obstacle to this with us is not—as it is in Prussia and elsewhere—a low condition of the mass of the people, condemning them, as soon as they escape from school, and often before it, to such severe labor, in order to procure the coarsest means of physical subsistence, that they have no leisure for intellectual culture, and soon lose all taste for it. Our difficulty is, to furnish means specially fitted to encourage a love for reading, to create an appetite for it, which the schools often fail to do, and then to adapt these means to its gratification. That an appetite for reading can be very widely excited is plain, from what the chief publications of the last twenty years have accomplished, gradually raising the taste from such poor trash as the novels with which they began, up to the excellent and valuable works of all sorts which now flood the country, and are read by the middling classes everywhere, and in New England, I think, even by a majority of the people.

Now what seems to me to be wanted in Boston is, an apparatus that shall carry this taste for reading as deep as possible into society, assuming, what I believe to be true, that it can be carried deeper in our society than in any other in the world, because we are better fitted for it. To do this I would establish a library which, in its *main* department and purpose, should differ from all free libraries yet attempted; I mean one in which any popular books, tending to moral and intellectual improvement, should be furnished in such numbers of copies that many persons, if they desired it, could be reading the same work at the same time; in short, that not only the best books of all sorts, but the pleasant literature of the day, should be made accessible to the whole people at the only time when they care for it, i. e. when it is fresh and new. I would, therefore, continue to buy additional copies of any book of this class, almost as long as they should continue to be asked for, and thus, by following the popular taste,—unless it should demand something injurious,—create a real appetite for healthy general reading. This appetite, once formed, will take care of itself. It will, in the great majority of cases, demand better and better books; and can, I believe, by a little judicious help, rather than by any direct control or restraint, be carried much higher than is generally thought possible. . . .

Nor would I, on this plan, neglect the establishment of a department for consultation, and for all the common purposes of public libraries, some of whose books, like encyclopædias, and dictionaries, should never be lent out, while others could be permitted to circulate; all

on the shelves being accessible for reference as many hours in the day as possible, and always in the evening.

Several years ago I proposed to Mr. Abbott Lawrence¹ to move in favor of such a library in Boston; and, since that time, I have occasionally suggested it to other persons. In every case the idea has been well received; and the more I have thought of it and talked about it, the more I have been persuaded, that it is a plan easy to be reduced to practice, and one that would be followed by valuable results.

I wish, therefore, that you would consider it, and see what objections there are to it. I have no purpose to do anything more about it myself than to write you this letter, and continue to speak of it, as I have done heretofore, to persons who, like yourself, are interested in such matters. But I should be well pleased to know how it strikes you.

CHARLES DARWIN TO W. D. FOX

BOTOFOGO BAY, near RIO DE JANEIRO,
May, 1832.

MY DEAR FOX,—

I have delayed writing to you and all my other friends till I arrived here and had some little spare time. My mind has been, since leaving England, in a perfect *hurri-*

¹ Mr. Abbott Lawrence, founder of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, was then minister to England.

cane of delight and astonishment, and to this hour scarcely a minute has passed in idleness. . . .

At St. Jago my natural history and most delightful labors commenced. During the three weeks I collected a host of marine animals and enjoyed many a good geological walk. Touching at some islands, we sailed to Bahia, and from thence to Rio, where I have already been some weeks. My collections go on admirably in almost every branch. As for insects, I trust I shall send a host of undescribed species to England. I believe they have no small ones in the collections, and here this morning I have taken minute *Hydropori*, *Noterus*, *Colymbetes*, *Hydrophilus*, *Hydrobius*, *Gromius*, &c. &c., as specimens of fresh-water beetles. I am entirely occupied with land animals, as the beach is only sand. Spiders and the adjoining tribes have perhaps given me, from their novelty, the most pleasure. I think I have already taken several new genera.

But Geology carries the day: it is like the pleasure of gambling. Speculating, on first arriving, what the rocks may be, I often mentally cry out 3 to 1 tertiary against primitive; but the latter have hitherto won all the bets. So much for the grand end of my voyage; in other respects things are equally flourishing. My life, when at sea, is so quiet, that to a person who can employ himself, nothing can be pleasanter; the beauty of the sky and brilliancy of the ocean together make a picture. But when on shore, and wandering in the sublime forests, surrounded by views more gorgeous than even Claude¹ ever imagined, I enjoy a delight which

¹ Claude Lorrain, 1600-1682, the famous French landscape painter.

none but those who have experienced it can understand. If it is to be done, it must be by studying Humboldt. At our ancient snug breakfasts, at Cambridge, I little thought that the wide Atlantic would ever separate us; but it is a rare privilege that with the body, the feelings and memory are not divided. On the contrary, the pleasantest scenes in my life, many of which have been in Cambridge, rise from the contrast of the present, the more vividly in my imagination. Do you think any diamond beetle will ever give me so much pleasure as our old friend *crux major*¹? . . . It is one of my most constant amusements to draw pictures of the past; and in them I often see you and poor little Fan. Oh, Lord, and then old Dash, poor thing! Do you recollect how you all tormented me about his beautiful tail?

. . . Think when you are picking insects off a hawthorne-hedge on a fine May day (wretchedly cold, I have no doubt), think of me collecting among pine-apples and orange-trees; whilst staining your fingers with dirty blackberries, think and be envious of ripe oranges. This is a proper piece of bravado, for I would walk through many a mile of sleet, snow, or rain to shake you by the hand. My dear old Fox, God bless you. Believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

CHARLES DARWIN.

¹A kind of beetle of which Darwin was delighted to find an occasional rare specimen during his Cambridge days.

CHARLES DARWIN TO J. D. HOOKER

(January 11th, 1844)

. . . . Besides a general interest about the southern lands, I have been now ever since my return engaged in a very presumptuous work, and I know no one individual who would not say a very foolish one. I was so struck with the distribution of the Galapagos organisms, &c. &c., and with the character of the American fossil mammals, &c. &c., that I determined to collect blindly every sort of fact, which could bear any way on what are species. I have read heaps of agricultural and horticultural books, and have never ceased collecting facts. At last gleams of light have come, and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable. Heaven forbid me from Lamarck nonsense of "tendency to progression," "adaptations from the slow willing of animals," &c. ! But the conclusions I am led to are not widely different from his; though the means of change are wholly so. I think I have found out (here's presumption!) the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends. You will now groan, and think to yourself, "on what a man have I been wasting my time and writing to." I should, five years ago, have thought so. . . .

CHARLES DARWIN TO W. D. FOX

DOWN, *March* 19th (1855).

MY DEAR FOX,—

How long it is since we have had any communication, and I really want to hear how the world goes with you; but my immediate object is to ask you to observe a point for me, and as I know now you are a very busy man with too much to do, I shall have a good chance of your doing what I want, as it would be hopeless to ask a quite idle man. As you have a Noah's Ark, I do not doubt that you have pigeons. (How I wish by any chance they were fantails!) Now what I want to know is, at what age nestling pigeons have their tail feathers sufficiently developed to be counted. I do not think I ever saw a young pigeon. I am hard at work at my notes collecting and comparing them, in order in some two or three years to write a book with all the facts and arguments, which I can collect, *for and versus* the immutability of species. I want to get the young of our domestic breeds, to see how young, and to what degree, the differences appear. I must either breed myself (which is no amusement but a horrid bore to me) the pigeons or buy their young; and before I go to a seller, whom I have heard of from Yarrell, I am really anxious to know something about their development, not to expose my excessive ignorance, and therefore be excessively liable to be cheated and gulled. With respect to the *one* point of the tail feathers,

it is of course in relation to the wonderful development of tail feathers in the adult fantail. If you had any breed of poultry pure, I would beg a chicken with exact age stated, about a week or fortnight old! to be sent in a box by post, if you could have the heart to kill one; and secondly, would let me pay postage. . . . Indeed, I should be very glad to have a nestling common pigeon sent, for I mean to make skeletons, and have already just begun comparing wild and tame ducks. And I think the results rather curious, for on weighing the several bones very carefully, when perfectly cleaned the proportional weights of the two have greatly varied, the foot of the tame having largely increased. How I wish I could get a little wild duck of a week old, but that I know is almost impossible.

With respect to ourselves, I have not much to say; we have now a terribly noisy house with the whooping cough, but otherwise are all well. Far the greatest fact about myself is that I have at last quite done with the everlasting barnacles. At the end of the year we had two of our little boys very ill with fever and bronchitis, and all sorts of ailments. Partly for amusements, and partly for change of air, we went to London and took a house for a month, but it turned out a great failure, for that dreadful frost just set in when we went, and all our children got unwell, and E. and I had coughs and colds and rheumatism nearly all the time. We had put down first on our list of things to do, to go and see Mrs Fox, but literally after waiting some time to see whether the weather would not improve, we had not a day when we both could go out.

I do hope before very long you will be able to manage to pay us a visit. Time is slipping away, and we are getting oldish. Do tell us about yourself and all your large family.

I know you will help me *if you can* with information about the young pigeons; and anyhow do write before very long.

My dear Fox, your sincere old friend,
C. DARWIN.

CHARLES DARWIN TO W. D. FOX

Down, May 17th, (1855).

MY DEAR FOX,—

You will hate the very sight of my handwriting; but after this time I promise I will ask for nothing more, at least for a long time. As you live on sandy soil, have you lizards at all common? If you have, should you think it too ridiculous to offer a reward for me for lizard's eggs to the boys in your school; a shilling for every half-dozen, or more if rare, till you get two or three dozen and send them to me? If snake's eggs were brought in mistake it would be very well, for I want such also; and we have neither lizards nor snakes about here. My object is to see whether such eggs will float on sea water, and whether they will keep alive thus floating for a month or two in my cellar. I am trying experiments on transportation of all organic beings that I can; and lizards are found on every island, and there-

fore I am very anxious to see whether their eggs stand sea water. Of course this note need not be answered, without, by a strange and favorable chance, you can some day answer it with the eggs.

Your most troublesome friend,

C. DARWIN.

DR. ARNOLD TO HIS NEPHEW,
J. WARD, ESQ.

BRATHAY HALL, *July 7, 1832.*

. . . . A man's life in London, while he is single, may be very stirring, and very intellectual, but I imagine that it must have a hardening effect, and that this effect will be more felt every year as the counter tendencies of youth become less powerful. The most certain softeners of a man's moral skin, and sweeteners of his blood, are, I am sure, domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, and intercourse with the poor. It is very hard, I imagine, in our present state of society, to keep up intercourse with God without one or both of these aids to foster it. Romantic and fantastic indolence was the fault of other times and other countries; here I crave more and more every day to find men unfevered by the constant excitement of the world, whether literary, political, commercial, or fashionable; men who, while they are alive to all that is around them, feel also who is above them. I would give more than I can say, if your Useful Knowledge Society Committee had this

last feeling, as strongly as they have the other purely and beneficently. . . . I care not for one party or the other, but I do care for the country, and for interests even more precious than that of the country, which the present disordered state of the human mind seems threatening. But this mixes strangely with your present prospects,¹ and I hope we may both manage to live in peace with our families in the land of our fathers, without crossing the Atlantic.

DR. ARNOLD TO HIS AUNT, MRS.
FRANCES DELAFIELD

RUGBY, *September 10, 1834.*

This is your birthday, on which I have thought of you, and loved you, for as many years past as I can remember. No 10th of September will ever pass without my thinking of you and loving you. I pray that God will keep you through Jesus Christ, with all blessing, under every trial, which your age may bring upon you; and if, through Christ, we meet together after the Resurrection, there will then be nothing of old or young—of healthy or sickly—of clear memory, or of confused—but we shall be all one in Christ Jesus.

¹ Mr. Ward was about to be married.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE TO MISS
HUNTER*5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA: Thursday, (*July ?*) 1835.

DEAR,—

I am too essentially Scotch not to give due heed to the proverb 'it is good to make hay while the sun shines,' which means, in the present case, it is good to catch hold of a friend while she is in the humour. But I have been provokingly hindered from acting up to my principle by the prolonged absence of my usual domestic, which has kept us until the present day in "the valley of the shadow" of charwoman; and thoroughgoing as I know you to be, I feared to invite you to participate therein. Now, however, I have got the deficiency supplied, after a more permanent and comfortable fashion, and make haste to say "come and stay." Come, dear Susan, and let us make the best of the "very penetrating world"—as a maid of my mother's used to call it in vapourish moods—come and wind me up again, as you have often done before when I was quite run down, so that, from being a mere senseless piece of lumber, I began to tick and tell people what o'clock it was. Will you come in the ensuing week? Name your own time, only remember the sooner the better.

My kind regards to Mr. John when you write, and to

* This and the following are from *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*; copyright, 1883, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

your sister. Do you remember her physiological observation on hens?

I hear nothing of his lordship, but the fault is my own.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE TO T. CARLYLE,
ESQ., SCOTSBRIG

CHELSEA: *Oct. 12, 1835.*

DEAREST,—

A newspaper is very pleasant when one is expecting nothing at all; but when it comes in place of a letter it is a positive insult to one's feelings. Accordingly your first newspaper was received by me in choicest mood; and the second would have been pitched in the fire, had there been one at hand, when, after having tumbled myself from the top story at the risk of my neck, I found myself deluded with 'wun penny' m'. However, I flatter myself you would experience something of a similar disappointment on receiving mine; and so we are quits, and I need not scold you. I have not been a day in bed since you went—have indeed been almost free of headache, and all other aches; and everybody says Mrs. Carlyle begins to look better—and what everybody says must be true. With this improved health

everything becomes tolerable, even to the peesweep Sereetha (for we are still without other help). Now that I do not see you driven desperate with the chaos, I can take a quiet view of it, and even reduce it to some degree of order. Mother and I have fallen naturally into a fair division of labour, and we keep a very tidy house. Sereetha has attained the unhopèd-for perfection of getting up at half after six of her own accord, lighting the parlour-fire, and actually placing the breakfast things (*nil desperandum me duce!*). I get up at half after seven, and prepare the coffee and bacon-ham (which is the life of me, making me always hungrier the more I eat of it). Mother, in the interim, makes her bed, and sorts her room. After breakfast, mother descends to the inferno, where she jingles and scours, and from time to time scolds Sereetha till all is right and tight there. I, above stairs, sweep the parlour, blacken the grate—make the room look cleaner than it has been since the days of Grace Macdonald; then mount aloft to make my own bed (for I was resolved to enjoy the privilege of having a bed of my own); then clean myself (as the servants say), and sit down to the Italian lesson. . A bit of meat roasted at the oven suffices two days cold, and does not plague us with cookery. Sereetha can fetch up tea-things, and the porridge is easily made on the parlour-fire; the kitchen one being allowed to go out (for economy), when the Peesweep retires to bed at eight o'clock. . . .

You will come back strong and cheerful, will you not? I wish you were come, anyhow. . . . Dispense my love largely. Mother returns your kiss with interest.

We go on tolerably enough; but she has vowed to hate all my people except Pepoli. So that there is ever a 'dark brown shadd' in all my little reunions. She has given me a glorious black-velvet gown, realizing my *beau ideal* of Putz!

Did you take away my folding pen-knife? We are knifeless here. We were to have gone to Richmond to-day with the Silverheaded; but to my great relief, it turned out that the steamboat is not running.

God keep you, my own dear husband, and bring you safe back to me. The house looks very empty without you, and my mind feels empty too.

Your JANE.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE TO JOHN WELSH,
ESQ., THE BATHS, HELENSBURGH

CHELSEA: *July 18, 1843.*

DEAREST, DEAR ONLY UNCLE OF ME,—I would give a crown that you could see me at this moment through a powerful telescope! You would laugh for the next twelve hours. I am doing the rural after a fashion so entirely my own! To escape from the abominable paint-smell, and the infernal noise within doors, I have erected, with my own hands, a gipsy-tent in the garden, constructed with clothes lines, long poles, and an old brown floor cloth! under which remarkable

shade I sit in an arm-chair at a small round table, with a hearth rug for carpet under my feet, writing-materials, sewing-materials, and a mind superior to Fate.

The only drawback to this retreat is its being exposed to 'the envy of surrounding nations;' so many heads peer out on me from all the windows of the Row, eager to penetrate my meaning! If I had a speaking trumpet I would address them once for all:—'Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am not here to enter my individual protest against the progress of civilization! nor yet to mock you with an Arcadian felicity, which you have neither the taste nor the ingenuity to make your own! but simply to enjoy Nature according to ability, and to get out of the smell of new paint! So, pray you, leave me to pursue my innocent avocations in the modest seclusion which I covet!'

Not to represent my contrivance as too perfect, I must also tell you that a strong puff of wind is apt to blow down the poles, and then the whole tent falls down on my head! This has happened once already since I began to write, but an instant puts it all to rights again. Indeed, without counteracting the indoors influences by all lawful means, I could not stay here at present without injury to my health, which is at no time of the strongest. Our house has for a fortnight back been a house possessed by seven devils! a painter, two carpenters, a paper-hanger, two nondescript apprentice-lads, and 'a spy;' all playing the devil to the utmost of their powers; hurrying and scurrying 'upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber!' affording the liveliest image of a sacked city!

When they rush in at six of the morning, and spread themselves over the premises, I instantly jump out of bed, and 'in wera desperation' take a shower bath. Then such a long day to be virtuous in! I make chair and sofa covers; write letters to my friends; scold the work-people, and suggest improved methods of doing things. And when I go to bed at night I have to leave both windows of my room wide open (and plenty of ladders lying quite handy underneath), that I may not, as old Sterling predicted, 'awake dead' of the paint.

The first night that I lay down in this open state of things, I recollected Jeannie's house-breaker adventure last year, and, not wishing that all the thieves who might walk in at my open windows should take me quite unprepared, I laid my policeman's rattle and my dagger on the spare pillow, and then I went to sleep quite secure. But it is to be confidently expected that, in a week or more, things will begin to subside into their normal state; and meanwhile it were absurd to expect that any sort of revolution can be accomplished. There! the tent has been down on the top of me again, but it has only upset the ink.

Jeannie appears to be earthquaking with like energy in Maryland Street, but finds time to write me nice long letters nevertheless, and even to make the loveliest pincushion for my birthday; and my birthday was celebrated also with the arrival of a hamper, into which I have not yet penetrated. Accept kisses *ad infinitum* for your kind thought of me, dearest uncle. I hope to drink your health many times in the Madeira when I have Carlyle with me again to give an air of respecta-

bility to the act. Nay, on that evening when it came to hand, I was feeling so sad and dreary over the contrast between this Fourteenth of July—alone, in a house like a sacked city, and other Fourteenth's that I can never forget, that I hesitated whether or no to get myself out a bottle of the Madeira there and then, and try for once in my life the hitherto unknown comfort of being dead drunk. But my sense of the respectable overcame the temptation.

My husband has now left his Welshman, and is gone for a little while to visit the Bishop of St. David's. Then he purposes crossing over somehow to Liverpool, and, after a brief benediction to Jeannie, passing into Annandale. He has suffered unutterable things in Wales from the want of any adequate supply of tea! For the rest, his visit appears to have been pretty successful; plenty of sea-bathing; plenty of riding on horseback, and of lying under trees! I wonder it never enters his head to lie under the walnut-tree here at home. It is a tree! leaves as green as any leaves can be, even in South Wales! but it were too easy to repose under that: if one had to travel a long journey by railway to it, then indeed it might be worth while!

But I have no more time for scribbling just now; besides, my pen is positively declining to act. So God bless you, dear, and all of them.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE TO J. G.
COOKE, ESQ.5 CHEYNE ROW: *January 1, 1862.*
Ach Gott!

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

What an adorable little proceeding on your part! I declare I can't remember when I have been as pleased. Not only a 'good first foot,' but salvation from any possibility of a 'bad first foot,' with which my highly imaginative Scotch mind (imaginative on the reverse side of things in my present state of physical weakness) had been worrying itself as New Year's Day drew near. I could hardly believe my ears when little Margaret glided to my bedside and said, 'Mr. Cooke, ma'am, with this letter and beautiful egg-cup (!) for you; but he wouldn't come up, as you were in bed!' That, too, was most considerate of Mr. Cooke! The 'egg-cup' ravished my senses with its beauty and perfect adaptation to my main passion. I think you must have had it made on purpose for me, it feels already so much a part of myself. And how early you must have risen to be here at that hour! Dressed, perhaps, by candle-light! Good God! all that for me! Well, I am grateful, and won't forget this. A talismanic remembrance to stand between my faith in your kindness for me and my 'babbles' (my grandfather's word) that may ever attempt, consciously or unconsciously, to shake it. And so God Bless you! and believe me

Yours affectionately,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

CHARLES DICKENS TO MRS. DICKENS

GRETA BRIDGE, Thursday, *Feb.* 1st, 1838.

MY DEAREST KATE,

I am afraid you will receive this later than I could wish, as the mail does not come through this place until two o'clock to-morrow morning. However, I have availed myself of the very first opportunity of writing, so the fault is that mail's, and not this.

We reached Grantham between nine and ten on Thursday night, and found everything prepared for our reception in the very best inn I have ever put up at. It is odd enough that an old lady, who had been outside all day and came in towards dinner time, turned out to be the mistress of a Yorkshire school returning from the holiday stay in London. She was a very queer old lady, and showed us a long letter she was carrying to one of the boys from his father, containing a severe lecture (enforced and aided by many texts of Scripture) on his refusing to eat boiled meat. She was very communicative, drank a great deal of brandy and water, and towards evening became insensible, in which state we left her.

Yesterday we were up again shortly after seven A. M., came on upon our journey by the Glasgow mail, which charged us the remarkably low sum of six pounds fare for two places inside. We had a very droll male companion until seven o'clock in the evening, and a most

delicious lady's maid for twenty miles, who implored us to keep a sharp look-out at the coach windows, as she expected the carriage was coming to meet her and she was afraid of missing it. We had many delightful vauntings of the same kind; but in the end it is scarcely necessary to say that the coach did not come, but a very dirty girl did.

As we came further north the mire grew deeper. About eight o'clock it began to fall heavily, and, as we crossed the wild heaths hereabout, there was no vestige of a track. The mail kept on well, however, and at eleven we reached a bare place with a house standing alone in the midst of a dreary moor, which the guard informed us was Greta Bridge. I was in a perfect agony of apprehension, for it was fearfully cold, and there were no outward signs of anybody being up in the house. But to our great joy we discovered a comfortable room, with drawn curtains and a most blazing fire. In half an hour they gave us a smoking supper and a bottle of mulled port (in which we drank your health), and then we retired to a couple of capital bedrooms, in each of which there was a rousing fire halfway up the chimney.

We have had for breakfast, toast, cakes, a Yorkshire pie, a piece of beef about the size and much the shape of my portmanteau, tea, coffee, ham, and eggs; and are now going to look about us. Having finished our discoveries, we start in a postchaise for Barnard Castle, which is only four miles off, and there I deliver the letter given me by Mitton's friend. All the schools are round about that place, and a dozen old abbeys besides, which

we shall visit by some means or other to-morrow. We shall reach York by Saturday I hope, and (God willing) I trust I shall be at home on Wednesday morning.

I wish you would call on Mrs. Bentley and thank her for the letter; you can tell her when I expect to be in York.

A thousand loves and kisses to the darling boy, whom I see in my mind's eye crawling about the floor of this Yorkshire inn. Bless his heart, I would give two sovereigns for a kiss. Remember me too to Frederick, who I hope is attentive to you.

Is it not extraordinary that the same dreams which have constantly visited me since poor Mary¹ died follow me everywhere? After all the change of scene and fatigue, I have dreamt of her ever since I left home, and no doubt shall till I return. I should be sorry to lose such visions, for they are very happy ones, if it be only the seeing her in one's sleep. I would fain believe, too, sometimes, that her spirit may have some influence over them, but their perpetual repetition is extraordinary.

Love to all friends,
Ever, my dear Kate,
Your affectionate Husband.

¹ His young sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, to whom he was devotedly attached, died suddenly at his home in May, 1837.

CHARLES DICKENS TO MASTER
HASTINGS HUGHES

DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON,

Dec. 12th, 1838.

RESPECTED SIR,

I have given Squeers one cut on the neck and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him—wouldn't you?

I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two "sheeps" for the little boys. They have also had some good ale and porter, and some wine. I am sorry you didn't say *what* wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry, which they liked very much, except one boy, who was a little sick and choked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so too.

Nicholas had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoilt the flavour, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds of money, all in sixpences, to make it seem more,

and he said directly that he should give more than half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Smike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and if anybody says he isn't I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there!

Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it; and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same I know—at least I think you will.

I meant to have written you a long letter, but I cannot write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them, and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night, and I always go to bed at eight o'clock, except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper. So I will not say anything more besides this—and that is my love to you and Neptune; and if you will drink my health every Christmas Day I will drink yours—come.

I am,

Respected Sir,

Your affectionate Friend.

P. S.—I don't write my name very plain, but you know what it is you know, so never mind.

CHARLES DICKENS TO GEORGE
CATTERMOLÉ*December 22nd, 1840.*

DEAR GEORGE,

The child lying dead in the little sleep-room, which is behind the open screen. It is winter time, so there are no flowers; but upon her breast and pillow, and about her bed, there may be strips of holly and berries, and such free green things. Window overgrown with ivy. The little boy who had that talk with her about angels may be by the bedside, if you like it so; but I think it will be quieter and more peaceful if she is quite alone. I want it to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can.

2.

The child has been buried inside the church, and the old man, who cannot be made to understand that she is dead, repairs to the grave and sits there all day long, waiting for her arrival, to begin another journey. His staff and knapsack, her little bonnet and basket, etc., lie beside him. "She'll come tomorrow," he says when it gets dark, and goes sorrowfully home. I think an hour-glass running out would help the notion; perhaps her little things upon his knee, or in his hand. I am breaking my heart over this story, and cannot bear to finish it.

Love to Missis. Ever and always heartily.

CHARLES DICKENS TO MISS DICKENS

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Tuesday Night, *Feb.* 27th, 1849.

MY DEAREST MAMEY,

I am not engaged on the evening of your birthday. But even if I had an engagement of the most particular kind, I should excuse myself from keeping it, so that I might have the pleasure of celebrating at home, and among my children, the day that gave me such a dear and good daughter as you.

Ever affectionately yours.

CHARLES DICKENS TO MR. HENRY
AUSTIN

OFFICE OF "HOUSEHOLD WORDS,"
Saturday, *Oct.* 25th, 1851.

MY DEAR HENRY,

On the day of our departure, I thought we were going—backwards—at a most triumphant pace; but yesterday we rather recovered. The painters still mislaid their brushes every five minutes, and chiefly whistled in the intervals; and the carpenters (especially the Pantehnicon) continued to look sideways with one eye down pieces of wood, as if they were absorbed in

the contemplation of the perspective of the Thames Tunnel, and had entirely relinquished the vanities of this transitory world; but still there was an improvement, and it is confirmed to-day. White lime is to be seen in kitchens, the bath-room is gradually resolving itself from an abstract idea into a fact—youthful, extremely youthful, but a fact. The drawing-room encourages no hope whatever, nor the study. Staircase painted. Irish labourers howling in the school-room, but I don't know why. I see nothing. Gardener vigorously lopping the trees, and really letting in the light and air. Foreman sweet-tempered but uneasy. Inimitable hovering gloomily through the premises all day, with an idea that a little more work is done when he flits, bat-like, through the rooms, than when there is no one looking on. Catherine all over paint. Mister McCann, encountering Inimitable in doorways, fades obsequiously into areas, and there encounters him again, and swoons with confusion. Several reams of blank paper constantly spread on the drawing-room walls, and sliced off again, which looks like insanity. Two men still clinking at the new stair-rails. I think they must be learning a tune; I cannot make out any other object in their proceedings.

Since writing the above, I have been up there again, and found the young paper-hanger putting on his slippers, and looking hard at the walls of the servants' room at the top of the house, as if he meant to paper it one of these days. May Heaven prosper his intentions!

When do you come back? I hope soon.

Ever affectionately.

CHARLES DICKENS TO MR. MARK
LEMONTAVISTOCK HOUSE,
Thursday, *April* 26th, 1855.

MY DEAR MARK,

I will call for you at two, and go with you to Highgate, by all means.

Leech and I called on Tuesday evening and left our loves. I have not written to you since, because I thought it best to leave you quiet for a day. I have no need to tell you, my dear fellow, that my thoughts have been constantly with you, and that I have not forgotten (and never shall forget) who sat up with me one night when a little place in my house was left empty.

It is hard to lose any child, but there are many blessed sources of consolation in the loss of a baby. There is a beautiful thought in Fielding's "Journey from this World to the Next", where the baby he had lost many years before was found by him all radiant and happy, building him a bower in the Elysian Fields where they were to live together when he came.

Ever affectionately yours.

P. S.—Our kindest loves to Mrs. Lemon.

CHARLES DICKENS TO MISS MARY
BOYLE

OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND,"

Wednesday, *Jan.* 6th, 1869.

MY DEAR MARY,

I was more affected than you can easily believe, by the sight of your gift lying on my dressing-table on the morning of the new year. To be remembered in a friend's heart when it is sore is a touching thing; and that and the remembrance of the dead quite overpowered me, the one being inseparable from the other.

You may be sure that I shall attach a special interest and value to the beautiful present, and shall wear it as a kind of charm. God bless you, and may we carry the friendship through many coming years!

My preparations for a certain murder that I had to do last night have rendered me unfit for letter-writing these last few days, or you would have heard from me sooner. The crime being completely off my mind and the blood spilled, I am (like many of my fellow-criminals) in a highly edifying state to-day.

Ever believe me, your affectionate friend.

S. G. HOWE TO HORACE MANN*

March 19th, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR:—As to the expediency of establishing a school for teachers, I cannot conceive that any man who has ever even thought upon the subject of education should have a doubt. If he who is to treat the ills of the body, and he who is to interpret the laws of the land, require a specific and regular training, how much more should he whose business it is to fashion and mould the physical, intellectual and moral nature of man while it is yet in a malleable state require it? I hesitate not to say that a school for teachers, formed and administered *aright*, would be of as much importance to any State, as the schools for Medicine and Law; and that this importance has not been felt is only to be accounted for by the fact that governments consider the mere *material*, physical condition of their subjects as of more consequence than their intellectual and moral character; they want fat subjects as butchers want fat cattle.

As far as my own experience goes, the greatest obstacle in the way of good national education is the want of competent and well trained teachers. . . . Teachers have to learn their trade *after they begin to practise*;

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but they have to learn at the expense of their pupils, like the barber's apprentice who learns to shave on the chins of his master's customers; but with this difference, that the apprentice is under the eye of the master, who prevents his absolutely cutting throats.

. . . . Our present tests of the qualifications of a person for a teacher is merely to ascertain how much he *knows*, not of men—not of minds—not of the art of teaching, but of mathematics, orthography, etymology, etc. But all experience tells us that the amount of acquirements is by no means a test of the qualifications for a teacher. A graduate from college who has never taught a school thinks, when he begins, that all he has got to do is to put into the heads of children part of what is in his own; and he toils and sweats and frets, and perhaps pounds, for a long time before he discovers that there is more to be *brought out* from the mind of children than there is to be *driven in*. *Cæteris paribus*, I would give double wages to a teacher of twenty years old, who had served as usher two years under a good master, than I would to one of four and twenty who brought an A. M. and M. D., or any diplomas and certificates whatever of mere acquirements.

I could say much more, but it seems a work of supererogation at this time of the world's day to urge any arguments on the subject.

With best wishes for your success, I remain,
dear Sir,

In great haste, Yours,
SAM'L G. HOWE.

S. G. HOWE TO CHARLES SUMNER

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, *Feb. 1, 1842.*

To Pæan! my dear Sumner; we have met the enemy and they are ours, body, soul, and purse.

We had an exhibition yesterday in the hall of the House of Representatives, which excited great interest and really inspired the Kentucks with enthusiasm. To-day a bill passed by acclamation, appropriating \$10,000 for the establishment of a school at Louisville, to be called the Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind. There is not a doubt about its success in the Senate, for all Frankfort is so interested in the blind that I am afraid some mammas will put their children's eyes out. Many members who were violently opposed to the bill last year declared they would vote double the sum asked, if it were needed.

There was a very interesting debate to-day, in which your humble servant was inundated by an avalanche of soft soap; the object of the debate was to amend the bill by substituting some other town for Louisville as a location. A dozen members fought hard, each to have the *accouchement* of the Institution take place in his own town; but every one, before he sat down, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I wish the Institution to be located in such a place, but understand me, sir—locate it where you will, I will hold up both hands and vote and pray for it."

Is not this success enough for one day? I have the satisfaction of doing the work and want no more.

Lieber says you do not know the economy of friendship. Prove the contrary, and by some proper announcement of the success, prevent (what will otherwise happen) some of our editors from filling their blank space by some fulsome paragraph from a western paper, about the *distinguished philanthropist* Doctor Howe, or that *indefatigable friend of humanity*, etc., etc.—all of which I hate. I do assure you, my dear Sumner, the sort of vulgar notoriety which follows any movement of this kind is a very great drawback to the pleasure of making it. To the voice of praise I am sensible, too sensible I know; but I do detest this newspaper puffing, and I have been put to the blush very often by it.

I was this day inundated, *usque ad nauseam*, with glorification, by a member who made an otherwise very sensible speech. What do you think of insulting the memory of the great Howard¹ by putting me on board the same ship with him for a voyage to immortality?

One thing delights me—I find that even here in wild Kentucky my dear little Laura has many warm friends, who inquire eagerly for her welfare. God bless her! and do you go to see her, which I take to be a blessing to anybody.

S. G. H.

¹ John Howard, 1726–1790, the English philanthropist, famous for the important prison reforms which he secured.

S. G. HOWE TO HORACE MANN

Sunday,—1848.

MY DEAR MANN:—I have been much exercised in spirit about your position, but conclude that you find it necessary to maintain it.

I can understand how poignant must be your grief at the thought of leaving the field of your labours; but without allowing myself to look back I see much in the future to console me.

I could not say anything last evening, for Charlie talks faster and better than I can. May it not be that you will do even more for the cause of education out of the office of Secretary than in it? Will not the moral effect of your unofficial labours be greater than that of your official ones? Can you not attain a position in which you will bring even more official influence to bear upon your favorite subject?

Should you, as you may, put yourself at the head of the great anti-slavery (not abolition) party which is growing up here, you can become Governor or anything else that you aspire to. It is true that you will aspire to nothing but what will give you greater means of usefulness, but that very disinterestedness will promote your high ends. It appears to me that you should in the very outset, in the letter to the committee of nomination, take the high ground you will afterwards maintain.

It is absurd for me to reach up from my littleness to

tender counsel to one so high as you, but my love for you is as great as though we stood face to face.

You can afford to trample all doctrines of *expediency*, all trimming, all manœuvering, all tactics under foot. If you have one fault it is over caution; you are not reliant enough upon your own powers,—and upon the powers of the earnest, honest, noble purposes of your mind. I hope you will throw all calculations about effect to the winds, and speak right out to the electors what your heart prompts you. I hope you will not, as Sumner advises, try to write a letter *to* disarm the liberty party, but one that *ought to do so* whether it is likely to do so or not.

Oh! for a man among our leaders who *fears* neither God, man nor devil, but *loves* and trusts the first so much as to fear nothing but what casts a veil over the face of truth. We must have done with expediency: we must cease to look into history, into precedents, into books for rules of action, and look only into the honest and high purposes of our own hearts; that is, when we are sure we have cast out the evil passions from them.

Would to God I could begin my life again; or even begin a new one from this moment, and go upon the ground that no fault or error or shortcoming should ever be covered up from my own eyes or those of others.

I believe you can write a letter that will ring through this land like a clarion, and proclaim that a champion is entering the political arena with vizor up and with no other arms than truth and honesty and courage. I know you will do so. I only want to warn you against the over activity of your caution. You are too much

afraid of the Devil and his imps; you do not rely enough upon your own generous and high impulses. Believe me, you need no armour and should fear no open assaults or secret ambushades.

However, I need not write any more; all I have said is nothing worth except to show you that I am ever and most sincerely yours,

S. G. HOWE.

HORACE MANN TO S. G. HOWE

WRENTHAM, *May* 20th, 1841.

DEAR HOWE:—I have read your note with a whirlwind of feeling. As to the grateful strain in which it opens, I can only say that it reminds me of what in former times a Catholic member of the English Parliament said to a Protestant, when in discussing some polemical matter the latter took occasion formally to thank God that he was a Protestant;—whereupon the Catholic retorted that the member must needs be a very grateful man to thank God *for so small a favour*. You would put a man in rule over many cities because he had been faithful over a few wigwams.

But what scuttles my soul is the idea of your going to Spain. Would to God you had inhabitiveness as large as a bower-anchor! Why should you go away at all? You are doing more good than any other man in Boston. At all events, why go to Spain, which I al-

ways think of as a land of monks and duennas? Your moral faculties would perish of inanition; or if they broke out into activity, the priests would *spit* you and roast you before a slow fire. . . . What can you do better than to go on in that beneficent ministration in which you are now engaged? What can you do better than to push forward any good cause, and to swing your thundering great battle-axe against any bad one? I can explain this sudden impulse only on the ground of its falling in with your predominant spirit of enterprise and adventure. Had you lived before Columbus, you would have anticipated him in his discovery, or got the start of Peter in the Crusades. The nineteenth century is too late for your military knight-errantry, though bent on ever so noble or generous a deed. You must tame your war-horse to work in common harness, and though he may not become so illustrious with those who love the splendid and romantic, yet he will do more work than a whole herd of the common breed, and charm all the utilitarians to the end of time. . . .

I should rather have built up the Blind Asylum than have written Hamlet; and when human vitality gets up into the coronal region, everybody will think so. To imagine you, like a shot eagle, caged in some old convent and pecking away at mildewed and dusty parchments, it turns all my vermicular motions backwards. . . But my paper says "*jam satis*," which, being interpreted, means that it is *sufficiently jammed*, and so must you be. I intend to be in on Saturday or Monday.

Yours ever and in *all* places,

HORACE MANN.

EDWARD FITZGERALD TO BERNARD
BARTON*LONDON, *April*, 1838.

DEAR SIR,

John¹, who is going down into Suffolk, will I hope take this letter and dispatch it to you properly. I write more on account of this opportunity than of anything I have to say: for I am very heavy indeed with a kind of Influenza, which has blocked up most of my senses, and put a wet blanket over my brains. This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's *French Revolution*—written in a German style. An Englishman writes of French Revolutions in a German style. People say the book is very deep: but it appears to me that the meaning *seems* deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose, nor equable movement in it; all cut up into short sentences, half reflective, half narrative; so that one labours through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary going waves caused by shallows, and straits, and meeting tides, etc. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like that of Bacon or the Opium Eater. There is also pleasant fresh water sailing with such writ-

* This and the following letters are reprinted from *Letters of Edward Fitzgerald*, 1894, by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

¹ Fitzgerald's brother.

ers as Addison; is there any *pond*-sailing in literature? that is, drowsy, slow, and of small compass? Perhaps we may say, some Sermons. But this is only conjecture. Certainly Jeremy Taylor rolls along as majestically as any of them. We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very droll, and very wayward: and much sitting up of nights till two or three in the morning with pipes in our mouths: at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking; and so to bed. All this has not cured my Influenza as you may imagine: but these hours shall be remembered long after the Influenza is forgotten. . . .

With kind remembrances to Miss Barton, believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

E. FITZGERALD.

EDWARD FITZGERALD TO BERNARD
BARTON

BEDFORD, *Aug.* 31/40.

DEAR SIR,

I duly received your letter. I am just returned from staying three days at a delightful Inn by the river Ouse, where we always go to fish. I dare say I have told you about it before. The Inn is the cleanest, the sweetest, the civillest, the quietest, the liveliest, and the cheapest that ever was built or conducted. Its name, the Falcon of Bletsoe. On one side it has a garden, then the meadows

through which winds the Ouse: on the other, the public road, with its coaches hurrying on to London, its market people halting to drink, its farmers, horsemen, and foot travellers. So, as one's humour is, one can have whichever phase of life one pleases: quietude or bustle; solitude or the busy hum of men: one can sit in the principal room with a tankard and a pipe and see both these phases at once through the windows that open upon either. But through all these delightful places they talk of leading railroads: a sad thing, I am sure: quite impolitic. But Mammon is blind.

I went a week ago to see Luton, Lord Bute's place; filled with very fine pictures, of which I have dreamt since. It is the gallery in England that I most wish to see again: but I by no means say it is the most valuable. A great many pictures seemed to me misnamed—especially Correggio has to answer for some he never painted.

I am thinking of going to Naseby¹ for a little while: after which I shall return here: and very likely find my way back to Norfolk before long. At all events, the middle of October will find me at Boulge² unless the Fates are very contrary.

¹ The field of the Battle of Naseby was a part of his father's estate.

² Where he lived after 1835.

EDWARD FITZGERALD TO F. TENNYSON

LONDON, *February 6, 1842.*

DEAR FREDERIC,

These fast-following letters of mine seem intended to refute a charge made against me by Morton:¹ that I had only so much impulse of correspondence as resulted from the receipt of a friend's letter. Is it very frivolous to write all these letters, on no business whatsoever? What I think is, that one will soon be going into the country, where one hears no music, and sees no pictures, and so one will have nothing to write about. I mean to take down a Thucydides, to feed on: like a whole Parmesan. But at present here I am in London: last night I went to see *Acis and Galatea* brought out, with Handel's music, and Stanfield's² scenery: really the best done thing I have seen for many a year. As I sat alone (alone in spirit) in the pit, I wished for you: and now Sunday is over: I have been to church: I have dined at Portland Place³: and now I come home to my lodgings: light my pipe: and will whisper some-

¹ S. M. Morton, "an Irish Gentleman of Estate and Fortune (which of course went the Irish way), who was Scholar, Artist, Newspaper Correspondent, etc." Fitzgerald's *Letters*, Vol. II, p. 141.

² Clarkson Stanfield, 1791-1867, who gained his reputation for painting scenes as a midshipman, and later became famous through his work in the Drury Lane theater. After 1858 he gave up the painting of scenes, and began to paint pictures of the sea, for which he is now best known.

³ No. 39, where his father and mother lived.

thing over to Italy. You talk of your Naples: and that one cannot understand Theocritus without having been on those shores. I tell you, you can't understand Macready¹ without coming to London and seeing his revival of *Acis and Galatea*.² You enter Drury Lane at a quarter to seven: the pit is already nearly full: but you find a seat, and a very pleasant one. Box doors open and shut: ladies take off their shawls and seat themselves: gentlemen twist their side curls: the musicians come up from under the stage one by one: 'tis just upon seven. Macready is very punctual: Mr. T. Cooke is in his place with his marshal's baton in his hand: he lifts it up: and off they set with old Handel's noble overture. As it is playing, the red velvet curtain (which Macready has substituted, not wisely, for the old green one) draws apart: and you see a rich drop scene, all festooned and arabesqued with River Gods, Nymphs, and their emblems; and in the center a delightful, large, good copy of Poussin's³ great landscape (of which I used to have a print in my rooms) where the Cyclops is seen seated on a mountain, looking over the sea-shore. The overture ends, the drop scene rises, and there is the sea-shore, a long curling bay: the sea heaving under the moon, and breaking upon the beach, and rolling the surf down—the stage! This is really capitally done. But enough of description. The choruses were well sung, well acted, well dressed,

¹ William Charles Macready, 1793–1873, the well-known actor.

² *Acis and Galatea* was a pantomime. See the story in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* XIII, 735 ff.

³ Nicolas Poussin, 1594–1665, the French landscape painter.

wellgrouped; and the whole thing creditable and pleasant. Do you know the music? It is of Handel's best: and as classical as any man who wore a full-bottomed wig could write. I think Handel never gets out of his wig: that is, out of his age: his Hallelujah chorus is a chorus not of angels, but of well-fed earthly choristers, ranged tier above tier in a Gothic cathedral, with princes for audience, and their military trumpets flourishing over the full volume of the organ. Handel's gods are like Homer's, and his sublime never reaches beyond the region of the clouds. Therefore I think that his great marches, triumphal pieces, and coronation anthems, are his finest works. There is a little bit of Auber's,¹ at the end of the Bayadère when the God resumes his divinity and retires into the sky, which has more of pure light and mystical solemnity than anything I know of Handel's: but then this is only a scrap: and Auber could not breathe in that atmosphere long: whereas old Handel's coursers, with necks with thunder clothed and long resounding pace, never tire. Beethoven thought more deeply also: but I don't know if he could sustain himself so well. I suppose you will resent this praise of Beethoven: but you must be tired of the whole matter, written as it is in this vile hand: and so here is an end of it. . . . And now I am going to put on my night-cap: for my paper is nearly ended, and the iron tongue of St. Paul's, as reported by an East wind, has told twelve. This is the last news from the city. So

¹ Daniel François Auber, 1782-1871, the noted French author who wrote many operas for the Parisian stage. The one here referred to is, *Le Dieu et la Bayadere*, 1830.

Good night. I suppose the violets will be going off in the Papal dominions by the time this letter reaches you: my country cousins are making much of a few aconites. Love to Morton.

P. S. I hope these foolish letters don't cost you and Morton much: I always pay 1s. 7d. for them here: which ought to carry such levities to Hindoostan without further charge.

EDWARD FITZGERALD TO GEORGE
CRABBE

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE. *Jan.* 12/64.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

. . . . Have we exchanged a word about Thackeray since his death? I am quite surprised to see how I sit moping about him: to be sure, I keep reading his Books. Oh, the Newcomes are fine! And now I have got hold of Pendennis, and seem to like that much more than when I first read it. I keep hearing him say so much of it; and really think I shall hear his Step up the Stairs to this Lodging as in old Charlotte Street thirty years ago. Really, a grand Figure has sunk under the Earth.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO MISS
ROSE PAYNTER(BATH), *Dec.* 16 (1838).

DEAR ROSE,

You ought to be very happy, for you have taken all our happiness with you, and you know how much there was of it. What kindness it is in you to write to me so early after your arrival at Paris. When on one side of you is sorrow at leaving the most affectionate of mothers and sisters; on the other, all the pleasures and all the hopes inviting and soliciting you. Consider what a precious thing it is to be so beloved by everybody. It will never make you proud—may it always make you happy.

You had hardly left Bath before the weather seemed to change expressly for your journey. Every cloud left the sky—a few were remaining to cover a brow or two. Put another red letter to the calendar in your pocket-book, for you have performed a miracle. You were rather late. The coachman said he could not stay another minute; I begged for three, only three, and ran like a lamp-lighter up to Gay Street. This has perfectly cured my sprain. Happily I had just reached York House when your carriage made its appearance. How I dreaded a delay which might have made the Admiral receive you with somewhat less of pleasure in his countenance. On another occasion there would not be so very much in this: but there are few of us who do not know how a little grief swells a

greater. Have you never seen two drops of rain upon a window, where the larger has been quiescent until the lesser was drawn into it—then it dropped. Knowing the Admiral's exaction of regularity and precision, you will acknowledge I had some reason for my apprehensions. But you know also his very great regard and affection for you—and you may not know that men sometimes look displeased when they are only pained. . . .

I have brought your rose-tree into the house this morning. It lost its last leaf the day you went. It has now put forth a small bud. It ought not to have done so until I had received your letter—but perhaps it was conscious that I had in fact received several; and this before me is only a continuation of the delight they gave me. . . . You have much to do, much to see, much to enjoy: I will not allow you to sacrifice too many hours in writing to me: for I know that I always shall possess a quiet little nook in your memory, and that you will always believe me, Dear Rose,

Yours very affectionately,

W. LANDOR.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE TO MISS
PEABODY

Boston, *April 17, 1839.*

MY DEAREST,—I feel pretty secure against intruders, for the bad weather will defend me from foreign invasion;

and as to Cousin Haley, he and I had a bitter political dispute last evening, at the close of which he went to bed in high dudgeon, and probably will not speak to me these three days. Thus you perceive that strife and wrangling, as well as east-winds and rain, are the methods of a kind Providence to promote my comfort,—which would not have been so well secured in any other way. Six or seven hours of cheerful solitude! But I will not be alone. I invite your spirit to be with me,—at any hour and as many hours as you please,—but especially at the twilight hour, before I light my lamp. I bid you at that particular time, because I can see visions more vividly in the dusky glow of firelight than either by daylight or lamplight. Come, and let me renew my spell against headache and other direful effects of the east-wind. How I wish I could give you a portion of my insensibility! and yet I should be almost afraid of some radical transformation, were I to produce a change in that respect. If you cannot grow plump and rosy and tough and vigorous without being changed into another nature, then I do think, for this short life, you had better remain just what you are. Yes; but you will be the same to me, because we have met in Eternity, and there our intimacy was formed. So get well as soon as you possibly can, and I shall never doubt that you are the same Sophie who have so often leaned upon my arm and needed its superfluous strength. I never, till now, had a friend who could give me repose; all have disturbed me, and, whether for pleasure or pain, it was still disturbance. But peace overflows from your heart into mine. Then I feel that there is a Now, and that Now

must be always calm and happy, and that sorrow and evil are but phantoms that seem to flit across it.

You must never expect to see my sister Elizabeth in the daytime, unless by previous appointment or when she goes to walk. So unaccustomed am I to daylight interviews with her, that I never imagine her in sunshine; and I really doubt whether her faculties of life and intellect begin to be exercised till dusk, unless on extraordinary occasions. Their noon is at midnight. I wish you could walk with her; but you must not, because she is indefatigable, and always wants to walk half round the world when once she is out of doors.

When this week's first letter came, I held it a long time in my hand, marvelling at the superscription. How did you contrive to write it? Several times since I have pored over it, to discover how much of yourself mingled with my share of it; and certainly there is grace flung over the fac-simile, which never was seen in my harsh, uncouth autograph, and yet none of the strength is lost. You are wonderful.

What a beautiful day! and I had a double enjoyment of it—for your sake and my own. I have been to walk, this afternoon, to Bunker's Hill and the Navy Yard, and am tired, because I had not your arm to support me.

God keep you from east-winds and every other evil.

Your own friend,

N. H.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER

December 27, 1843.

. . . . We had a most enchanting time during Mary the cook's holiday sojourn in Boston. We remained in our bower undisturbed by mortal creature. Mr. Hawthorne took the new phasis of housekeeper, and, with that marvellous power of adaptation to circumstances that he possesses, made everything go easily and well. He rose betimes in the mornings, and kindled fires in the kitchen and breakfast-room, and by the time I came down, the tea-kettle boiled, and potatoes were baked and rice cooked, and my lord sat with a book, superintending. Just imagine that superb head peeping at the rice or examining the potatoes with the air and port of a monarch! And that *angelico riso* on his face, lifting him clean out of culinary scenes into the arc of the gods. It was a magnificent comedy to watch him, so ready and willing to do these things to save me an effort, and at the same time so superior to it all, and heroical in aspect,—so unconsonant to what was about him. I have a new sense of his universal power from this novel phasis of his life. It seems as if there were no side of action to which he is not equal,—at home among the stars, and, for my sake, patient and effective over a cooking-stove.

Our breakfast was late, because we concluded to have only breakfast and dinner. After breakfast, I put the beloved study into very nice order, and, after establishing him in it, proceeded to make smooth all

things below. When I had come to the end of my labors, my dear lord insisted upon my sitting with him; so I sat by him and sewed, while he wrote, with now and then a little discourse; and this was very enchanting. At about one, we walked to the village; after three, we dined. On Christmas day we had a truly Paradisiacal dinner of preserved quince and apple, dates, and bread and cheese, and milk. The washing of dishes took place in the mornings; so we had our beautiful long evenings from four o'clock to ten. At sunset he would go out to exercise on his wood-pile. We had no visitors except a moment's call from good Mrs. Prescott. . . .

ELIZABETH BARRETT TO H. S. BOYD

August 28, 1841.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have fluctuated from one shadow of uncertainty and anxiety to another, all the summer, on the subject to which my last earthly wishes cling, and I delayed writing to you to be able to say I am going to London. I may say so now—as far as the human may say “yes” or “no” of their futurity. The carriage, a patent carriage with a bed in it, and set upon some hundreds of springs, is, I believe, on its road down to me, and immediately upon its arrival we begin our journey. Whether we shall ever complete it remains uncertain—*more* so than other uncertainties. My physician appears a good deal alarmed, calls it an undertaking full of hazard, and myself the “Empress Catherine”

for insisting upon attempting it. But I must. I go, as "the doves to their windows¹," to the only earthly daylight I see here. I go to rescue myself from the associations of this dreadful place. I go to restore to my poor papa the companionship of his family. Enough has been done and suffered for *me*. I thank God I am going home at last.

How kind it was in you, my very kind and ever very dear friend, to ask me to visit you at Hampstead! I felt myself smiling while I read that part of your letter, and laid it down and suffered the vision to arise of your little room and your great Gregory² and your dear self scolding me softly as in the happy olden times for not reading slow enough. Well—we do not know what *may* happen! I *may* (even that is probable) read to you again. But now—ah, my dear friend—if you could imagine me such as I am!—you would not think I could visit you! Yet I am wonderfully better this summer; and if I can but reach home and bear the first painful excitement, it will do me more good than anything—I know it will! And if it does not, it will be *well* even so.

I shall tell them to send you the "Athenæum" of last week, where I have a "House of Clouds³," which papa

¹ Isaiah LX, 8.

² See the three *Sonnets to Hugh Stuart Boyd*; the third begins:

"Three gifts the Dying left me; Æschylus
And Gregory Nazianzen, and a clock
Chiming the gradual hours out like a flock
Of stars whose motion is melodious."

³ See the poem in her works.

likes so much that he would wish to live in it if it were not for the damp. There is not a clock in one room—that's another objection. How are your clocks? Do they go? and do you like their voices as well as you used to do?

I think Annie is not with you; but in case of her still being so, do give her (and yourself too) Arabel's¹ love and mine. I wish I heard of you oftener. Is there nobody to write? May God bless you!

Your ever affectionate friend,

E. B. B.

ELIZABETH BARRETT TO H. S. BOYD

June 18, 1844.

Thank you, my very dear friend! I write to you drunk with Cyprus.² Nothing can be worthier of either gods or demigods; and if, as you say, Achilles did not drink of it, I am sorry for him. I suppose Jupiter had it instead, just then—Hebe pouring it, and Juno's ox-eyes bellowing their splendour at it, if you will forgive me that broken metaphor, for the sake of Æschylus's genius, and my own particular intoxication.

¹ Her sister.

² See her poem, *Wine of Cyprus*, beginning:

"If old Bacchus were the speaker,
He would tell you with a sigh,
Of the Cyprus in this beaker
I am sipping like a fly,—"

Indeed, there *never was*, in modern days, such wine. Flush, to whom I offered the last drop in my glass, felt it was supernatural, and ran away. I have an idea that if he had drunk that drop, he would have talked afterwards—either Greek or English¹.

Never was such wine! The very taste of ideal nectar, only stiller, from keeping. If the bubbles of eternity were on it, *we* should run away, perhaps, like Flush.

Still, the thought comes to me, ought I to take it from you? Is it right of me? are you not too kind in sending it? and should you be allowed to be too kind? In any case, you must not think of sending me more than you have already sent. It is more than enough, and I am not less than very much obliged to you.

I have passed the middle of my second volume, and I only hope that critics may say of the rest that it smells of Greek wine. Dearest Mr. Boyd's

Ever affectionate,

E. B. BARRETT.

MRS. BROWNING TO MRS. MARTIN

PALAZZO GUIDI: *June 20, [1848].*

MY DEAREST MRS. MARTIN,—

Now I am going to answer your letter, which I all but lost, and got ever so many days beyond the right day, because you directed it to Mrs. *William* Browning. Pray remember *Robert Browning* for the future, in right

¹ See her poem, *To Flush, my Dog*.

descent from *Robert Brunnyng*, the first English poet. Mrs. Jameson says, "It's ominous of the actual Robert's being the *last* English poet;" a saying which I give you to remember us by, rejecting the omen. . . . We have grown to be Florentine citizens, as perhaps you have heard. Health and means both forbade our settlement in England; and the journey backwards and forwards being another sort of expense, and very necessary with our ties and affections, we had to think how to live here, when we were here, at the cheapest. The difference between taking a furnished apartment and an unfurnished one is something immense. For our furnished rooms we have had always to pay some four guineas a month; and unfurnished rooms of equal pretensions we could have for twelve a year, and the furniture (out and out) for fifty pounds. This calculation, together with the consideration that we could let our apartment whenever we travelled and receive back the whole cost, could not choose, of course, but determine us. On coming to the point, however, we grew ambitious, and preferred giving five and twenty guineas for a noble suite of rooms in the Palazzo Guidi¹, a stone's throw from the Pitti², and furnishing them after our own taste rather than after our economy, the economy having a legitimate share of respect notwithstanding; and the satisfactory thing being that the whole expense of this furnishing—rococo chairs, spring sofas, carved bookcases, satin from cardinals' beds, and the rest—is covered by the proceeds of our books during the last

¹ See the poem, *Casa Guidi Windows*.

² The Pitti is the old royal palace, now the famous picture gallery.

two winters. This is satisfying, isn't it? We shall stand safe within the borders of our narrow income even this year, and next year comes the harvest! We shall go to England in the spring, and return *home* to Italy. Do you understand? Mr. Kenyon,¹ our friend and counsellor, writes to applaud—such prudence was never known before among poets. Then we have a plan, that when the summer (this summer) grows too hot, we shall just take up our carpet-bag and Wilson² and plunge into the mountains in search of the monasteries beyond Vallombrosa, from Arezzo go to St. Sepolchro in the Apennines, and thence to Fano on the sea-shore, making a round back perhaps (after seeing the great fair at Sinigaglia) to Ravenna and Bologna home. As to Rome, our plan is to give up Rome next winter, seeing that we must go to England in the spring. I *must* see my dearest sisters and whoever else dear will see me, and Robert *must* see his family beside; and going to Rome will take us too far from the route and cost too much; and then we are not inclined to give the first fruits of our new apartment to strangers if we could let it ever so easily this year. You can't think how well the rooms look already; you must come and see them, you and dear Mr. Martin. Three immense rooms we have, and a fourth small one for a book room and winter room—windows opening on a little terrace, eight windows to the south; two good bedrooms behind, with a smaller terrace, and kitchen,

¹ John Kenyon, 1784–1856, the poet and philanthropist, was Miss Barrett's cousin.

² Her faithful maid.

&., all on a first floor and Count Guidi's favorite suite. The Guidi were connected by marriage with the Ugolino of Pisa,¹ Dante's Ugolino, only we shun all traditions of the Tower of Famine, and promise to give you excellent coffee whenever you will come to give us the opportunity. We shall have vines and myrtles and orange trees on the terrace, and I shall have a watering-pot and garden just as you do, though it must be on the bricks instead of the ground. For temperature, the stoves are said to be very effective in the winter, and in the summer we are cool and airy; the advantage of these thick-walled palazzos is coolness in summer and warmth in winter. I am very well and quite strong again, or rather, stronger than ever, and able to walk as far as Cellini's Perseus² in the moonlight evenings, on the other side of the Arno. Oh, that Arno in the sunset, with the moon and evening star standing by, how divine it is!

Think of me as your ever most affectionate

BA.

GEORGE ELIOT TO MISS LEWIS

1st. Oct. 1841.

Is not this a true autumn day? Just the still melancholy that I love—that makes life and nature harmonize. The birds are consulting about their migrations, the

¹ Ugolino: see the story in Dante's *Inferno*, XXXIII.

² Cellini's statue of Perseus stands in the *Loggia dei Lanzi*, about eight blocks from the Palazzo Guidi.

trees are putting on the hectic or the pallid hues of decay, and begin to strew the ground, that one's very footsteps may not disturb the repose of earth and air, while they give us a scent that is a perfect anodyne to the restless spirit. Delicious autumn! My very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns.

GEORGE ELIOT TO MISS SARA HENNELL.

Sunday, *May*, 1844.

You will soon be settled and enjoying the blessed spring and summer time. I hope you are looking forward to it with as much delight as I. One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy. I am just beginning to make some progress in the science, and I hope to disprove Young's¹ theory that "as soon as we have found the key of life it opes the gates of death." Every year strips us of at least one vain expectation, and teaches us to reckon some solid good in its stead. I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest. What a miserable augury for the progress of the race and the destination of the individual if the more mature and enlightened state is the less happy one! Childhood is only the beautiful and happy time in contemplation and retrospect to the child it is full of deep

¹ Young's *Night Thoughts*, Bk. IV. 122, 123 reads:

"And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death "

sorrows, the meaning of which is unknown. Witness colic and whooping-cough and dread of ghosts, to say nothing of hell and Satan, and an offended Deity in the sky, who was angry when I wanted too much plumcake. Then the sorrows of older persons which children see but cannot understand, are worse than all. All this to prove that we are happier than when we were seven years old, and that we shall be happier when we are forty than we are now, which I call a comfortable doctrine, and one worth trying to believe! I am sitting with father, who every now and then jerks off my attention to the history of Queen Elizabeth, which he is reading.

GEORGE ELIOT TO MISS SARA HENNELL

End of Nov. 1846.

Many things, both outward and inward, have concurred to make this November far happier than the last. One's thoughts "Are widened with the process of the suns¹;" and if one is rather doubtful whether one is really wiser or better, it is some comfort to know that the desire to be so is more pure and dominant. I have been thinking of that most beautiful passage in Luke's Gospel²—the appearance of Jesus to the disciples at Emmaus. How universal in its significance! The soul that has hopelessly followed its Jesus—its impersonation

¹ Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, 141.

² Luke XXIV, 13-31.

of the highest and best—all in despondency; its thought all refuted, its dreams all dissipated. Then comes another Jesus—another, but the same—the same highest and best, only chastened—crucified instead of triumphant—and the soul learns that this is the true way to conquest and glory. And then there is the burning of the heart, which assures that “this was the Lord”!—that this is the inspiration from above, the true comforter that leads unto truth. But I am not become a Methodist, dear Sara; on the contrary, if I am pious one day, you may be sure that I was very wicked the day before, and shall be so again the next.

GEORGE ELIOT TO MISS MARY
SIBREE

10th. *May*, 1847.

It is worth while to forget a friend for a week or ten days, just for the sake of the agreeable kind of startle it gives one to be reminded that one has such a treasure in reserve—the same sort of pleasure, I suppose, that a poor body feels who happens to lay his hand on an undreamed-of sixpence which had sunk to a corner of his pocket. When Mr. Sibree brought me your parcel, I had been to London for a week; and having been full of Mendelssohn oratorios and Italian operas, I had just this kind of delightful surprise when I saw your note and the beautiful purse. Not that I mean to compare you to a sixpence; you are a bright, golden sover-

eign to me, with edges all unrubbed, fit to remind a poor, tarnished, bruised piece, like me, that there are ever fresh and more perfect coinages of human nature forthcoming. I am very proud of my purse—first, because I have long had to be ashamed of drawing my old one out of my pocket; and, secondly, because it is a sort of symbol of your love for me—and who is not proud to be loved? For there is a beautiful kind of pride at which no one need frown—I may call it a sort of impersonal pride—a thrill of exultation at all that is good and lovely and joyous as a possession of our human nature.

GEORGE ELIOT TO MISS SARA HENNELL

28th Oct. 1849.

I like my town life vastly. I shall like it still better in the winter. There is an indescribable charm to me in this form of human nest-making. You enter a by no means attractive-looking house, you climb up two or three flights of cold, dark-looking stone steps, you ring at a very modest door, and you enter a set of rooms, snug, or comfortable, or elegant. One is so out of reach of intruders, so undiverted from one's occupations by externals, so free from cold, rushing winds through hall doors—one feels in a downy nest high up in a good old tree. I have always had a hankering after this sort of life, and I find it a true instinct of what would suit me. Just opposite my window is the street in which the Sis-

ters of Charity live, and, if I look out, I generally see either one of them or a sober-looking ecclesiastic. Then a walk of five minutes takes me out of all streets, within sight of beauties that I am sure you too would love, if you did not share my enthusiasm for the town. I have not another minute, having promised to go out before dinner—so, dearest, take my letter as a hasty kiss, just to let you know how constantly I love you—how, the longer I live and the more I have felt, the better I know how to value you.

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY TO
MR. WOOD

EVERSLEY, *August 5, 1842.*

PETER!—Whether in the glaring saloons of Almack's¹, or making love in the equestrian stateliness of the park, or the luxurious recumbency of the ottoman, whether breakfasting at one, or going to bed at three, thou art still Peter, the beloved of my youth, the staff of my academic days, the regret of my parochial retirement!—Peter! I am alone! Around me are the everlasting hills, and the everlasting bores of the country! My parish is peculiar for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat bogs; my parishioners remarkable only for aver-

¹ William Almack (d. 1781) was the founder of many London clubs, and, after 1763, the man to whom fashionable London looked for its amusement. He built in 1764 the famous Assembly Rooms in King's Street, St. James, where, until 1840, very exclusive balls were held weekly during twelve weeks of the season.

sion to education, and a predilection for fat bacon. I am wasting my sweetness on the desert air—I say my sweetness, for I have given up smoking, and smell no more. Oh, Peter, Peter, come down and see me! O that I could behold your head towering above the fir-trees that surround my lonely dwelling. Take pity on me! I am “like a kitten in the washhouse copper with the lid on!” And, Peter, prevail on some of your friends here to give me a day’s trout-fishing, for my hand is getting out of practise. But, Peter, I am, considering the oscillations and perplex circumgurgitations of this piece-meal world, an improved man. I am much more happy, much more comfortable, reading, thinking, and doing my duty—much more than ever I did before in my life. Therefore I am not discontented with my situation, or regretful that I buried my first-class in a country curacy, like the girl who shut herself up in a band-box on her wedding night (*vide* Rogers’s ‘Italy’). And my lamentations are not general (for I do not want an inundation of the froth and tidewash of Babylon the Great), but particular, being solely excited by want of thee, oh Peter, who art very pleasant to me, and wouldst be more so if thou wouldst come and eat my mutton, and drink my wine, and admire my sermons, some Sunday at Eversley.

Your faithful friend,

BOANERGES¹ ROAR-AT-THE-CLOUDS.

¹ See Mark III, 17.

THOMAS HOOD TO MAY

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,

Monday, *April*, 1844.

MY DEAR MAY,—

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget, as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth, we will have its face shaved well. Did you ever to go Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when "March winds and April showers bring forth *May* flowers!" for then of course you would give me another pretty little nose-gay. Besides it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shriveled me up so, that when I got home, I thought I was my own child!

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas; I mean to come in my most ticklesome waist-

coat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom's mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up for supper! There will be doings! And then such good things to eat; but, pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by a mistake for a *plump* pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy, with which and a kiss, I remain, up hill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover,

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD TO MAY

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD,

July 1st, 1844.

MY DEAR MAY,

How do you do, and how do you like the sea? not much perhaps, it's 'so big.' But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean, that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, although it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and, if I were near it this dry summer, I would carry it all home, to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the blights, *May*-flies and all!

I remember that, when I saw the sea, it used sometimes to be very fussy, and fidgety, and did not always wash itself quite clean; but it was very fond of fun.

Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your two little shoes into pumps full of water?

There are no flowers I suppose, on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me a bouquet as you used at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the Polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys, or play-things for a long time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? see if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can't walk, and, if I was his mamma, I *would* too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens.

And now good-by, Fanny has made my tea and I must drink it before it gets too hot; as we *all* were last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 in the shade, which is a great age! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them all to Miss H—, or somebody that it shouldn't. Give my love to everybody, and my compliments to all the rest, and remember, I am, my dear May,

Your loving friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

P. S.—Don't forget my little crab to dance the Polka, and pray write to me as soon as you can't if it's only a line.

THOMAS HUXLEY TO HIS SISTER*

(H. M. S. RATTLESNAKE, Oct., 1846.)

MY DEAREST LIZZIE—At last I have really got my appointment and joined my ship. I was so completely disgusted with the many delays that had occurred that I made up my mind not to write to anybody again until I had my commission in my hand. Henceforward, like another Jonah, my dwelling-place will be the “inwards” of the *Rattlesnake*, and upon the whole I really doubt whether Jonah was much worse accommodated, so far as room goes, than myself. My total length, as you are aware, is considerable, 5 feet 11 inches, possibly, but the height of the lower deck of the *Rattlesnake*, which will be my special location, is at the outside 4 feet 10 inches. What I am to do with the superfluous foot I cannot divine. Happily, however, there is a sort of skylight into the berth, so I shall be able to sit with the body in it and my head out.

Apart from joking, however, this is not such a great matter, and it is the only thing I would see altered in the whole affair. The officers, as far as I have seen them, are a very gentlemanly, excellent set of men, and considering we are to be together for four or five years, that is a matter of no small importance. I am not given to be sanguine, but I confess I expect a good deal

* This and the following are reprinted from *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, copyright, 1900, by D. Appleton and Company.

to arise out of this appointment. In the first place, surveying ships are totally different from the ordinary run of men-of-war. The requisite discipline is kept up but not in the martinet style. Less form is observed. From the men who are appointed having more or less scientific turns, they have more respect for one another than that given by mere position in the service, and hence that position is less taken advantage of. They are brought more into contact, and hence those engaged in the surveying service almost proverbially stick by one another. To me, whose interest in the service is almost all to be made, this is a matter of no small importance.

Then again, in a surveying ship you can work. In an ordinary frigate if a fellow has the talents of all the scientific men from Archimedes¹ downwards compressed into his own particular skull they are all lost. Even if it were possible to study in a midshipman's berth, you have not room in your "chat" for more than a dozen books. But in the *Rattlesnake* the whole poop is to be converted into a large chart-room with bookshelves and tables and plenty of light. There I may read, draw, or microscopise at pleasure, and as to books, I have a *carte blanche* from the Captain to take as many as I please, of which permission we shall avail ourself—rather—and besides all this, from the peculiar way in which I obtained this appointment, I shall have a much wider swing than assistant surgeons in general

¹ 287?–212 B.C., the most celebrated geometrician and mechanician of antiquity, said to have discovered the principles of the lever and of the water-screw.

get. I can see clearly that certain branches of the natural history work will fall into my hands if I manage properly through Sir John Richardson, who has shown himself a very kind friend all throughout, and also through Captain Stanley I have been introduced to several eminent zoologists—to Owen and Gray and Forbes of King's College. From all these men much is to be learnt which becomes peculiarly my own, and can of course only be used and applied by me. From Forbes especially I have learned and shall learn much with respect to dredging operations (which bear on many of the most interesting points of zoology). In consequence of this I may very likely be entrusted with the carrying of them out, and all that is so much the more towards my opportunities. Again, I have learnt the calotype process for the express purpose of managing the calotype apparatus, for which Captain Stanley has applied to the Government.

And having once for all enumerated all these meaner prospects of mere personal advancement, I must confess I do glory in the prospect of being able to give myself up to my own favorite pursuits without thereby neglecting the proper duties of life. And then perhaps by the following of my favorite motto,—

Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast,
Ohne Rast—

something may be done, and some of Sister Lizzie's fond imaginations turn out not altogether untrue.

I perceive that I have nearly finished a dreadfully

egotistical letter, but I know you like to hear of my doings, so shall not apologise. Kind regards to the Doctor and kisses to the babbies. Write me a long letter all about yourselves.—

Your affect. brother,

T. H. HUXLEY.

THOMAS HUXLEY TO. MISS HEATHORN

ON BOARD H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, Christmas, 1847.

Next summer it will be six years since I made my first trial in the world. My first public competition, small as it was, was an epoch in my life. I had been attending (it was my first summer session) the botanical lectures at Chelsea. One morning I observed a notice stuck up—a notice of a public competition for medals, etc., to take place on the 1st August (if I recollect right). It was then the end of May or thereabouts. I remember looking longingly at the notice, and some one said to me, “Why don’t you go in and try for it?” I laughed at the idea, for I was very young, and my knowledge somewhat of the vaguest. Nevertheless I mentioned the matter to S¹. when I returned home. He likewise advised me to try, and so I determined I would. I set to work in earnest, and perseveringly applied myself to such works as I could lay my hands on, Lindley’s and Decandolle’s *Systems* and the *Annales des Sciences*

¹ His brother-in-law, John Godwin Scott.

Naturelles in the British Museum. I tried to read Schleiden, but my German was insufficient.

For a young hand I worked really hard from eight or nine in the morning until twelve at night, besides a long hot summer's walk over to Chelsea two or three times a week to hear Lindley. A great part of the time I worked till sunrise. The result was a sort of ophthalmia which kept me from reading at night for months afterwards.

The day of examination came, and as I went along the passage to go out I well remember dear Lizzie¹, half in jest, half in earnest, throwing her shoe after me, as she said, for luck. She was alone, beside S., in the secret, and almost as anxious as I was. How I reached the examination room I hardly know, but I recollect finding myself at last with pen and ink and paper before me and five other beings, all older than myself, at a long table. We stared at one another like strange cats in a garret, but at length the examiner (Ward) entered, and before each was placed the paper of questions and sundry plants. I looked at my questions, but for some moments could hardly hold my pen, so extreme was my nervousness; but when I once fairly began, my ideas crowded upon me almost faster than I could write them. And so we all sat, nothing heard but the scratching of the pens and the occasional crackle of the examiner's *Times* as he quietly looked over the news of the day.

The examination began at eleven. At two they brought in lunch. It was a good meal enough, but the

¹ His sister, Mrs. Scott.

circumstances were not particularly favorable to enjoyment, so after a short delay we resumed our work. It began to be evident between whom the contest lay, and the others determined that I was one man's competitor and Stocks (he is now in the East India service) the other. Scratch, scratch, scratch! Four o'clock came, the usual hour of closing the examination, but Stocks and I had not half done, so with the consent of the others we petitioned for an extension. The examiner was willing to let us go on as long as we liked. Never did I see a man write like Stocks; one might have taken him for an attorney's clerk writing for his dinner. We went on. I had finished a little after eight, he went on till near nine, and then we had tea and dispersed.

Great were the greetings I received when I got home, where my long absence had caused some anxiety. The decision would not take place for some weeks, and many were the speculations made as to the probabilities of success. I for my part managed to forget all about it, and went on my ordinary avocations without troubling myself more than I could possibly help about it. I knew too well my own deficiencies to have been either surprised or disappointed at failure, and I made a point of shattering all involuntary "castles in the air" as soon as possible. My worst anticipations were realized. One day S. came to me with a sorrowful expression of countenance. He had inquired of the Beadle as to the decision, and ascertained on the latter's authority that all the successful candidates were University College men, whereby, of course, I was excluded. I said, "Very well, the thing was not to be helped," put my

best face upon the matter, and gave up all thoughts of it. Lizzie, too, came to comfort me, and, I believe, felt it more than I did. What was my surprise on returning home one afternoon to find myself suddenly seized, and the whole female household vehemently insisting on kissing me. It appeared an official-looking letter had arrived for me, and Lizzie, as I did not appear, could not restrain herself from opening it. I was second, and was to receive a medal accordingly, and dine with the Guild on the 9th November to have it bestowed.

I dined with the company, and bore my share in both pudding and praise, but the charm of success lay in Lizzie's warm congratulation and sympathy. Since then she always took upon herself to prophesy touching the future fortunes of "the boy."

THOMAS HUXLEY TO HIS MOTHER

SIDNEY, *Feb.* 1, 1849.

First and foremost, my dear mother, I must thank you for your very kind letter of September 1848. I read the greater part of it to Nettie, who was as much pleased as I with your kindly wishes towards both of us. Now I suppose I must do my best to answer your questions. First, as to age, Nettie is about three months younger than myself—that is the difference in *our* years, but she is *in fact* as much younger than her years as I am older than mine. Next, as to complexion she is

exceedingly fair, with the Saxon yellow hair and blue eyes. Then as to face, I really don't know whether she is pretty or not. I have never been able to decide the matter in my own mind. Sometimes I think she is, and sometimes I wonder how the idea ever came into my head. Whether or not, her personal appearance has nothing whatever to do with the hold she has upon my mind, for I have seen hundreds of prettier women. But I never met with so sweet a temper, so self-sacrificing and affectionate a disposition, or so pure and womanly a mind, and from the perfectly intimate footing on which I stand with her family I have plenty of opportunities of judging. As I tell her, the only great folly I am aware of her being guilty of was the leaving her happiness in the hands of a man like myself, struggling upwards and certain of nothing.

As to my future intentions I can say very little about them. With my present income, of course, marriage is rather a bad look out, but I do not think it would be at all fair towards N. herself to leave this country without giving her a wife's claim upon me. . . . It is very unlikely that I shall ever remain in the colony. Nothing but a very favorable chance could induce me to do so.

Much must depend upon how things go in England. If my various papers meet with any success, I may perhaps be able to leave the service. At present, however, I have not heard a word of anything I have sent. Professor Forbes has, I believe, published some of MacGillivray's letters to him, but he has apparently forgotten to write to MacGillivray himself, or to me. So I shall certainly send him nothing more, especially

as Mr. MacLeay (of this place, and a great man in the naturalist world) has offered to get anything of mine sent to the Zoological Society.

THOMAS HUXLEY TO PROFESSOR
ROMANES

4 MARLBOROUGH PLACE, *May 9, 1882.*

MY DEAR ROMANES—I feel it very difficult to offer any useful criticism on what you have written about Darwin, because, although it does not quite please me, I cannot exactly say how I think it might be improved. My own way is to write and rewrite things, until by some sort of instinctive process they acquire the condensation and symmetry which satisfies me. And I really could not say how my original drafts are improved until they somehow improve themselves.

Two things however strike me. I think there is too much of the letter about Henslow. I should be disposed to quote only the most characteristic passages.

The other point is that I think strength would be given to your panegyric by a little pruning here and there.

I am not likely to take a low view of Darwin's position in the history of science, but I am disposed to think that Buffon and Lamarck would run him hard in both genius and fertility. In breadth of view and in extent of knowledge these two men were giants, though we are apt to forget their services. Von Bär was another man of the same stamp; Cuvier, in a somewhat lower rank, another; and J. Müller another.

“Colossal” does not seem to me to be the right epithet for Darwin’s intellect. He had a clear rapid intelligence, a great memory, a vivid imagination, and what made his greatness was the strict subordination of all these to his love of truth.

But you will be tired of my carping, and you had much better write what seems right and just to yourself.—

Ever yours very faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

THOMAS HUXLEY TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

4 MARLBOROUGH PLACE, N. W., *April* 12, 1883.

DEAREST PABELUNZA—I was quite overcome to-day to find that you had vanished without a parting embrace to your “faded but fascinating”¹ parent. I clean forgot you were going to leave this peaceful village for the whirl of Gloucester dissipation this morning—and the traces of weeping on your visage, which should have reminded me of our imminent parting, were absent.

My dear, I should like to have given you some good counsel. You are but a simple village maiden—don’t be taken by the appearance of anybody. Consult your

¹ A fragment of feminine conversation overheard at the Dublin meeting of the British Association, 1878: “Oh, there comes Professor Huxley: faded, but still fascinating.”

father—inclosing photograph and measurement (in inches)—in any case of difficulty.

Also give my love to the matron your sister, and tell her to look sharp after you. Treat her with more respect than you do your venerable P.—whose life will be gloom hidden by a film of heartless jests till you return.

Item.—Kisses to Ria and Co.—Your desolated Pater.

THOMAS HUXLEY TO SIR JOSEPH
HOOKER

EASTBOURNE, Jan. 13, 1890.

MY DEAR HOOKER— We missed you on the 2nd, though you were quite right not to come in that beastly weather.

My boy Harry has had a very sharp attack of influenza at Bartholomew's, and came down to us to convalesce a week ago, very much pulled down. I hope you will keep clear of it.

H.'s work in the hospital is over at the end of March, and before the influenza business I was going to give him a run for a month or six weeks before he settled down to practice. We shall go to the Canaries as soon in April as possible. Are you minded to take a look at Teneriffe? Only 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ days' sea—good ships.—Ever yours affectionately,

T. H. HUXLEY.

THOMAS HUXLEY TO HIS YOUNGER
SONEASTBOURNE, *Jan.* 30, 1890.

YOU DEAR OLD HUMBUG OF A BOY—Here we have been mourning over the relapse of influenza, which alone, as we said, could have torn you from your duties, and all the while it was nothing but an attack of palpitation such as young people are liable to and seem none the worse for after all. We are as happy that you are happy as you can be yourself, though from your letter that seems saying a great deal. I am prepared to be the young lady's slave; pray tell her that I am a model father-in-law, with my love. (By the way, you might mention her name; it is a miserable detail, I know, but would be interesting.) Please add that she is humbly solicited to grant leave of absence for the Teneriffe trip, unless she thinks North-allerton air more invigorating.—Ever your loving dad,

T. H. HUXLEY.

THOMAS HUXLEY TO HIS WIFE

GUIMAR, 1890.

Catch me going out of the reach of letters again. I have been horribly anxious. Nobody—children or anyone else—can be to me what you are. Ulysses preferred his old woman to immortality, and this absence has led me to see that he was as wise in that as in other things. . . .

THOMAS HUXLEY TO A YOUNG
AMERICANHODESLEA, *Jan. 31, 1895.*

DEAR SIR—I should have been glad if you had taken the ordinary, and, I think convenient course of writing for my permission before you sent the essay which has reached me, and which I return by this post. I should then have had the opportunity of telling you that I do not undertake to read, or take any charge of such matters, and we should both have been spared some trouble.

I the more regret this, since being unwilling to return your work without examination, I have looked at it, and feel bound to give you the following piece of advice, which I fear may be distasteful, as good counsel generally is.

Lock up your essay. For two years—if possible, three—read no popular expositions of science, but devote yourself to a course of sound *practical* instruction in elementary physics, chemistry, and biology.

Then re-read your essay; do with it as you think best; and, if possible, regard a little more kindly than you are likely to do at present, Yours faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

EMILY DICKINSON TO HER BROTHER*

[SOUTH HADLEY, AUTUMN, 1847.]

Thursday Noon.

MY DEAR BROTHER AUSTIN,—I have not really a moment of time in which to write you, and am taking time from 'silent study hours;' but I am determined not to break my promise again, and I generally carry my resolutions into effect. I watched you until you were out of sight Saturday evening, and then went to my room and looked over my treasures; and surely no miser ever counted his heaps of gold with more satisfaction than I gazed upon the presents from home. . . .

I can't tell you now how much good your visit did me. My spirits have wonderfully lightened since then. I had a great mind to be homesick after you went home, but I concluded not to, and therefore gave up all homesick feelings. Was not that a wise determination? . . .

There has been a menagerie here this week. Miss Lyon provided 'Daddy Hawks' as a beau for all the Seminary girls who wished to see the bears and monkeys, and your sister, not caring to go, was obliged to decline the gallantry of said gentleman,—which I fear I may never have another opportunity to avail myself of. The whole company stopped in front of the Seminary and played for about a quarter of an hour, for the purpose of getting custom in the afternoon, I opine. Al-

* This and the following letters are from *Emily Dickinson's Letters*, copyright, 1894, by Roberts Brothers.

most all the girls went; and I enjoyed the solitude finely.

I want to know when you are coming to see me again, for I want to see you as much as I did before. I went to see Miss F. in her room yesterday. . . . I love her very much, and think I shall love all the teachers when I become better acquainted with them and find out their ways, which, I can assure you, are almost 'past finding out.'

I had almost forgotten to tell you of a dream which I dreamed last night, and I would like to have you turn Daniel and interpret it to me; or if you don't care about going through all the perils which he did, I will allow you to interpret it without, provided you will try to tell no lies about it. Well, I dreamed a dream, and lo! father had failed, and mother said that 'our rye-field, which she and I planted, was mortgaged to Seth Nims.' I hope it is not true; but do write soon and tell me, for you know I should expire of mortification to have our rye-field mortgaged, to say nothing of its falling into the merciless hands of a loco!

Won't you please to tell me when you answer my letter who the candidate for President is? I have been trying to find out ever since I came here, and have not yet succeeded. I don't know anything more about affairs in the world than if I were in a trance, and you must imagine with all your 'Sophomoric discernment' that it is but little and very faint. Has the Mexican War terminated yet, and how? Are we beaten? Do you know of any nation about to besiege South Hadley? If so, do inform me of it, for I would be glad of a chance

to escape, if we are to be stormed. I suppose Miss Lyon would furnish us all with daggers and order us to fight for our lives in case such perils should befall us. . . . Miss F. told me if I was writing to Amherst to send her love. Not specifying to whom, you may deal it out as your good sense and discretion prompt. Be a good boy and mind me!

EMILY DICKINSON TO HER BROTHER

[AMHERST, *October 2, 1851.*]

Wednesday Noon.

We are just through dinner, Austin, I want to write so much that I omit digestion, and a dyspepsia will probably be the result. . . . I received your letter yesterday. . . . You say we mustn't trouble to send you any fruit, also your clothes must give us no uneasiness. I don't ever want to have you say any more such things. They make me feel like crying. If you'd only teased us for it, and declared that you would have it, I shouldn't have cared so much that we could find no way to send you any, but you resign so cheerfully your birthright of purple grapes, and do not so much as murmur at the departing peaches, that I hardly can taste the one or drink the juice of the other. They are so beautiful, Austin,—we have such an abundance 'while you perish with hunger.'

I do hope some one will make up a mind to go before our peaches are quite gone. The world is full of

people travelling everywhere, until it occurs to you that you will send an errand, and then by 'hook or crook' you can't find any traveller who, for money or love, can be induced to go and carry the opprobrious package. It's a very selfish age, that is all I can say about it. Mr Storekeeper S——has been 'almost persuaded' to go, but I believe he has put it off 'till a more convenient season,' so to show my disapprobation I shan't buy any more gloves at Mr S——'s store! Don't you think it will seem very cutting to see me pass by his goods and purchase at Mr K——'s? I don't think I shall retract should he regret his course and decide to go to-morrow, because it is the principle of disappointing people which I disapprove!

The peaches are very large—one side a rosy cheek, and the other a golden, and that peculiar coat of velvet and of down which makes a peach so beautiful. The grapes, too, are fine, juicy, and *such* a purple—I fancy the robes of kings are not a tint more royal. The vine looks like a kingdom, with ripe round grapes for kings, and hungry mouths for subjects—the first instance on record of subjects devouring kings! You *shall* have some grapes, dear Austin, if I have to come on foot in order to bring them to you.

The apples are very fine—it isn't quite time to pick them—the cider is almost done—we shall have some I guess by Saturday, at any rate Sunday noon. The vegetables are not gathered, but will be before very long. The horse is doing nicely; he travels 'like a bird' to use a favorite phrase of your delighted mother's. You ask about the leaves—shall I say they are falling?

They had begun to fall before Vinnie and I came home, and we walked up the steps through little brown ones rustling. . . .

Vinnie tells me she has detailed the news—she reserved the deaths for me, thinking I might fall short of my usual letter somewhere. In accordance with her wishes I acquaint you with the decease of your aged friend Deacon——. He had no disease that we know of, but gradually went out. . . . Monday evening we were all startled by a violent church-bell ringing, and thinking of nothing but fire, rushed out in the street to see. The sky was a beautiful red, bordering on a crimson, and rays of a gold pink color were constantly shooting off from a kind of sun in the centre. People were alarmed at this beautiful phenomenon, supposing that fires somewhere were coloring the sky. The exhibition lasted for nearly fifteen minutes, and the streets were full of people wondering and admiring. Father happened to see it among the very first, and rang the bell himself to call attention to it. You will have a full account from the pen of Mr Trumbull, who, I have not a doubt, was seen with a long lead pencil a-noting down the sky at the time of its highest glory. . . . You will be here now so soon—we are impatient for it—we want to see you, Austin, how much I cannot say here.

Your affectionate

EMILY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
TO MR. AND MRS. BROOKFIELD

HOTEL DES PAYS BAS, SPA.

August 1st to 5th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

Whoever you may be who receive these lines,—for unless I receive a letter from the person whom I privately mean, I shall send them post-paid to somebody else,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that on yesterday, the 30th, at 7 A. M., I left Brussels, with which I was much pleased, and not a little tired, and arrived quite safe per railroad and *diligence* at the watering place of Spa. I slept a great deal in the coach, having bought a book at Brussels to amuse me, and having for companions, three clergymen (of the deplorable Romish faith) with large idolatrous three-cornered hats, who read their breviaries all the time I was awake, and I have no doubt gave utterance to their damnable Popish opinions when the stranger's ears were closed; and lucky for the priests that I was so situated, for speaking their language a great deal better than they do themselves (being not only image-worshippers but Belgians, whose jargon is as abominable as their superstition) I would have engaged them in a controversy, in which I daresay they would have been utterly confounded by one who had the Thirty-nine Articles of truth on his side. Their hats could hardly get out of the coach door when they quitted the carriage, and one of them, when he took off

his, to make a parting salute to the company, quite extinguished a little passenger.

We arrived at Spa at two o'clock, and being driven on the top of the *diligence* to two of the principal hotels, they would not take me in as I had only a little port-manteau, or at least only would offer me a servant's bedroom. These miserable miscreants did not see by my appearance that I was not a flunkey, but on the contrary, a great and popular author; and I intend to have two fine pictures painted when I return to England, of the landlord of the Hôtel d'Orange refusing a bed-chamber to the celebrated Titmarsh, and of the proprietor of the Hôtel d'York, offering Jeames a second-floor back closet. Poor misguided people! It was on the 30th July 1848. The first thing I did after *at length* securing a *handsome* apartment at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, was to survey the town and partake of a glass of water at the Pouhon well, where the late Peter the Great, the imperator of the Bo-Russians appears also to have drunk; so that two great men at least have refreshed themselves at that fountain. I was next conducted to the baths, where a splendid concert of wind and stringed instruments was performed under my window, and many hundreds of gentle-folks of all nations were congregated in the public walk, no doubt to celebrate my arrival. They are so polite however at this place of elegant ease, that they didn't take the least notice of the Illustrious Stranger, but allowed him to walk about quite unmolested and, (to all appearance) unremarked. I went to the *table d'hôte* with perfect affability, just like an ordinary person; an *ordinary* person at the *table*

- *d'hôte*, mark the pleasantry. If that joke doesn't make your sides ache, what, my dear friend, can move you? We had a number of good things, fifteen or sixteen too many, I should say. I was myself obliged to give in at about the twenty-fifth dish; but there was a Flemish lady near me, a fair blue-eyed being, who carried on long after the English author's meal was concluded, and who said at dinner to-day, (when she beat me by at least treble the amount of victuals) that she was languid and tired all day, and an invalid, so weak and delicate that she could not walk. . . .

I retired to my apartment at seven, with the same book which I had purchased, and which sent me into a second sleep until ten when it was time to go to rest. At eight I was up and stirring, at 8:30 I was climbing the brow of a little mountain which overlooks this pretty town, and whence, from among firs and oaks, I could look down upon the spires of the church, and the roofs of the Redoute, and the principal and inferior buildings and the vast plains, and hills beyond, topped in many places with pine woods, and covered with green crops and yellow corn. Had I a friend to walk hand in hand with, him or her, on these quiet hills, the promenade methinks might be pleasant. I thought of many such as I paced among the rocks and shrubberies. Breakfast succeeded that solitary, but healthy reverie, when coffee and eggs were served to the Victim of Sentiment. Sketch-book in hand, the individual last alluded to set forth in quest of objects suitable for his pencil. But it is more respectful to Nature to look at her and gaze with pleasure, rather than to sit down with pert assurance, and

begin to take her portrait. A man who persists in sketching, is like one who insists on singing during the performance of an opera. What business has he to be trying his stupid voice? He is not there to imitate, but to admire to the best of his power. Thrice the rain came down and drove me away from my foolish endeavours, as I was making the most abominable caricatures of pretty, quaint cottages, shaded by huge ancient trees.

In the evening was a fine music at the Redoute, which being concluded, those who had a mind were free to repair to a magnificent neighbouring saloon, superbly lighted, where a great number of persons were assembled amusing themselves, round two tables covered with green cloth and ornamented with a great deal of money. They were engaged at a game which seems very simple; one side of the table is marked red and the other black, and you have but to decide which of the red or the black you prefer, and if the colour you choose is turned up on the cards, which a gentleman deals, another gentleman opposite to him gives you five francs, or a napoleon or whatever sum of money you have thought fit to bet upon your favourite colour.

But if your colour loses, then he takes your napoleon. This he did, I am sorry to say, to me twice, and as I thought this was enough, I came home and wrote a letter, full of nonsense to——.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY TO
MRS. BROOKFIELD

Wednesday, 1849.

What have I been doing since these many days? I hardly know. I have written such a stupid number of *Pendennis* in consequence of not seeing you, that I shall be ruined if you are to stay away much longer Has William written to you about our trip to Hampstead on Sunday? It was very pleasant. We went first to St. Mark's Church, where I always thought you went, but where the pew opener had never heard of such a person as Mrs. J. O. B.; and having heard a jolly and perfectly stupid sermon, walked over Primrose Hill to the Crowes' where His Reverence gave Mrs. Crowe half an hour's private talk, whilst I was talking under the blossoming apple tree about newspapers to Monsieur Crowe. Well, Mrs. Crowe was delighted with William and his manner of *discoorsing* her; and indeed though I say it that shouldn't, from what he said afterwards, and from what we have often talked over pipes in private, that is a pious and kind soul. I mean his, and calculated to soothe and comfort and appreciate and elevate so to speak out of despair, many a soul that your more tremendous, rigorous divines would leave on the wayside, where sin, that robber, had left them half killed. I will have a Samaritan parson when I fall among thieves. You, dear lady, may send for an ascetic if you like; what is he to find wrong in you?

I have talked to my mother about her going to Paris with the children, she is very much pleased at the notion, and it won't be very lonely to me. I shall be alone for some months at any rate, and vow and swear I'll save money. . . . Have you read Dickens? O! it is charming! brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good. In the first place it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the A's works, has been copying the O. A., and greatly simplifying his style, and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer and *David Copperfield* will be improved by taking a lesson from *Vanity Fair*. Secondly it has put me upon my metal; for ah! Madame, all the metal was out of me and I have been dreadfully and curiously cast down this month past. I say, secondly, it has put me on my metal and made me feel I must do something; that I have fame and name and family to support. . . .

I have just come away from a dismal sight; Gore House¹ full of snobs looking at the furniture. Foul Jews; odious bombazine women, who drove up in mysterious flies which they had hired, the wretches, to be fine, so as to come in state to a fashionable lounge; brutes keeping their hats on in the kind old drawing room,—I longed to knock some of them off, and say,

¹ Gore House formerly stood on the site of the Albert Memorial; it was then owned by the Countess of Blessington and was a resort of the literary men of London.

'Sir, be civil in a lady's room' There was one of the servants there, not a powdered one, but a butler, a *whatdyoucallit*. My heart melted towards him and I gave him a pound. Ah! it was a strange, sad picture of *Vanity Fair*. My mind is all boiling up with it; indeed, it is in a queer state. . . . I give my best remembrances to all at Clevedon Court.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË TO ELLEN
NUSSEY

HAWORTH, *December 19, 1849.*

DEAR ELLEN,—

Here I am at Haworth once more. I feel as if I had come out of an exciting whirl. Not that the hurry or stimulus would have seemed much to one accustomed to society and change, but to me they were very marked. My strength and spirits too often proved quite insufficient for the demand on their exertions. I used to bear up as well and as long as I possibly could, for, whenever I flagged, I could see Mr. Smith became disturbed; he always thought that something had been said or done to annoy me, which never once happened, for I met with perfect good breeding even from antagonists—men who had done their best or worst to write me down. I explained to him, over and over again, that my occasional silence was only failure of the power of talk, never of the will. . . .

Thackeray is a Titan of mind. His presence and

powers impress me deeply in an intellectual sense; I do not see him or know him as' a man. All the others are subordinate to these. I have esteem for some, and, I trust, courtesy for all. I do not, of course, know what they thought of me, but I believe most of them expected me to come out in a more marked, eccentric, striking light. I believe they desired more to admire and more to blame. I felt sufficiently at my ease with all except Thackeray, and with him I was fearfully stupid. . . .

GEORGE BANCROFT TO M. H. GRIN-
NELL*

NEW YORK, *January 20, 1855.*

If I had ships sailing to the Indies, lines of packets to Liverpool, stocks that give dividends, a finger in the purse of Fortunatus, or a bit of land in El Dorado, I would respond to your note with cheerfulness in the manner you wish; but in hard times, a scholar is the first to feel the pressure, for men are unwise enough to think a book the first luxury that can be given up, and women always regard it as a nuisance because it gathers so much dust; therefore moderate as the sum alluded to may seem, it is out of my power to advance it, and I have no doubt that those who incurred the unexpected excess of expense will think it proper to protect the inno-

* From *The Life and Letters of George Bancroft*, copyright, 1908, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

cent stockholders. Under other circumstances I would not have hesitated a moment, but I am ever, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

MATTHEW ARNOLD TO MRS. FORSTER*

January 21, 1859.

MY DEAREST K.—Tell my dearest mother I have written so little of late because I am overwhelmed with grammar papers to be looked over, and not choosing as I grow older, and my time shortens, to give up my own work entirely for any routine business, I have a hard time of it just at present. When I have finished these papers I have a General Report and a Training School Report to get out of hand, the inspection of schools going on alongside of this all the while, so at the beginning of next month, when my office work is again reduced to inspecting, I shall feel myself quite a free man. . . .

I must stop. You can't think how nicely the two boys go on with Mrs. Querini, their governess. From my little study I can hear all that passes. She said to Budge this morning, "Who do you love best of anybody in the world?" "Nobody at all," says Budge. "Yes," says Mrs. Querini, "you love your papa and mama." "Well," says Budge. "But," goes on Mrs. Querini,

* This and the following letters are reprinted from *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, 1895, by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

"you are to love God more than any one, more even than your papa and mama." "No, I shan't," says Budge. Jolly little heathen. My love to all.—

I am ever your most affectionate

M. A.

MATTHEW ARNOLD TO MISS ARNOLD

COBHAM, *New Year's Day*, 1882.

MY DEAREST FAN—A happy New Year to you! I think the beginning of a New Year very animating, it is so visible an occasion for breaking off bad habits and carrying into effect good resolutions. I am glad to find that in the past year I have at least accomplished more than usual in the way of reading the books which at the beginning of the year I had put down to be read. I always do this, and I do not expect to read all I put down, but sometimes I fall much too short of what I proposed, and this year things have been a good deal better. The importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and most innocent manner by reading. However, if I live to be eighty I shall probably be the only person left in England who reads anything

but newspapers and scientific publications. We have Nelly at home again; she enjoyed herself greatly at the Goschens', and they were very kind to her. Mr. Goschen danced the polka with her, she being the only young lady on whom he bestowed this mark of favour. They wanted her to stay over the New Year with them, but she said she must go home. . . . She certainly is both gay herself and makes other young people so. We have had a pleasant week, not one single rainy day; but to-day it has begun to rain—thermometer 47. The primroses are coming out in all directions, and so is the *pyrus japonica*. We have also our first camelia out. Now I must stop.—

Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

MATTHEW ARNOLD TO MRS. FORSTER

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,
November 15, 1883.

MY DEAREST K.—I am hard driven, but there is no one at home who so often comes into my mind, I think, over here as your dear, dear self, and I must scratch you a line at any rate. We are here with a nice old couple called Clark. We met their daughter in New York. This is said to be, for its size, the richest town in New England, and Mr. Clark was the richest merchant in it. He has retired from business, is seventy-seven years old, and occupies himself in good works.

It is exactly like the wealthy Quaker families I have stayed in when inspecting in England; only Mr. Clark is much more free in his religious ideas than they were, and the whole family have, compared with our middle class at home, that buoyancy, enjoyment, and freedom from constraint which are everywhere in America, and which confirmed me in all I have said about the ways in which the aristocratic class acts as an incubus upon our middle class at home. This universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one most here. On the other hand, some of the best English qualities are clean gone; the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. They say Washington had it, as our Lord Althorp had it, and so many of us have it still in England; but I have seen no American yet, except Norton¹ at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity and to be on the go all the day long. It is very fatiguing. I thank God it only confirms me in the desire to "hide my life", as the Greek philosopher recommended, as much as possible. They are very kind, inconceivably kind, and one must have been accustomed to the total want of real popular interest among the English at home in anything but politics to feel the full difference of things here. The newspapers report all one's goings about and sayings—the Commodore at Newport sends to put his launch at my disposal, Blaine telegraphs to the New York press his regrets that he cannot come up on purpose to hear

¹Charles Eliot Norton, 1827-1909, American scholar, editor, translator, and Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University.

me lecture, General Grant thanks the Tribune for reporting me so fully—and so on. It is perfectly astounding, but there is not much real depth in it all. I have liked best a visit to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. You remember how papa talked of New Hampshire and said he would emigrate there if he emigrated to the States at all. I stayed with a professor, a widower, in a small way of life, and saw what this small way was—it is better than with us. Still, what we call a gentleman has a tremendous pull in the old world—or at any rate in England—over the gentleman here. What it is in the towns, to have practically no cabs and to be obliged to use trams, you cannot imagine. It is as if in our Stockwell expedition we had had to get there by the tram, with two or three changes, and a walk at each end, and the chance of bad weather. And every one has to use these who has not a carriage. It is the best country for a Rothschild I ever knew, his superior pull is so manifest. We stayed with a sort of Rothschild on the Hudson—a Delano married to an Astor; but he grumbled, ungrateful man, because every one took a right of way through his grounds just as they pleased. But what made me think of you was the living power which papa's memory was still in that New Hampshire community at Dartmouth College. All through New England, however, he has had a prodigious effect, and perhaps he, like Luther, has been less pushed out by new men and new things than in the old world. Flue and Lucy enjoy it all, I think, though they get very tired. We had an immense reception here last night—the Governor and Senator for this sterling little old State

of Connecticut, and every one thence downwards. The night before last I dined and slept at Barnum's. He said my lecture was "grand," and that he was determined to belong to *the remnant*; that term is going the round of the United States, and I understand what Dizzy¹ meant when he said that I performed "a great achievement" by launching phrases. My love to William. Tell him it is curious to find how one is driven here to study the "technique" of speaking, and how one finds that it may be learnt like other things. I could not half make myself heard at first, but I am improving. A Professor Churchill, said to be "the best elocutionist in the United States," came twice from Andover to Boston on purpose to try and be of use to me, because, he said, he had got more pleasure from F. Robertson², Ruskin, and me than from any other men. This will give you a good notion of their kindness. Now I must stop. We go to Boston tomorrow, then on Monday back to New York. Love to all your dear party.

Your most affectionate brother,

M. A.

¹ The nickname commonly given to Benjamin Disraeli, 1804-1881, the English statesman.

² Frederick William Robertson, 1816-1853, a British clergyman whose ministry at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, was one of great power and wide influence.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER TO
GRACE GREENWOOD*

10th mo., 1864.

My dear sister's¹ illness was painful and most distressing, yet she was patient, loving, and cheerful even to the last. How much I miss her! how much less I have now to live for. But she is at rest; surely, few needed it or deserved it more, if it were proper to speak of *desert* in that connection. A pure, generous, loving spirit was hers. I shall love all her friends better for her sake. The autumn woods are exceedingly beautiful at this time. I miss dear Elizabeth to enjoy them with me, but even now I realize the truth of Keats' line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and I am thankful that I can still find peace in communion with outward nature in this season of glory and beauty. I wonder sometimes that I can be cheerful and attend to my daily duties, since life has lost so much of its object. But I have still many blessings,—kind friends and books, and the faith that God is good, and good only.

* This and the following letters are reprinted from *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, 1894, by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

¹ See his characterization of her in *Snow Bound*.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER TO
LUCY LARCOM

4th mo., 16, 1867.

The spring delays—the time of mayflowers has nearly come, but they are not quite ready yet. I would like to have thee up here at the time of their blossoming. The snow still lies in the woods of Follymill. To-day winter has come back again, and a wind of despair blows out of the bitter east. I have read and done nothing for a long time. It seems a poor life of idleness, but I do not see how I can help it. I have had a great many strangers coming to look at me, and make speeches to me. It's a sort of thing to make one feel sadly mean and ridiculous. I envy the stout, steel-muscled farmers. I would rather chop wood than talk poetry with strangers. And indeed I think the life of a hard-working farmer or mechanic altogether more enviable than that of a writer or politician. Not but that poetry has been a great solace and refreshing, at times, to me; and I am grateful for the gift of verse which has been vouchsafed to me. But Plato and old Mr. Weller, I fear, are right in their discouragement of poets.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER TO
CELIA THAXTER

7th mo., 2

Be thankful for sea-surrounded Appledore! We are literally baking alive here. . . . I spent the night like a wandering ghost, going from room to room, trying sofa and floors, and getting no sleep out of them. We have had a splendid daybreak, but there is now a fierce menace of heat, and *not* "tenderly the haughty day fills its blue urn with fire²." Over Po Hill the sky looks cool and hard, refreshing to eye and spirit, and the two great rustic baskets full of bloom and greenery, with their fresh luxuriance, make a pleasant contrast to the hot street and the dusty trees and shrubbery in the front yard. My little room is quiet enough. Lizzie³ is at Seabrook, and I am all alone. The sweet calm face of the pagan philosopher and emperor, Marcus Antoninus, looks down upon me on one hand, and on the other the bold, generous, and humane countenance of the Christian man of action, Henry Ward Beecher; and I sit between them as a sort of compromise. It is very still—the leaves move softly without sound; I can hear my own thoughts. . . . How I thank thee for thy letter just received, bringing me the sweet breath of wild rose and mignonette. It is as if the cool sea air of the islands blew over this feverish inland, and I bathe my hot, aching brow for

¹ One of the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire.

² From Emerson's *Ode*, Concord, July 4, 1857.

³ His brother's daughter, Mrs. Pickard, who was for twenty years a member of his household.

a moment in the dream of a milder atmosphere. Pilgrims come and go, as usual, and now and then old friends. Mrs. Pitman spent most of two days with me, and Lucy Larcom one. An old bachelor friend came to tell me of his newly resumed hopes of matrimony. It was very droll.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO MRS. BIXBY*

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
November 21, 1864.

MRS. BIXBY,

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

* Reprinted from *Abraham Lincoln, Complete Works, 1894*, by permission of The Century Company, New York.

LOUISA ALCOTT TO HER SISTER*

(Date uncertain; 1865?)

MY LASS,—This must be a frivolous and dressy letter, because you always want to know about our clothes, and we have been at it lately. May's bonnet is a sight for gods and men. Black and white outside, with a great cockade boiling over the front to meet a red ditto surging from the interior, where a red rain-bow darts across the brow, and a surf of white lace foams up on each side. I expect to hear that you and John fell flat in the dust with horror on beholding it.

My bonnet has nearly been the death of me; for, thinking some angel might make it possible for me to go to the mountains, I felt a wish for a tidy hat, after wearing an old one till it fell in tatters from my brow. Mrs. P. promised a bit of gray silk, and I built on that; but when I went for it I found my hat was founded on sand; for she let me down with a crash, saying she wanted the silk herself, and kindly offering me a flannel petticoat instead. I was in woe for a spell, having one dollar in the world, and scorning debt even for that prop of life, a "bonnet." Then I roused myself, flew to Dodge, demanded her cheapest bonnet, found one for a dollar, took it, and went home wondering if the sky would open and drop me a trimming. I am simple in my tastes,

*From *Life, Letters, and Journals of Louisa M. Alcott*, copyright, 1889, by J. S. P. Alcott; published by Little, Brown, and Company, Boston.

but a naked straw bonnet is a little too severely chaste even for me. Sky did not open; so I went to the "Widow Cruise's oil Bottle"—my ribbon box—which, by the way, is the eighth wonder of the world, for nothing is ever put in, yet I always find some old dud when all other hopes fail. From this salvation bin I extracted the remains of the old white ribbon (used up, as I thought, two years ago), and the bits of black lace that have adorned a long line of departed hats. Of the lace I made a dish, on which I thriftily served up bows of ribbon, like meat on toast. Inside put the lace bow, which adorns my form anywhere when needed. A white flower A. H. gave me sat airily on the brim,—fearfully unbecoming, but pretty in itself, and in keeping. Strings are yet to be evolved from chaos. I feel that they await me somewhere in the dim future. Green ones *pro tem*. hold this wonder of the age upon my gifted brow, and I survey my hat with respectful awe. I trust you will also, and see in it another great example of the power of mind over matter, and the convenience of a colossal brain in the primeval wrestle with the unruly atoms which have harassed the feminine soul ever since Eve clapped on a modest fig-leaf and did up her hair with a thorn for a hairpin.

I feel very moral to-day, having done a big wash alone, baked, swept the house, picked the hops, got dinner, and written a chapter in "Moods." May gets exhausted with work, though she walks six miles without a murmur.

It is dreadfully dull, and I work so that I may not "brood." Nothing stirring but the wind; nothing to see but dust; no one comes but rose-bugs; so I grub

and scold at the "A" because it takes a poor fellow's tales and keeps 'em years without paying for 'em. If I think of my woes I fall into a vortex of debts, dishpans, and despondency awful to see. So I say, "every path has its puddle," and try to play gayly with the tadpoles in *my* puddle, while I wait for the Lord to give me a lift, or some gallant Raleigh to spread his velvet cloak and fetch me over dry shod.

L. W. adds to my woe by writing of the splendors of Gorham, and says, "when tired, run right up here and find rest among these everlasting hills." All very aggravating to a young woman with one dollar, no bonnet, half a gown, and a discontented mind. It's a mercy that mountains are everlasting, for it will be a century before *I* get there. Oh, me, such is life!

Now I've done my Jeremiad, and I will go on twanging my harp in the "willow tree."

You ask what I am writing. Well, two books half done, nine stories simmering, and stacks of fairy stories moulding on the shelf. I can't do much, as I have no time to get into a real good vortex. It unfits me for work, worries Ma to see me look pale, eat nothing, and ply by night. These extinguishers keep genius from burning as I could wish, and I give up ever hoping to do anything unless luck turns for your

Lu.

J. R. GREEN TO E. A. FREEMAN*

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY, *January 29, 1869.*

MY DEAR FREEMAN—

. . . . I am forgetting the proof of the Epiphany-Coronation¹, of the *style* of which I wanted to say somewhat. Oddly enough, its tone reminded me of my sermons when I was a deacon, it wanted measure and variety. I was thinking about style the other day, and it seemed to me that David's notion of a procession expressed my notion of style, "the singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels." Now you give us the singers, capital "anthems" they sing, but there is a certain want of the plain prose of the minstrels, and I haven't caught a note of the timbrels. No doubt you will say that I give the world quite enough of the damsels myself! But seriously I often wish in the middle of a grand page that you would write *as you talk*, with all the variety and impulsiveness and humour of your conversation. "Strenuous" is a good title for a king, but hardly so excellent for a writer. Perhaps it is a slight remnant of the "dignity of history" feeling that makes us all

* This and the following letters are reprinted from *Letters of John Richard Green*, 1901, by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

¹Refers to the proof of Freeman's account in the *Norman Conquest* of the coronation of Harold on January 6.

go a little a-tiptoe! At any rate that particular proof did seem to me very rhetorical and monotonous in style, and to want a good deal of cutting down.

As to the facts, my mind is so disturbed by the thought that before Wulfhere¹ made me what I am I was a West Saxon that I fear to commit either of my selves and will give no verdict till I look them up for the close of my little volume². I think it likely I may be *free* in a month or so to set about it. Macmillan is willing enough. Good-bye.

Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

J. R. GREEN TO MISS LOUISE VON GLEBN

(1869.)

Thanks, dear Louise, for the paper of notes. . . . (My notes) are simply hints for good English not got at in a day. Simplicity is half of it, I think, and in simplicity I am as far to seek as anybody. But the true way to write well is to write constantly,—ease of style can only come by habit; and grace of style can only come of ease. . . . Above all, don't let any idle fun of mine make you think me careless about your work. I am

¹ Refers to the victory of Wulfhere, king of Mercia, over the West Saxons in 661.

² *Short History of the English People*, which appeared in 1874, and which from 1877–1880 he expanded into the larger work.

quite certain that earnestness of aim and energy of spirit lie at the root of right womanhood as of right manhood. If I laugh,—it is only by way of protest against the occasional exaggeration even of earnestness. Grace of temper, beauty of tone, are of the essence of life as they are of the essence of style,—and there is sometimes more to be learnt out of books than in books. But perhaps these thoughts are thoughts that come later than twenty, and I am exacting in asking for a balance and moderation, a just appreciation of the true conditions of life, which only time and a bitter experience can give. It is sorrow that gives the capacity for laughter, I think ; it is the darkness and the brokenness and the disappointment of life that enable one to look on coolly and with a smile even when one is most in earnest. Neither toil nor the end of toil in oneself or in the world is all vanity,—in spite of the preacher,—but there is enough vanity in both to make one sit loose to them.

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and peace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, grand as knowledge is, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cosy talk by the fireside and the sight of flowers and the sound of music. . . .

—Believe me, yours,

J. R. G.

J. R. GREEN TO MISS VON GLEBN

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
November 28, 1870.

I have just come in from such a glorious sunset, dear Olga, a sunset yet more glorious than the sunsets of the Lagoon, those fatal sunsets to me. The circle of hills around lay soft and dusk with olive woods, their barer rocks bathed in deep orange, and beyond—between them and the waning blue of the sky—lay a range of further hills glowing with intense *rose* light. And all around the horizon a band of pale orange parted the sea from the sky. I shouted with joy as I hung over the balcony, watching till all was gray, and the cool night drove me in.

It is so pleasant reading your letter over again—just as if we were chatting together in our frivolous way, despised of Louise and the wiser sort. Ah, well, dear Olga, the time will come when these wise ones will be glad to be frivolous too. Let them have their wisdom now, poor things! To-day I have been chatting with a Bishop, and am *very* frivolous. . . . Yesterday (I was at Church, you sceptical person!) he treated us to some remarks on “We brought nothing into this world, and certainly we shall carry nothing out.” “Yes, my brethren,” he said cheerfully, “we brought *sin* into this world, and we may carry *sin* out!” Don’t you enjoy it? I fed on that sentence all the quiet Sunday evening.

Your industry rebukes me dreadfully. But what can I do? "My tub is on the sea," as Byron sings, the tub in which I packed books, papers, clothes, everything. I am like Mariana, and sing, "it cometh not," from my moated grange. I sit there day by day, hatless, shirtless, bootless, bookless, and watch "the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill" of San Remo, "but oh for the sight of a vanished tub, or the news of a bark that lies still!" "Tennyson is a sweet poet," a girl said to me to-day, "you can always find a verse of his for every feeling, every event." There are many theories about the tub. Some say it remains in the British docks. Some, that it has been seen at Marseilles serving as a barricade for the Reds. One bold man reports it to have been seen floating in the Bay of Biscay with a cynical figure peeping out of it, who on being hailed replied, "I am the ghost of a Saturday Reviewer." Luckily nothing is of any particular importance in this world. I read my Virgil calmly by the sea beach, and watch the stately ships go on.

We are here in the most charming villa in all San Remo, with the most agreeable of men, laughing, chatting, idling the long day through. The rain seems to have cleared away, but really it is very hard to grumble at rain which never keeps you in the whole day, which calls for no great-coat, and leaves beauty and colour in earth and sea and sky. However it is fine at last, and in its stead is the soft sunshine and fresh bright air. I have quite got over my little tumble back, the result of a wild rush up to a hill village, and am getting on marvellously. Yes, you may drink my Burton! Drop a tear in the

bowl, Olga, as you quaff the nectar, a tear of sweet resolve to write to him who drank that Burton in happier days at once. And *do* write chatty letters. There are none I like so much. Tell me all about everybody. I am bothered by the coming of the Taits. I know my attractions, but they *might* have chosen some other spot. Am I to be driven to wear a white tie—to talk of Voysey¹, and to chaperon Miss Spooner? Never, ye Gods! However, they have put themselves in Cook's charge—says scandal—so they may perhaps *never* arrive. Fly, gloomy thought! Good-bye, dear Olga, give my love and kind memories to all at the Hill of Peak, and believe me ever your affectionate friend,

J. R. GREEN.

J. R. GREEN TO MISS LOUISE VON
GLEBN

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO, *December 21, 1870.*

I have never given you a peep at our social life here, dear Louise. As to women-kind our range is more extensive than varied. Mrs. A. is a good-natured valedudinarian who talks you dead. Her daughter reminds

¹ Charles Voysey (b. 1828), was a minister in the church of England who had been ejected from a living in London for preaching against endless punishment. He had then gone to Yorkshire, and was at the date of this letter on trial there for heterodox opinions. His sermons, published weekly, had a wide circulation.

one of a description of a lady, "Rather pretty, but her clothes seem to have been made for somebody else and then worn on a night journey!" Feminine Germans abound at the hotels; there is an English parson's wife of an aristocratic turn, and the young wife of an American "meenistir," who seems to do her religion and her shopping on the same hard-bargain principle. We have nine parsons beside the archbishop, and a chaplain who kept us waiting half an hour for the service last Sunday and then told us in his sermon, "Christians have in every age been known as a waiting people." We have a club where young Italy does its billiards and young England its *Times*, and an engineer and naval officer, each equally crippled in his interior, play cribbage till dewy eve. We have three English doctors and four German ones driven by stress of war from Monaco and Mentone, together with a German band. The German doctors cluster all day round the map of Paris and vow vengeance for the loss of their fees. Of the English ones Dr. A. has two patients, his cook and housemaid, just to keep his hand in; Dr. B. not being able to find a legitimate patient has persuaded a young lady in perfect health to take arsenic for the good of her complexion; and Dr. C. has no patient at all. Their despair was converted into wild revolt against heaven yesterday by the sudden arrival of five German doctors more. Luckily they were discovered to be army doctors, who had been captured by Chanzy¹, and in defiance of the

¹ Antoine Eugène Chanzy, 1823-1883, the French general who commanded in 1870 the second army of the Loire in the Franco-German War.

Geneva Convention¹ sent coolly to the south, and huddled by gendarmes over the frontier at Nice. Italian gendarmes (a gorgeous body with cocked hats and toga-like cloaks flung over the left shoulder) at once seized on them and hurried them off to the Syndic, who not knowing what to do with them ordered them off to prison. On this Congreve and others protested and demanded their release. The Syndic said, "upon his word that step had never occurred to him," but complied; and so the poor fellows were feasted at the cafe, and forwarded next morning to their native land. . . .

Nothing is more natural than the feeling you have so often expressed to me of your own deficiencies. One no sooner grasps the real bigness of the world's work than one's own effort seems puny and contemptible. Then, again, one comes across minds and tempers so infinitely grander and stronger than one's own that one shrinks with a false humility from any seeming rivalry with them in noble working. And then again in the very effort to do anything, however small, one is hampered by circumstances at every step till we are inclined to throw up the fight in despair. It is just the souls that long to do the noblest work that feel most their own immeasurable inferiority to it. No people tumble about so despairingly in the Slough of Despond. Moses felt himself a man of stammering lips; Elijah sank under the juniper; Burns went silently, moodily,

¹ The Convention of 1864 which adopted the *red cross* and formulated rules for the treatment of the sick, wounded, and prisoners in time of war. The violation here is, that they were not delivered to their own country.

about his farmwork, longing for the song that never came. But it came at last. The thing is, I think, to think less of ourselves and what we are to our work, and more of our work and what it is to us. The world moves along, not merely by the gigantic shoves of its hero-workers, but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker whatever. All may give some tiny push or other and feel that they are doing something for mankind. "Circumstances" spur as much as they hinder us; it is in the struggle day by day with them that we gain muscle for the real life fight; and the sense of the superiority of others is a joy to those who really work, not for themselves but for the good of mankind. What they cannot do they rejoice that others can. *Respice finem*, the old monks used to say in their meditations on life—"consider the end." And so it must be. To work well we must look to the end; not death, but the good of mankind; not self-improvement in itself, but simply as a means to the improvement of the race. Don't think this too big an end to look to—one must look greatly forward to the great. In the light of it, one sees how the very patience of a thwarted day may be one's "work" to the end. . . .

Yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN TO REV.
JOHN HAYES*

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM: *April 13, 1869.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I saw the article you speak of in the “Times”, and felt flattered by the passage which referred to myself.

The writer must have alluded in the sentence which leads to your question, to my “Lectures and Essays on University Subjects,” which is at present out of print. In that volume there are several papers on English and Latin composition.

It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. I have heard that Archbishop Howley¹, who was an elegant writer, betrayed the labour by which he became so by his mode of speaking, which was most painful

* Reprinted from *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church, 1891*, by permission of Longmans, Green, and Company, New York.

¹ William Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1828–1848.

to hear from his hesitations and alterations—that is, he was correcting his composition as he went along.

However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz. to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write as I was thirty years ago.

As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences in the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness.

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI TO DANTE
ROSSETTI

(LONDON, *April*, 1870.)

. . . . It is impossible to go on singing out-loud to one's one-stringed lyre. It is not in me, and therefore

it will never come out of me, to turn to politics or philanthropy with Mrs. Browning: such many-sidedness I leave to a greater than I, and, having said my say, may well sit silent. "Give me the withered leaves I choose" may include the dog-eared leaves of one's first, last, and only book. If ever the fire rekindles availably *tanto meglio per me*: at the worst, I suppose a few posthumous groans may be found amongst my remains. Here is a great discovery, "Women are not Men," and you must not expect me to possess a tithe of your capacities, though I humbly—or proudly—lay claim to family likeness. All this is for you, not for Mr. Stillman¹, for whom however are all our cordial regards. . . .

A human being wanting to set one of my things to music has at last not fixed on "When I am dead," but on *Grown and Flown*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO DR.
FORDYCE BARKER*

BOSTON, *February 27, 1871.*

MY DEAR DR. BARKER,—I have got both your kind letters, and my mind is at ease about what I am to do when I arrive at New York. Country folks are so bewildered, you know!

¹ W. J. Stillman was the editor of an American art review, *The Crayon*.

* This and the following letters are reprinted from *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, 1896, by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, holders of the copyright.

My plan is to start on Wednesday morning, as I told you, and to return on Saturday, if you will keep me so long.

If your son comes to the station, please tell him to look about until he sets his eyes on the most anxious, inquisitive, puzzled-looking passenger of the whole crew, very likely seated on the end of a valise (containing a manuscript and a change or two of linen), or hanging on to a carpet-bag, and rolling his eyes about in all directions to find the one who is finding him. Five feet *five* (not four as some have pretended) in height. Not so far from the grand climacteric as he was ten years ago. If there is any question about his identity, a slight scar on his left arm . . . will at once satisfy the young gentleman. On being recognized, I shall rush into his arms, and attend him any whither in perfect confidence.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO JAMES
RUSSELL LOWELL

BEVERLY FARMS, *September 22, 1878.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—Love me, love my—poems is not the way in which it is generally put. Love my poems, love you, would come nearer the truth. It did me good to get those pleasant words about my *Atlantic* verses, which I read, by the way, at the *Φ B K* dinner, of which society they chose me President. So you see I have the honor of being your successor. I feel oldish for such places,

but I think, generally speaking, the higher the place one holds, the more work others do for him, so that logically the supreme position in the universe would be one of absolute repose. *Sixty-eight* quotha! I shall never couple these two figures again after my name—*sixty-nine*, by'r Lady—and so few good old men left! When a man says to himself, I am now in my seventieth year—still more when he *writes* it, as I do now, he feels as if he were talking about somebody else, or reading in the obituary column of a newspaper, or scraping the moss from an old gravestone and spelling it out; but the idea that he is himself the subject of the malady called three-score years and ten,—or like soon to be—the age at which King David (the brother poet, I mean) was advertising for a dry-nurse—

I leave that sentence unfinished, expressly, intentionally, for what can I say to match the absurdity of the thought which presents itself as a fact and sounds so like a lie!—Ah well; age is well enough—but just now—

I almost blush to write with so very little beyond the changes from the blue bed to the brown to tell you. Next Monday—the 30th, that is—we expect to return to Boston, having passed a delightful but exceedingly quiet summer here at Beverly Farms. . . . We are at a small wayside house, where we make ourselves comfortable, my wife, my daughter, and myself, with books, walks, drives, and as much laziness as we can bring ourselves to, which is quite too little, for none of us has a real genius for the *far niente*. All round us

are the most beautiful and expensive residences, some close to the sea beaches, some on heights farther back in the midst of the woods, some perched on the edge of precipices; one has a net spread out which she calls a baby-catcher, over the abyss, on the verge of which her piazza hangs shuddering. We go to most of these fine places once during the season. We see the fine equipages roll by (the constable does *not* take off his hat), and we carry as contented faces as most of them do.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO JAMES
T. FIELDS

21 CHARLES STREET, *July 6, 8.33 A. M.*
Barometer at 30 1-10.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR: Your most unexpected gift which is not a mere token of remembrance, but a permanently valuable present, is making me happier every moment I look at it. It is so pleasant to be thought of by our friends when they have so much to draw their thoughts away from us; it is so pleasant, too, to find that they have cared enough about us to study our special tastes,—that you can see why your beautiful gift has a growing charm for me. Only Mrs. Holmes thinks it ought to be in the parlor among the things for show, and I think it ought to be in the study, where I can look at it at least once an hour every day of my life.

I have observed some extraordinary movements of

the index of the barometer during the discussions that ensued, which you may be interested to see my notes of:—

Barometer.

Mrs. H.

My dear, we shall of course keep this beautiful barometer in the parlor. *Fair.*

Dr. H.

Why, no, my dear; the study is the place. *Dry.*

Mrs. H.

I'm sure it ought to go in the parlor. It's too handsome for your old den. *Change.*

Dr. H.

I shall keep it in the study. *Very dry.*

Mrs. H.

I don't think that's fair. *Rain.*

Dr. H.

I'm sorry. Can't help it. *Very dry.*

Mrs. H.

It's—too—too—ba-a-ad. *Much rain.*

Dr. H.

(Music omitted.)

Mid pleas-ures and paaal-a-a-c-es. *Set Fair.*

Mrs. H.

I *will* have it! You horrid— *Stormy.*

You see what a wonderful instrument this is that you have given me. But, my dear Mr. Fields, while I watch its changes it will be a constant memorial of unchanging friendship; and while the dark hand of fate is traversing the whole range of mortal vicissitudes, the golden index of the kind affections shall stand always at SET FAIR.

•

R. L. S. TO MRS. THOMAS
STEVENSON*MENTONE, *January 7, 1874.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received yesterday two most charming letters—the nicest I have had since I left—December 26th and January 1st: this morning I got January 3rd.

Into the bargain with Marie, the American girl, who is grace itself, and comes leaping and dancing simply like a wave—like nothing else, and who yesterday was Queen out of the Epiphany cake and chose Robinet (the French painter) as her *favori* with the most pretty confusion possible—into the bargain with Marie, we have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable little scene at lunch to-day. I was watching her being fed with great amusement, her face being as broad as it is long, and her mouth capable of unlimited extension; when suddenly, her eye catching mine, the fashion of her countenance was changed, and regarding me with a really admirable appearance of offended dignity, she said something in Italian which made everybody laugh much. It was explained to me that she had said I was very *polisson*¹ to stare at her. After this she

* This and the following letters are from *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*, copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ Blackguard, ragamuffin.

was somewhat taken up with me, and after some examination she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a *Mädchen*; which word she repeated with shrill emphasis, as though fearing that her proposition would be called in question—*Mädchen, Mädchen, Mädchen, Mädchen*. This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterwards to revise, I am informed; but her new opinion (which seems to have been something nearer the truth) was announced in a third language quite unknown to me, and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments, she was brought round the table after the meal was over, and said good-bye to me in very commendable English.

The weather I shall say nothing about, as I am incapable of explaining my sentiments upon that subject before a lady. But my health is really greatly improved: I begin to recognise myself occasionally now and again, not without satisfaction.

Please remember me very kindly to Professor Swan; I wish I had a story to send him; but story, Lord bless you, I have none to tell, sir, unless it is the foregoing adventure of the little polyglot. The best of that depends on the significance of *polisson*, which is beautifully out of place.

Saturday, 10th January.—The little Russian kid is only two and a half: she speaks six languages. She and her sister (aet. 8) and May Johnstone (aet. 8) are the delight of my life. Last night I saw them all dancing—O it was jolly; kids are what is the matter with me. After the dancing, we all—that is, the two Russian ladies,

Robinet the French painter, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, two governesses, and fitful kids joining us at intervals—played a game of the stool of repentance in the Gallic idiom.

O—I have not told you that Colvin is gone; however, he is coming back again; he has left clothes in pawn to me.—

Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

R. L. S. TO W. E. HENLEY

BRAEMAR, *August*, 1881.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Of course I am a rogue. Why, Lord, it's known, man; but you should remember I have had a horrid cold. Now I'm better, I think; and see here—nobody, not you, nor Lang, nor the devil, will hurry me with our crawlers. They are coming. Four of them are as good as done, and the rest will come when ripe; but I am now on another lay for the moment, purely owing to Lloyd, this one; but I believe there's more coin in it than in any amount of crawlers: now, see here, "The Sea-Cook, or Treasure Island: A Story for Boys."

If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about Buccaneers, that it begins in the *Admiral Benbow* public-house on Devon coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship,

and a current, and a fine old Squire Trelawney (the real Tre, purged of literature and sin, to suit the infant mind), and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus, "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint (died of rum at Key West, much regretted, friends will please accept this intimation); and lastly, would you be surprised to hear, in this connection, the name of *Routledge*? That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. Two chapters are written, and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted.

And now look here—this is next day—and three chapters are written and read. (Chapter I. The Old Seadog at the *Admiral Benbow*. Chapter II. Black Dog appears and disappears. Chapter III. The Black Spot.) All now heard by Lloyd, F., and my father and mother, with high approval. It's quite silly and horrid fun, and what I want is the *best* book about the Buccaneers that can be had—the latter B's above all, Blackbeard and sich, and get Nutt or Bain to send it skimming by the fastest post. And now I know you'll write to me for "The Sea-Cook's" sake.

Your "Admiral Guinea" is curiously near my line, but of course I'm fooling; and your Admiral sounds like a shublime gent. Stick to him like wax—he'll do. My Trelawney is, as I indicate, several thousand sea-miles off the lie of the original of your Admiral Guinea;

and besides, I have no more about him yet but one mention of his name, and I think it likely he may turn yet farther from the model in the course of handling. A chapter a day I mean to do; they are short; and perhaps in a month "The Sea-Cook" may to Routledge go, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! My Trelawney has a strong dash of Landor, as I see him from here. No women in the story, Lloyd's orders; and who so blithe to obey? It's awful fun boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain. The only stiff thing is to get it ended—that I don't see, but I look to a volcano. O sweet, O generous, O human toils! You would like my blind beggar in Chapter III., I believe; no writing, just drive along as the words come and the pen will scratch!

R. L. S.

Author of *Boys' Stories*.

R. L. S. TO MR. H. C. IDE

(VAILIMA, June 19, 1891.)

DEAR MR. IDE,—Herewith please find the DOCUMENT, which I trust will prove sufficient in law. It seems to me very attractive in its eclecticism; Scots, English, and Roman law phrases are all indifferently introduced, and a quotation from the works of Haynes Bailey can hardly fail to attract the indulgence of the Bench.—

Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate of the Scots Bar, author of the *Master of Ballantrae* and *Moral Emblems*, stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British Subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body:

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, in the town of St. Johnsbury, in the county of Caledonia, in the state of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday;

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when O, we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description;

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as I require:

Have transferred, and do hereby transfer, to the said Annie H. Ide, all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private; and I charge her to use my said birthday with

moderation and humanity, *et tamquam bona filia familia*, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember;

And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being:

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

[Seal]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Witness, Lloyd Osbourne,

Witness, Harold Watts.

JOHN RUSKIN TO MISS SUSAN
BEEVER

ASSISI, 14th *April*, 1874.

I got to-day your lovely letter of the 6th, but I never knew my Susie *could* be such a naughty little girl before; to burn her pretty story instead of sending it to me. It would have come to me so exactly in the right place here, where St. Francis made the grasshopper (cicada, at least) sing to him upon his hand, and preached to the

birds, and made the wolf go its rounds every day as regularly as any Franciscan friar, to ask for a little contribution to its modest dinner. The Bee and Narcissus¹ would have delighted to talk in this enchanted air.

Yes, that *is* really very pretty of Dr. John to inscribe your books so, and it's so like him. How these kind people understand things! And that bit of his about the child is wholly lovely; I am so glad you copied it.

I often think of you, and of Coniston and Brantwood. You will see, in the May Fors,² reflections upon the temptations to the life of a Franciscan.

There are two monks here, one the sacristan who has charge of the entire church, and is responsible for its treasures; the other exercising what authority is left to the convent among the people of the town. They are both so good and innocent and sweet, one can't pity them enough. For this time in Italy is just like the Reformation in Scotland, with only the difference that the Reform movement is carried on here simply for the sake of what money can be got by Church confiscation. And these two brothers are living by indulgence, as the Abbot in the Monastery of St. Mary's in the Regent Moray's time.

The people of the village, however, are all true to their faith; it is only the governing body which is modern-infidel and radical. The population is quite charming—a word of kindness makes them as bright as if you

¹The name of the story referred to above.

²In 1871 Ruskin began to write *Fors Clavigera, Letters to Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain*. This was published monthly in pamphlet form.

brought them news of a friend. All the same, it does not do to offend them; Monsieur Cavalcasella, who is expecting the Government order to take the Tabernacle from the Sanctuary of St. Francis,¹ cannot, it is said, go out at night with safety. He decamped the day before I came, having some notion, I fancy, that I would make his life a burden to him, if he didn't, by day, as much as it was in peril by night. I promise myself a month of very happy time here (happy for *me*, I mean) when I return in May.

The sacristan gives me my coffee for lunch, in his own little cell, looking out on the olive woods; then he tells me stories of conversions and miracles, and then perhaps we go into the sacristy and have a reverent little poke out of relics. Fancy a great carved cupboard in a vaulted chamber full of most precious things (the box which the Holy Virgin's veil used to be kept in, to begin with), and leave to rummage in it at will! Things that are only shown twice in the year or so, with fumigation! all the congregation on their knees; and the sacristan and I having a great heap of them on the table at once, like a dinner service! I really looked with great respect at St. Francis's old camel-hair dress.

I am obliged to go to Rome tomorrow, however, and to Naples on Saturday. My witch of Sicily² expects me this day week, and she's going to take me such lovely drives, and talks of "excursions" which I see by the

¹ The convent of St. Francis was suppressed by the Italian government in 1866, but a few monks were allowed to remain as long as they lived. The buildings are now used for a boys' school.

² Miss Amy Yule.

map are thirty miles away. I wonder if she thinks me so horribly old that it's quite proper. It will be very nice if she does, but not flattering. I know her mother can't go with her, I suppose her maid will. If she wants any other chaperone I won't go.

She's really very beautiful, I believe, to some people's tastes (I shall be horribly disappointed if she isn't, in her own dark style), and she writes, next to Susie, the loveliest letters I ever get.

Now, Susie, mind, you're to be a very good child while I'm away, and never to burn any more stories; and above all, you're to write me just what comes into your head, and ever to believe me your loving

J. R.

JOHN RUSKIN TO MISS SUSAN BEEVER

FLORENCE, 1st *September*.

Don't be in despair about your book.¹ I am sure it will be lovely. I'll see to it the moment I get home, but I've got into an entirely unexpected piece of business here, the interpretation of a large chapel full of misunderstood, or not at all understood, frescoes²; and I'm terribly afraid of breaking down, so much drawing has to be done at the same time. It has stranded botany and everything.

¹Miss Beever was making an edition of selections from his *Modern Painters*, the *Frondees Agrestes*.

²See his *Mornings in Florence*.

I was kept awake half of last night by drunken blackguards howling on the bridge of the Holy Trinity in the pure half-moonlight. This is the kind of discord I have to bear, corresponding to your uncongenial company. But, alas! Susie, you ought at ten years old to have more firmness, and to resolve that you won't be bored. I think I shall try to enforce it in you as a very solemn duty not to *lie* to people as the vulgar public do. If they bore you, say so, and they'll go away. That is the right state of things.

How am I to know that *I* don't bore you, when *I* come, when you're so civil to people you hate?

JOHN RUSKIN TO DR. CHAPMAN

ROME, 26th May, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR: I have your obliging letter, but am compelled by increase of work to cease lecturing except at Oxford—and practically there also—for, indeed, I find the desire of audiences to be *audiences only* becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to *hear*—nobody to read—nobody to think; to be excited for an hour—and, if possible, amused; to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills—and to swallow it homœopathically and to be wise—this is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day.

It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to a class on a book they are earnestly reading—this kind

of lecture is eternally necessary and wholesome; your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity; and the miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing blessed books till he was eighty, but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us all, if we would take it.

God willing, I will go on writing, and as well as I can. There are three volumes published of my Oxford lectures, in which every sentence is set down as carefully as may be. If people want to learn from me, let them read them or my monthly letter "*Fors Clavigera*." If they don't care for these, I don't care to talk to them.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN TO MISS SUSAN
BEEVER

27th *November*, 1886.

For once, I have a birthday stone for you, a little worth your having, and a little gladsome to me in the giving. It is blue like the air that you were born into, and always live in. It is as deep as gentians, and has their gleams of green in it, and it is precious all through within and without, as Susie herself is. Many and many returns of all the birthdays that have gone away, and crowds yet of those that never were here before.

JOHN RUSKIN TO MISS SUSAN
BEEVER

Here, not I, but a thing with a dozen of colds in its head, am!

I caught one cold on Wednesday last, another on Thursday, two on Friday, four on Saturday, and one at every station between this and Ingleborough on Monday. I never was in such ignoble misery of cold. I've no cough to speak of, nor anything worse than usual in the way of sneezing, but my hands are cold, my pulse nowhere, my nose tickles and wrings me, my ears sing—like kettles, my mouth has no taste, my heart no hope of ever being good for anything, any more. I never passed such a wretched morning by my own fireside in all my days, and I've quite a fiendish pleasure in telling you all this, and thinking how miserable you'll be too. Oh, me, if I ever get to feel like myself again, won't I take care of myself.

SIDNEY LANIER TO MRS. PEACOCK*

BRUNSWICK, GA., *April* 18, 1875.

MY DEAR MRS. PEACOCK: Such a three days' *dolce far niente* as I'm having! With a plenty of love,—wife's, bairns', and brother's—and no end of trees and vines,

* This and the following letter are from *Letters of Sidney Lanier*, copyright, 1899, by Mary Day Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

what more should a work-battered man desire, in this divine atmosphere which seems like a great sigh of pleasure from some immense Lotos in the vague South? The little house, by one of whose windows I am writing, stands in one corner of an open square which is surrounded by an unbroken forest of oaks, of all manner of clambering and twining things, and of pines, —not the dark, gloomy pines of the Pennsylvania mountains, but tall masses of vivid emerald all in a glitter with the more brilliant green of the young buds and cones; the sun is shining with a hazy and absent-minded face, as if he were thinking of some quite other star than this poor earth; occasionally a little wind comes along, not warm, but unspeakably bland, bringing strange scents rather of leaves than of flowers; the mocking-birds are all singing, but singing *sotto voce*, and a distant cock crows as if he didn't *mean* to crow, but only to yawn luxuriously; and old mauma over in the neighborhood is singing, as she sets about her washing in her deliberate way,—persistently rejecting all the semitones of the D minor in which she is singing (as I have observed all the barbaric music does, as far as it can), and substituting the stronger C \sharp for the C \sharp ; and now my little four-year-old comes in from feeding the pony and the goat, and writhes into my lap, and inquires with great interest, "Papa, can you whistle *backwards*?" by which I find, after a puzzled inquiry, that he means to ask if I can whistle by drawing my breath *in*, instead of forcing it *out*,—an art in which he proceeds to instruct me with a great show of superiority: and now he leaves, and the whole world is still again, except the

bird's lazy song and old mauma's monotonous crooning.

I am convinced that God meant this land for people to rest in,—not to work in. If we were so constituted that life *could* be an idyll, then this were the place of places for it; but being, as it is, the hottest of all battles, a man might as well expect to plan a campaign in a dream as to make anything like his best fight here. . . .

Pray write me how Miss Cushman¹ seemed on the morning after the reading. She was so exhausted when I helped her from the carriage that I fear her strength must have been severely taxed. My address for a month hence will be at Jacksonville, Fla.: I leave for that place on Wednesday (day after to-morrow), and shall make it headquarters during all my ramblings round the flowery State.

These lonesome journies—which are the necessities of my unsettled existence—make me doubly grateful for the delightful recollections which form my companions along the tiresome miles, and for which I am indebted to you. Believe, dear Mrs. Peacock, that they are always with me, and that I am always your and Mr. Peacock's

Sincere friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

¹ Charlotte Cushman, 1816–1876, an American actress and reader who did much to elevate acting as a profession.

SIDNEY LANIER TO MR. GIBSON
PEACOCK

33 DENMEAD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,

January 6, 1878.

. . . . Maria's cards were duly distributed, and we were all touched with her charming little remembrances. With how much pleasure do I look forward to the time when I may kiss her hand in my own house! We are in a state of supreme content with our new home: it really seems to me as incredible that myriads of people have been living in their own homes heretofore as to the young couple with a first baby it seems impossible that a great many other couples have had similar prodigies. It is simply too delightful. Good heavens, how I wish that the whole world had a Home!

I confess I *am* a little nervous about the gas-bills, which must come in, in the course of time; and there are the water-rates, and several sorts of imposts and taxes: but then, the dignity of being liable for such things! is a very supporting consideration. No man is a Bohemian who has to pay water-rates and a street-tax. Every day when I sit down in my dining-room—*my* dining-room!—I find the wish growing stronger that each poor soul in Baltimore, whether saint or sinner, could come and dine with me. How I would carve out the merry-thoughts for the old hags! How I would stuff the big wall-eyed rascals till their rags ripped again!

There was a knight of old times who built the dining-hall of his castle across the highway, so that every wayfarer must perforce pass through: there the traveller, rich or poor, found always a trencher and wherewithal to fill it. Three times a day, in my own chair at my own table, do I envy that knight and wish that I might do as he did.

Send me some word of you two. I was in Philadelphia for a part of the night since I saw you, being on my way to Germantown to see Mr. Kirk. I had to make the whole visit between two rehearsals of the Orchestra, and so could only run from train to train except between twelve P. M. and six, which I consumed in sleeping at the Continental.

We all send you heartfelt wishes for the New Year. May you be as happy as you are dear to your faithful
S. L.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH TO
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS*

PONKAPOG, MASS., Dec. 13, 1875.

DEAR HOWELLS,—We had so charming a visit at your house that I have about made up my mind to reside with you permanently. I am tired of writing. I would like to settle down in just such a comfortable home as yours, with a man who can work regularly four or five hours a

* This and the following letters are reprinted from *The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich*, 1908, by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, holders of the copyright.

day, thereby relieving one of all painful apprehensions in respect to clothes and pocket-money. I am easy to get along with. I have few unreasonable wants and never complain when they are constantly supplied. I think I could depend on you.

Ever yours,

T. B. A.

P. S. I should want to bring my two mothers, my two boys (I seem to have everything in twos), my wife, and her sister.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH TO
G. E. WOODBERRY

HOTEL ROYAL, CONSTANTINOPLE,

July 22, 1890.

DEAR WOODBERRY,—

Christian, having thrown off his burden and quitted "the shop" forever, is walking in the streets of the City Beautiful. He unwinds the turban of care from his brow and sits down by the fountains of delight.

. . . . The bazaars in the early morning, cooling drinks and many-colored ices at noon-day, and afternoon dreams on the Bosphorus leave his mind smooth for his nightly divan. The life and color of the streets,—the grand visier riding by on his milk-white mare and only just not stepping on the curled-up toes of the professional cripple on the curbstone—the mosques, the markets, and the minarets—all this Orient business goes straight to the heart of your friend, who will return

to his own uncivilized land in October loaded to the muzzle with magazine papers of the most delightful novelty at the very highest prices. Meanwhile he has begged his friend Jacob, the seller of sweet waters, to drop this missive into the post across the street in order that you may be assured that you still live in the memory of

Your faithful

THOMAS BEN-ALDRICH.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH TO
G. E. WOODBERRY

TENANT'S HARBOR, MAINE, *July, 17, 1895.*

DEAR WOODBERRY,—When you are disposed to listen to what the wild waves are saying to the sympathetic crags under my study window, won't you speak up and say so? Your room here, with "magic casement", opening on the sea, is ready for you *toujours*. You will find it a very drowsy, dreamy place, with such mandragora in the air as is not known elsewhere on the coast. I am positive that Monhegan, lying off to the southward, is the enchanted isle where Prospero and Miranda had their summer cottage in the old days.

It is simply impossible to do any work at The Crag. Since my return home I have done nothing but read—all sorts of books, Pepys's Diary, Social Evolution, the recollections of Sónya Kovalévsky, things in French and Spanish, and God knows what all. . . .

When you come, don't wear anything but your old clothes, for we do not dine here. One must be prepared at any instant to lie down on the rocks, or roll in the bayberry, or get red paint all over him. . . .

I might have written all this to you in Japanese, but perhaps that would have seemed a bit pedantic, since you don't understand the language, you poor ignorant critter!

Mrs. Aldrich sends warm regards to you, and is wondering whether you like lobsters and Russian fish-pies.

Ever affectionately yours,

T. B. A.

LEWIS CARROLL TO ADELAIDE*

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

March 8, 1880.

MY DEAR ADA,—

(Isn't that your short name? "Adelaide" is all very well, but you see when one is *dreadfully* busy, one hasn't time to write such long words—particularly when it takes one half an hour to remember how to spell it—and even then one has to go and get a dictionary to see if one has spelt it right, and of course the dictionary is in another room, at the top of a high bookcase—where it has been for months and months, and has got all covered with dust—so one has to get a duster first of all, and nearly choke oneself in dusting it—and when one *has* made

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out at last which is dictionary and which is dust, even *then* there's the job of remembering which end of the alphabet "A" comes—for one feels pretty certain it isn't in the *middle*—then one has to go and wash one's hands before turning over the leaves—for they've got so thick with dust one hardly knows them by sight—and as likely as not, the soap is lost, and the jug is empty, and there's no towel, and one has to spend hours and hours in finding things—and perhaps after all one has to go off to the shop to buy a new cake of soap—so, with all this bother, I hope you won't mind my writing it short and saying, "My dear Ada.") You said in your last letter you would like a likeness of me: so here it is, and I hope you will like it—I won't forget to call the next time but one I'm in Wallington.

Your very affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

LEWIS CARROLL TO ISA BOWMAN*

7 LUSHINGTON ROAD, EASTBOURNE,

September 17, 1893.

Oh, you naughty, naughty little culprit! If only I could fly to Fulham with a handy little stick (ten feet long and four inches thick is my favorite size) how I would rap your wicked little knuckles. However, there isn't much harm done, so I will sentence you to a

*Reprinted from *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*, 1899, by permission of The Century Company, New York, holders of the copyright.

very mild punishment—only one year's imprisonment. If you'll just tell the Fulham policeman about it, he'll manage all the rest for you, and he'll fit you with a nice pair of handcuffs, and lock you up in a nice cozy dark cell, and feed you on nice dry bread, and delicious cold water.

But how badly you *do* spell your words! I *was* so puzzled about the "Sacks full of love and baskets full of kisses." But at last I made out why, of course, you meant "a sack full of *gloves*, and a basket full of *kittens*!" Then I understood what you were sending me. And just then Mrs. Dyer came to tell me a large sack and a basket had come. There was such a miauw-ing in the house, as if all the cats in Eastbourne had come to see me! "Oh, just open them, please, Mrs. Dyer, and count the things in them!"

So in a few minutes Mrs. Dyer came and said, "500 pairs of gloves in the sack and 250 kittens in the basket."

"Dear me! That makes 1000 gloves! Four times as many gloves as kittens! It's very kind of Maggie, but why did she send so many gloves? For I haven't got 1000 hands, you know, Mrs. Dyer."

And Mrs. Dyer said, "No, indeed, you're 998 hands short of that!"

However the next day I made out what to do, and I took the basket with me and walked off to the parish school—the girl's school, you know—and I said to the mistress, "How many little girls are there at school to-day?"

"Exactly 250, sir."

"And have they all been *very* good all day?"

"As good as gold, sir."

So I waited outside the door with my basket, and as each little girl came out, I just popped a soft little kitten into her hands! Oh, what joy there was! The little girls went all dancing home, nursing their kittens, and the whole air was full of purring! Then, the next morning, I went to the school, before it opened, to ask the little girls how the kittens had behaved in the night. And they all arrived sobbing and crying, and their faces and hands were all covered with scratches, and they had the kittens wrapped up in their pinafores to keep them from scratching any more. And they sobbed out, "The kittens have been scratching us all night, all the night."

So then I said to myself, "What a nice little girl Maggie is. *Now* I see why she sent all those gloves, and why there are four times as many gloves as kittens!" and I said loud to the little girls, "Never mind, my dear children, do your lessons *very* nicely, and don't cry any more, and when school is over, you'll find me at the door, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So, in the evening, when the little girls came running out, with the kittens still wrapped up in their pinafores, there was I, at the door, with a big sack! And, as each little girl came out, I just popped into her hand two pairs of gloves! And each little girl unrolled her pinafore and took out an angry little kitten, spitting and snarling, with its claws sticking out like a hedgehog. But it hadn't time to scratch, for, in one moment, it found all its four claws popped into nice soft warm gloves! And then the kittens got quite sweet-tempered and gentle, and began purring again!

So the little girls went dancing home again, and the next morning they came dancing back to school. The scratches were all healed, and they told me "The kittens *have* been good!" And, when any kitten wants to catch a mouse, it just takes off *one* of its gloves; and if it wants to catch *two* mice, it takes off *two* gloves; and if it wants to catch *three* mice, it takes off *three* gloves; and if it wants to catch *four* mice, it takes off all its gloves. But the moment they have caught the mice, they pop their gloves on again, because they know we can't love them without their gloves. *For*, you see "gloves" have got "love" inside them—there's none *outside*!

So all the little girls said, "Please thank Maggie, and we send her 250 *loves* and 1000 *kisses* in return for her 250 kittens and her 1000 *loves*!!" And I told them in the wrong order! and they said they hadn't.

Your loving old Uncle,

C. L. D.

Love and kisses to Nellie and Emsie.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The editions cited in connection with the following notes are, in every case, those from which the letters have been chosen. In the few instances where no citation is made, reference to the edition used will be found in footnotes accompanying the text.

Page 1. WALTER PASTON.—The Paston letters, about a thousand in number, were written by various members of this Norfolk family, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are formal and conventional, and relate largely to private business, public affairs, commerce, or business of state. They are representative of a large group of letters—such as the Ellis Collection—which have a human interest, but which are valuable chiefly as historical documents. See *Cambridge History of English Literature*. Vol. II, p. 304ff.

The Paston Letters, 1422-1509, London, 1875.

Pages 2-9. These three letters were called to notice by Mr. F. A. Mumby's *The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth, a Narrative in Contemporary Letters*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1909. The first letter is from Strickland's *Elizabeth and Foreign and Domestic Papers*. Lady Bryan was the Princess Elizabeth's first governess. She writes to a Minister of State. The second letter from the Harleian MSS., written in Latin when Edward was only nine years of age, was doubtless composed by some royal secretary. The third, addressed by Roger Ascham, the gentle and learned preceptor of Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, to John Sturmius, the Rector of the University of Strasbourg, is from Ascham's *Latin Letters*.

Page 10. JOHN HOOPER (1495?-1555), a graduate of Oxford and (it seems likely) a Cistercian monk at Gloucester, became, through reading their writings, a follower of the Swiss reformers Zwingli and Bullinger. Being compelled to flee from England because of his doctrines, he traveled in Europe, and finally went to Zurich, where he lived two years with Bullinger. On the accession of Edward VI, returning to England, he taught and preached unceasingly. He was made Bishop of Gloucester in 1551, and Bishop of Worcester in 1552. Under Queen Mary, 1553, he was arrested for the faith he preached, and, after eighteen months imprisonment, was burned at the stake, Feb. 9, 1555. His letters are published by the Parker Society in *Original Letters Relative to the English Reformation*.

Page 11. SIR HENRY SIDNEY (1529-1586) led a life of constant service to the crown. He was the companion of Prince Edward; on Edward's coming to the throne, he became one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, chief cup-bearer, and frequently diplomatic agent to foreign countries. Under Mary he went to Ireland as Vice-Treasurer; under Elizabeth he was made Lord-President of Wales, and later Lord Deputy of Ireland. The fact that he survived the intrigues of three courts and bears an unspotted name, shows that he is, in this letter to his illustrious son, portraying his own practice.

Four Centuries of English Letters, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1880.

Page 14. JOHN DONNE (1573-1631), the first of the so-called *Metaphysical School* of poets, was the eldest son of a London merchant. After Oxford and travel on the continent, he became secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, the Keeper of the Seal, and was much at court. In 1600 he was secretly married to a niece of Sir Thomas. This enraged the girl's family, and procured his dismissal from office. For fifteen years he lived, seeking constantly some preferment, a life of dependence on men high in position. At length, in 1615, he took orders in the church, and was at once made chaplain to the king, and later Dean of

St. Paul's. Nothing is certainly known about the lady to whom he addresses this and several other letters.

Life and Letters of John Donne, New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co., 1899.

Page 15. JAMES HOWELL (1594-1666) was a graduate of Oxford, a man of affairs, an accomplished linguist, and the author of between forty and fifty books on many subjects, from verse to a polyglot dictionary, *Lexicon Tetraglotton*. He was a member of Parliament, Clerk of the Council under Charles I, and Royal Historiographer under Charles II. While imprisoned by Parliament, he wrote a series of letters addressed to private persons, but intended for publication. He is the first who used this literary form, and his *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* were extremely popular. The best modern edition is *The Familiar Letters of James Howell*, David Nutt, 1902.

Page 18. BRILLIANA HARLEY (1600?-1643) was the third wife of Sir Robert Harley. The family took sides with the Parliament in the Civil War, and in 1643—Sir Robert being in London—Lady Harley successfully defended the Castle, Brampton Bryan, during a six weeks' siege by the Royalists. This letter shows her chief traits of character, piety and devotion to her children. Her son Edward, to whom she writes most of her letters, left Oxford, took an honorable part in the war, served the Commonwealth in several important positions, and under Charles II, to whom he was loyal, became a member of the Council of State and Governor of Dunkirk.

Letters of the Lady Brilliana Harley, Camden Society Publications, Vol. 58, 1853.

Page 19. DOROTHY OSBORNE (1627-1695) was the daughter of Sir Peter Osborne of Chicksands in Bedfordshire. In 1648, while traveling with her father in the Isle of Wight, she accidentally met at an inn Sir William Temple (1628-1699), afterwards so famous as diplomat and writer. The acquaintance led to love and finally an engagement. This relation was bitterly opposed by the royalist Sir Peter and his sons, as well as by the father of Sir William, who sided with the Parliament. Both

parents had designs for a more advantageous match, since both were comparatively poor. For seven years the young people saw each other very seldom, but kept up a constant correspondence. The marriage, a happy one, at last took place in 1655.

See Macaulay's Essay, *Sir William Temple*, and *The Love Letters of Dorothy Osborne*, New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co., 1901.

Page 22. JOHN PENRUDDOCK (1619-1655) was a member of a Wiltshire family who were stanch Royalists, losing heavily during the Civil War both in life and property. In March 1655, the writer of this letter led an insurrection in favor of Prince Charles, proclaiming him Charles II at Salisbury and in Dorsetshire. With his followers, he was surprised and captured in North Devonshire on March 14; tried for high treason, he was beheaded at Exeter on May 16.

Four Centuries of English Letters, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1880.

Page 23. SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682), the celebrated physician of Norwich, is well known as the author of four books, written in a style unique for richness and majesty. The best known of these is *Religio Medici*. He and his son, a popular London physician, were lovers of the rare and curious. Evelyn says in his *Diary*, Oct. 17, 1671: "Next morning I went to see Sir Tho. Browne . . . His whole house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things. Amongst other curiosities Sir Thomas had a collection of eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country (especially the promontory of Norfolk), being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and variety of water-fowl."

The Works of Sir Thomas Browne, London, 1846.

Page 25. JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), best known by his contributions to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*, did much by his short essays on subjects con-

nected with morality and criticism to elevate the tone of manners and to awaken a taste for intellectual enjoyments in the British public. The first letter is addressed to the young Earl of Warwick, who was the pupil, and who subsequently became the step-son of Addison. Mr. Wortley Montagu, to whom the second letter, undated in most editions, is supposed to have been written, was the husband of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (cf. p. 260).

The Works of Joseph Addison, New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 1853.

Page 27. RICHARD STEELE (1675-1729) Irish essayist and dramatist. He formed a friendship with Addison at Oxford, and later united with him in promoting various periodicals, (cf. note on Addison, above). In 1707 Steele married Mary Scurlock, nick-named Prue, to whom the following letters are addressed.

The Life of Richard Steele, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1889.

Page 30. JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) Irish author and churchman, noted for satirical works, many of them exposing social and political abuses. Dean Swift's relation to Esther Johnson, the *Stella* of the letters, has never been fully known. She was a ward in the home of Sir William Temple while Swift was serving there as secretary, and he was charged with the direction of her studies. After his removal to Ireland, he wrote to her the journal from which the following are extracts. This journal furnishes a minute record of his doings written in an intimate style, and covers a multitude of interesting details of the political and literary life of the times. The duel described in the letter quoted is an important incident in the closing chapters of *Henry Esmond*, where Beatrix is the widowed Duchess of Hamilton.

The Works of Jonathan Swift, London: Bickers and Sons, 1883.

Page 32. ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744), best known as a satirical poet and as an early translator of Homer, was one of a group of men of leisure and literary tastes, in-

cluding Addison, Bolingbroke, Gay, Arbuthnot, Prior, and others, whose correspondence is famous for its wit, grace, and elegance. Miss Martha Blount was an intimate friend of Pope's later years for whom, in voluminous letters, he professed a warm attachment and to whom, at his death, he left a large part of his fortune.

English Letters and Letter-Writers of the Eighteenth Century, London: George Bell and Sons, 1886.

Page 35. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1690-1762) was the most brilliant letter-writer of a period when the writing of letters was elaborately studied. She was a cultivated woman who, as the wife of an English ambassador, lived much abroad. The most interesting, because the most unique, of her accounts are those in which she introduces to western Europe the little known social and domestic life of the Orient. Many of her letters are addressed to persons of importance in her day, and these are somewhat formal and self-conscious; of more appeal to modern readers are her familiar and animated journals to her daughter and her sister.

Letters from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

Page 42. MARY GRANVILLE (1700-1788) was forced when very young into an uncongenial marriage with ALEXANDER PENDARES, many years her senior. After his death in 1774, she visited in Ireland, where she met Mr. DELANY whom she married in 1743. He died in 1768, and she afterwards lived chiefly with her friend, the Duchess of Portland, and became well-known through her Granville connections in court and literary circles. Her letters are interesting chiefly as specimens of eighteenth century gossip in good society. Mrs. Ann Granville was Mrs. Delany's aunt and a maid of honor to Queen Mary.

Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany, Boston: Roberts Bros., 1879.

Page 48. THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771), better known as a poet, was one of the best of a group of brilliant letter-writers. At Eton and Cambridge he formed the acquaint-

tance of Horace Walpole, Richard West, and the Rev. William Mason, whose correspondence with each other forms one of the most polished and elegant groups of letters to be found in English literature. In 1739 Gray accompanied Walpole on a journey through Europe, and his travel letters describing this tour are among the best of their type.

Letters of Thomas Gray, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1900. The second is from, *Letters of Thomas Gray*, Boston: Sherman, French, & Co., 1907.

Page 51. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784), the famous English essayist, was the compiler of a monumental *Dictionary of the English Language*, to which reference is made in the letter given. Lord Chesterfield, himself the author of a well-known series of letters to his son and to his god-son, was the wealthy nobleman whose patronage Johnson coveted for his great work. JAMES BOSWELL, (1740-1795) is noted chiefly for his elaborate biography of Dr. Johnson, of whom he was an ardent admirer.

Eighteenth Century Letters, New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1898.

Page 55. FRANCES BURNEY, Madame d'Arblay, (1752-1840) came from obscurity to fame and popularity through the publication of her novel *Evelina*. She became the literary protégée of Dr. Johnson, and the friend of many of the distinguished men and women of her time. She lived at court as maid of honor to Queen Charlotte until her marriage in 1793 with General d'Arblay, but afterwards chiefly abroad. SAMUEL CRISP was an old friend of Miss Burney's father, to whom she wrote many long letters.

The Early Diary of Frances Burney, London: George Bell and Sons, 1889.

Page 60. COLONEL NICOLA, a friend of GENERAL WASHINGTON's, (1732-1799), was made the spokesman for communicating to him the complaints and grievances of the American army. Washington's sympathy and regard for the wretched condition of the soldiers led Nicola to write a letter in which he argues that, since the republic is the

most unstable form of government, its head should, to secure its permanence, assume the name of king. From the letter it might be inferred that a covert suggestion was being made to Washington.

The Writings of George Washington, Boston, 1838.

Page 61. WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800) is best known as a poet, but he was the author as well of a voluminous correspondence, the chief charms of which are its naturalness, its leisurely ease, and its perfect intimacy of style. William Hayley was Cowper's friend and biographer and the author of a life of Milton, in whose poetry both Cowper and Hayley were deeply interested. The Rev. John Newton, after an adventurous early life as captain of a slave ship, was converted through the influence of Wesley, and held a living at Olney while Cowper was residing there with his friends, the Unwins.

The Life and Works of William Cowper, London: Henry G. Bohn, 1854.

Page 65. ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796), the Scotch poet, left a varied correspondence not all equally interesting and valuable. The letter to Mrs. Dunlop, the friend and patron who encouraged him to write poetry, reveals him at his best as a correspondent. The second letter to Allan Cunningham, the son of Burns' landlord at Ellisland, shows the inspiration of one of his best known poems.

The Letters of Robert Burns, London: Walter Scott, 1887; Camelot Series.

Page 69. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), the poet, after graduating without distinction at St. John's College, Cambridge, traveled rather aimlessly in England and France, refusing to settle to any profession. In 1794 his sister DOROTHY, who believed in his genius, came to live with him and to devote her life to him. They lived for five years at Racedown, Dorset, and then in 1799 moved to the famous *Dove Cottage*. The letter written to Jane Pollard, the earliest of Dorothy's girl friends, is a good description of what *Dove Cottage* later came to be. Lady Beaumont was the wife of Sir George Beaumont, a wealthy

man of taste, a landscape painter, a patron of art, and one of the founders of the National Gallery. See Wordsworth's poem, *At Applethwaite, near Keswick*. At Coleorton Hall, in Leicestershire, the home of Sir George, many of Wordsworth's poems were written. See the poem *To Lady Beaumont*. Daniel Stuart was the editor of *London Morning Post* and the *Courier*.

Letters of the Wordsworth Family from 1787-1855,
Boston: Ginn & Co., 1907.

Page 72. JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817), author of half a dozen novels dealing in lively manner with English country life among the upper middle class. The second letter was addressed to the librarian of the Prince Regent, in reply to Mr. Clarke's suggestion that, in compliment to his Royal Highness, she attempt an historical romance involving the house of Saxe-Coburg, a proposal as ludicrous to her readers as it appears to have been to herself. Most of her correspondence is addressed to members of her family, and the first letter is illustrative of her more familiar style.

The Novels of Jane Austen; volume including *A Memoir and Letters*, Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1892.

Page 76. JOHN ADAMS (1735-1826) wrote the first of these letters a month before his inauguration as President of the United States, and the second on the day following that event; they give an idea of the comparative simplicity of life in the White House in the early days of the Republic.

Letters of John Adams, Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1841.

Page 78. SIR FRANCIS JEFFREY (1773-1850), a Scottish essayist and editor, who together with Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, and Lord Brougham, established the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he finally assumed control. Robert Morehead was one of his cousins. The second letter was written to a brother who was at that time living in America.

Life of Lord Jeffrey, Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., 1852.

Page 85. CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834), an English essayist and critic. Lamb was a lover of the city and spent his whole life, with the exception of a few short excursions, in London. From 1792 until 1825 he served as a clerk in the India House, from which he was retired with a pension after thirty-three years of service. He enjoyed the friendship of many of the great men of letters of his day, notably Wordsworth and Coleridge, to whom much of his correspondence is addressed. For Bernard Barton cf. biographical note on Fitzgerald, p. 267.

Letters of Charles Lamb, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1904.

Page 91. SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) addressed this letter to the author of *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, two volumes of obsolete research into the origin and special meaning of expressions used by Shakespeare.

The Letters of Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh: John Stevenson, 1830.

Page 92. ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843), best known as a poet belonging, with Wordsworth and Coleridge, to the *Lake School*, was a prolific writer on themes critical, moral, political, biographical. The Mr. Rickman, addressed in the letter given, an intimate friend of Southey's, was secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, London: Longmans, 1856.

Page 94. GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832) was a minor English poet who in 1781 took orders and became the rector of Aldeburgh, his native town, and afterwards held various other livings. He interested himself warmly in parish work among the poor and in whatever enterprises might alleviate their condition. Mrs. Leadbeater was an Irish woman, the author of a mass of forgotten works on Irish themes and of a wide correspondence.

Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe, London: 1854.

Page 96. JOHN KEATS (1795-1821), a young English poet of remarkable achievement and the greatest promise. His friendship with John Hamilton Reynolds, a minor English poet, was one of the happiest and most stimulating that he owned. This letter, written during his convalescence from a serious exhaustion, was composed at a period when he had already some fame as a poet.

Letters of John Keats, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1891.

Page 98. SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845), famous for his keen wit, practical energy, and learning, was the son of a country gentleman. At school and at Oxford he was well known as a brilliant student. While in Edinburgh as tutor, he became one of the founders, and editor of the first number, of the *Edinburgh Review*. For twenty years he contributed to this magazine a series of witty and brilliant articles on many subjects. From 1803-1809 he was the popular preacher and lecturer of London; then, receiving no favor from the political party in power, he retired to a small parish, Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, where he spent twenty years in faithful service to his parish. He was then made Canon of Bristol cathedral, and given the living of Combe-Florey, near Taunton in Somersetshire. Lady Georgiana Morpeth was the daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, the wife of the sixth Earl of Carlyle, and the mother of the boy he had tutored in Edinburgh. Miss Georgiana Harcourt was the daughter of Edward Harcourt, Archbishop of York from 1807 to 1847.

Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith, London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Rivington, 1884; the third and fifth letters are from *A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith*, New York: Harper & Bros. 1855.

Page 102. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859), the English historian, essayist, poet, statesman, was three times a member of Parliament, and from 1834 until 1838 he served as a member of the Supreme Council in India, whither he went with the purpose, avowed in his letters, of amassing a fortune to save his family and to secure leisure for public service. The women mentioned or ad-

dressed in the letters quoted were Macaulay's sisters. Thomas Flower Ellis, a lawyer, was one of his friends.

Macaulay: Life and Letters, London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1876.

Page 107. GEORGE TICKNOR (1791-1871) was a native of Boston, where he was one of the most influential citizens. He entered the law in 1813, but abandoned it a year later for literature, spending the years 1815-1819 in study in Germany, France, Spain. For the next fifteen years he was Professor of French and Spanish in Harvard College. After another sojourn of three years in Europe, he lived until his death in Boston, chiefly engaged in writing his *History of Spanish Literature* and his *Life of William K. Prescott*. He left his fine collection of Spanish and Portuguese books to the Boston Public Library, which, as the second letter shows, he helped to found. The first letter is to Charles S. Davies, a lawyer of Portland, Maine, and an intimate friend since 1809; the second is to the Hon. Edward Everett, the celebrated statesman.

Page 112. CHARLES DARWIN (1809-1882), the naturalist, the results of whose investigations in biology and geology, set forth especially in the *Origin of Species*, reorganized earlier scientific theories and methods. The letter to Fox, a cousin whose interest in science had inspired Darwin in his Cambridge days, was written during the latter's expedition on the ship *Beagle*, which was sent in 1831 by the British government to complete surveys in South America. Dr. Hooker was the chief friend of Darwin at Down, where he settled, after his return from the *Beagle* expedition, to formulate the results of his investigations. A large mass of Darwin's letters survive, and they are valuable and interesting not only for their substance and their admirable simplicity and naturalness of style, but for a personal quality that everywhere reveals the writer's enthusiasm in his work and his interest in life and the world.

Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, London: John Murray, 1887.

Page 119. DR. THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842), the English scholar, teacher, and historian, was famous as the

Head-Master of Rugby, and as a writer and lecturer on historical and theological subjects.

Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1862.

Page 121. JANE WELSH CARLYLE (1801-1866), the wife of Thomas Carlyle, was the author of a large correspondence giving intimate sketches of domestic life and familiar accounts of many distinguished men and women with whom, as a brilliant and charming woman and the wife of one of the greatest of English writers, she came in frequent contact. Miss Susan Hunter and Mr. Cooke were friends of the Carlyle family.

Page 129. CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870), the English novelist, addressed the second letter given to a child who wrote to protest against the abuse of children in Squeers' school in *Nicholas Nickleby*. The first was written home while Dickens was investigating the conditions in Yorkshire schools to gather material for *Nicholas Nickleby*. The note to Cattermole is apropos of a picture of "little Nell" for a periodical in which appeared *Old Curiosity Shop*. Henry Austin, Dickens' brother-in-law, was an architect who superintended the improvements at Tavistock House. Mr. Mark Lemon and Miss Boyle were intimate friends of the Dickens family.

Letters of Charles Dickens, London: Chapman and Hall, 1880.

Page 139. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE (1801-1876) was a Boston philanthropist interested in the cause of education and especially in the education of the blind, for whom he succeeded in establishing the Perkins Institute, their first training school. His work with Laura Bridgman developed modern methods of instructing the blind. Charles Sumner (1811-1874) was the American statesman devoted to the cause of abolition. HORACE MANN (1796-1859) was one of the foremost of American educators, who inspired and executed many reforms in the Massachusetts school system.

Page 147. EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883), the poet,

is best known for his translations of Calderon's dramas and of Omar Khayyâm. He lived much of his life a semi-recluse, but had a circle of devoted friends, in correspondence with whom he shows himself one of the best of letter writers. Mr. Bernard Barton was the Quaker poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter Fitzgerald afterwards married. Frederick Tennyson, the elder brother of the poet, lived for some twenty years in Florence. George Crabbe, the recipient of the fourth letter, was the son of the vicar of Bredfield, where Fitzgerald was born and lived until 1835.

Page 154. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864), best known for his drama *Count Julian* and his *Imaginary Conversations*, and also for his irascible temper, appears here in a delightful relation. He was, as a boy, deeply attached to Miss Rose Aylmer—see his poem *Rose Aylmer*—the daughter of Hon. Frederick Aylmer, later the Admiral, Lord Aylmer. The recipient of this letter was the Admiral's niece, the letters to whom make up a large part of the published correspondence of Landor after 1835.

Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public,
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1899.

Page 155. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864) was married to Miss Sophie Peabody in 1842, after an engagement of three years; for certain reasons the engagement was kept secret, but a constant correspondence was maintained. Miss Peabody, considered a confirmed invalid from frequently recurring nervous headaches, recovered her health, and the happiness of the marriage is well known. Hawthorne had lived in his home a peculiar life: his mother became, after her husband's death in 1808, a recluse, always having her meals alone in her own room; his elder sister, Elizabeth, lived much the same life, eating and walking alone, and seldom seeing anyone except in the evening.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife, Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1885.

Page 159. ELIZABETH BARRETT (1809-1861), the poet, who was always extremely frail, went, in the autumn of

1838, to Torquay, a seaport town in Devonshire, for her health. Here her favorite brother, who had accompanied her, was drowned, and the place became dreadful to her. H. S. Boyd, to whom she writes of her escape from Torquay, was an author and Greek scholar with whom she had read Greek. She was married to Robert Browning in 1846, and the third letter shows how they set up house-keeping in Florence, where they lived for the remainder of her life. Mrs. Martin had been a neighbor when the Barrett family lived at Hope End, Malvern.

Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1898.

Page 165. GEORGE ELIOT (Mary Ann Evans) (1819-1880), the novelist, was sent at nine years of age to a school at Nuneaton. Here Miss Lewis, to whom most of her early letters are addressed, was the principal governess. In 1841 she and her father moved to Foleshill Road, Coventry, where she became intimately acquainted with her neighbors, Miss Hennell and Miss Sibree. The last letter is written from Geneva.

George Eliot's Life as related in her Letters and Journals, New York: Harper and Bros., 1885.

Page 170. CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875), when at Magdalene College, Cambridge, was very fond of athletic sports, especially of fishing. This letter was written the year after coming out of college, when he was settled in the parish of Eversley on the borders of Windsor Forest; the parish consisted of "a then neglected population of 'broom squires' and deerstealers, and with a considerable infusion of gypsies." *Dictionary of National Biography* XXII 176. The friend is Peter A. L. H. Wood, afterwards Rector of Copford, Essex; he says, "I paid him the visit at Eversley where he lived in a thatched cottage. So roughly was he lodged that I recollect taking him some game, which was dried to a cinder in the cooking and quite spoiled; but he was as happy as if he were in a palace. . ."

Charles Kingsley, His Life and Letters, London, 1877.
Vol. I p. 94.

Page 172. THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845), the English poet and humorist. The wit and kindliness that distinguish his poems and his more serious works is displayed also in the letter to Dunnie, May, and Jeanie Elliot, children whom Hood met in the summer holidays at Sandgate. "Tom" and "Fanny" were Hood's son and daughter.

Thomas Hood: His Life and Times, London: Alston Rivers, 1907.

Page 175. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895), the famous English naturalist, in 1846 went as assistant surgeon on Her Majesty's frigate *Rattlesnake* on a scientific expedition to Australian waters. The second letter is addressed from the ship to Miss Henrietta Heathorn of Sidney, afterwards Mrs. Huxley. The third describes to his mother Miss Heathorn, to whom he became engaged in 1848. Huxley's letters contain numerous allusions to men of his time distinguished in science. The following are mentioned in the letters quoted: Romanes (naturalist and author of *The Philosophy of Natural History before and after Darwin*), Henslow (botanist), Hooker (botanist), Forbes, Owen, (paleontologists), Gray, MacGillivray, (naturalists), were all British; Lamarck (naturalist), Buffon (biologist), Cuvier (anatomist), were French; Müller was a German anatomist and von Bär was a Russian naturalist.

Page 188. EMILY DICKINSON (1830-1886), the poet, was the daughter of Edward Dickinson, the treasurer of Amherst College. She lived, during the greater part of her life, in almost entire seclusion, but writing many delightful letters, especially in correspondence with T. W. Higginson. The first letter is written to her brother while she was a student in South Hadley and he in Amherst College; the second to him in Boston, where after graduation he had charge of a school.

Page 193. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863), the novelist, lived for some years after the illness of his wife, a lonely life in London; and it was during these years that the friendship with the Brookfield family began and grew into the relation of perfect trust as shown

in these letters. William Henry Brookfield (1809-1874) was a London curate remarkable for the literary quality of his sermons, and well known among his many friends as a mimic and incomparable story-teller. He had married the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Elton of Clevedon, a woman of ability and great charm.

A Collection of Letters of Thackeray, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

Page 199. CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1824-1855), the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman and the author of several novels of striking power and originality. The letter quoted was written after a visit in London, where, at the home of her publisher, Mr. George Smith, she had met a number of famous authors, among them Thackeray, for whom her admiration had always been enthusiastic.

Charlotte Brontë and her Circle, New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co., 1896.

Page 200. GEORGE BANCROFT (1800-1891), the American historian and diplomat, was a lover of the arts, especially of music. He was one of the earliest supporters of the New York Academy of Music, and this delightful letter is in answer to one asking for an increase in his subscription to that enterprise.

Page 201. MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888), like his father, Dr. Thomas Arnold, was an eminent educator, but best known as critic and poet. In 1857, after six years service as school inspector, he was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford, his own University. In 1883 and 1888 he visited America and delivered series of lectures. Mrs. Forster and Miss Arnold are his sisters; "Flu" and "Lucy," his wife and daughter.

Page 207. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the poet, lived, because of ill health, the most of his years quietly at home, where his sister Elizabeth was the life of the household. She died on September 3, 1864. The first letter is to the American author Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Sara Jane Clarke Lippincott); the second is to his sister's dearest friend, the author of several volumes of

poetry; the third is to another old family friend, and the author of *Among the Isles of Shoals*.

Page 210. This well-known letter of ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865) needs no comment.

Page 211. LOUISA M. ALCOTT (1832-1888) was the daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, who was a philosopher and a theorist regarding the education of children, but who had little ability for making money. His daughter, therefore, at the age of sixteen, began to write for periodicals in order to help support the family. She was for ten years a school-teacher, and then a nurse during the war. She won her first success by her *Hospital Sketches* in 1863, and became famous by the publication of *Little Women* in 1868. This letter to her oldest sister Anna gives a picture of her difficulties and her courage.

Page 214. JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883), the celebrated historian, was graduated from Oxford in 1859. The next year he took orders, and for nine years was a curate in London. Overwork having brought on tuberculosis, he abandoned the ministry, and devoted himself to writing. From 1862 he was a constant contributor to the *Saturday Review*. He wrote his delightful *History of the English People* in a new and fresh manner, with the enduring charm of style. The first letter is to E. A. Freeman, the historian, and a warm friend of Green's; the others are to the daughters of Mr. von Glebn, a German gentleman who lived at Peak Hill, Sydenham, and whose house was the meeting place for artists and literary men. Miss Louise von Glebn became the wife of Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London.

Page 223. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890), most familiarly known by the poem, now sung as a hymn, *Lead, kindly Light*, was also the author of a considerable body of excellent prose. The most interesting are *The Idea of a University* and the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*; the latter is his justification for entering the Catholic Church. The Rev. John Hayes, to whom the letter is addressed, was the Vicar of Colebrookdale.

Page 224. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894), the younger sister of the poet, was herself a poet who wrote verse of high quality, chiefly on religious subjects.

The Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1908.

Page 225. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894) writes letters as characteristic as his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Dr. Barker was a physician and surgeon, one of the incorporators of the New York Medical College, and also surgeon in the Bellevue Hospital. The third letter is to his neighbor, friend, and publisher, of the firm of Ticknor and Fields.

Page 230. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894), the Scotch novelist, poet, and essayist, travelled over a great part of the world in search of health and incidentally of adventure so that his large correspondence, addressed to family and to numerous literary friends, covers a wide range of experience. W. E. Henley was the English critic and poet who, in collaboration with Stevenson, produced a series of plays of which *Admiral Guinea* is one. Routledge was Stevenson's publisher; "Fanny" was his wife; Lloyd Osbourne, his step-son.

Page 236. JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900), the well-known art critic, spent many years of his life studying the art of Italy; the leisurely stay in Assisi in 1874, however, was for the purpose of regaining lost health, and so great was his depression of spirits that he says he felt the desire to follow the life of St. Francis. After giving up his Oxford professorship he lived on his estate, Brantwood, on the shore of Coniston Lake in Lancashire. Here he had the warm friendship of the Misses Mary and Susan Beever. Of them he says in the introduction to *Hortus Inclusus*, from which these letters are taken: "the elder was yet chiefly interested in the course of immediate English business, policy, and progressive science, while Susie lived an aerial and enchanted life, possessing all the highest joys of imagination, while she yielded to none of its deceits, sicknesses, or errors." The last letter was written to Mr. Chapman, of the Glasgow Athenaeum Lecture Committee, which had

invited Ruskin to lecture at their meetings during the winter.

The Works of John Ruskin, New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co.

Page 242. SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881), the American poet, musician, novelist, and journalist. Service in the southern army during the Civil War weakened his health, and poverty forced him into various uncongenial employments, but misfortune diminished neither his enthusiasm for life, nor his pleasure in the simple enjoyments it afforded. Mr. Gibson Peacock, the editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, was one of the first to introduce Lanier, as a promising poet, to literary circles.

Page 246. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836-1907) was poet, novelist, and journalist; he edited the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1881 to 1890. He was famous as wit and story-teller, and this volume of letters shows him to have been equally good as letter-writer. The first letter is to the novelist, who was then editing the *Atlantic Monthly*; the second is to Mr. Woodberry, the critic, who was literary editor of the *Boston Post*, and from 1891 to 1904 Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University.

Page 249. LEWIS CARROLL (Charles L. Dodgson) (1832-1898), lecturer in Mathematics at Christ Church College, Oxford, was the beloved friend and companion of children, to whom he told his magic tales, and for whom he drew his inimitable pictures. *Alice in Wonderland* was first told to three little girls who had gone picnicing with him one summer afternoon. His letters are as vivid as was his talk; the first is to Adelaide Paine; the second to Miss Isa Bowman, the author, and the original of *Alice*.